/824.8N46SE>C1/

Date Loaned

De29'39			
Feb25'40			
Mr6'40			
Mar13'40A			
Mr25'42			
Fe28'47			
Mr7'47			
My1 50E			
APR 15			
JE 15'62			
MAR 12 1984			
OCT 31 1990			
APR 15 1991			
DEMCO-292			

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

The Riverside Literature Series

SELECTIONS FROM THE PROSE AND POETRY OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

EDITED BY

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D., J.V.D.
Formerly Professor of English Language and Literature in the Catholic University of America

North Central College Library
Naperville, Illinois

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · DALLAS
SAN FRANCISCO
The Riverside Press Cambridge

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A

824.8
N46se

30473

TO
THE REVEREND WILLIAM GEORGE READ MULLAN, S.J.
WHO SUGGESTED THIS VOLUME

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/selectionsfrompr0000maur

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION vii
CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINE OF NEWMAN'S LIFE xix
BIBLIOGRAPHY xx
SELECTIONS

I. BIOGRAPHICAL, FROM *Apologia Pro Vita Sua:*
The Young Mind of Newman 1
At Home and Abroad 15
The Last Pages of the *Apologia* 21

II. EXPOSITORY AND ARGUMENTATIVE:
Revealed Religion, from *The Grammar of Assent* . . . 38
The Ground of the Protestant View, from *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics* 50
Who 's to Blame ? from *Discussions and Arguments*
Characteristics of the Athenians 62
Parallel Characteristics of Englishmen 68
Reverse of the Picture 75
Divided Allegiance, from *A Letter to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk on Occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation* 81

III. PHILOSOPHICAL AND REFLECTIVE, FROM *The Idea of a University:*
Literature 103
English Catholic Literature in its Relation to Classical Literature 121
Knowledge and Religious Duty 134

IV. EMOTIONAL AND ORATORICAL:
Mental Sufferings of our Lord in His Passion, from *Discourses Addressed to Mixed Congregations* 148
Purity and Love, from *Discourses Addressed to Mixed Congregations* 165
The Religion of the Pharisee, the Religion of Mankind, from *Sermons Preached on Various Occasions* . . . 185

V. Narrative and Historical:
Abelard, from *Historical Sketches* 200
The Peoples of the Plains, from *Historical Sketches* . . 211
Marcus Tullius Cicero, from *Historical Sketches* . . . 221
St. Philip and Savonarola, from *Sermons Preached on Various Occasions* 231

VI. Descriptive and Imaginative:
The Possession of Juba, from *Callista* 244
The Plague of Locusts, from *Callista* 258
Loss and Gain, Part I, Chapter XII 267

VII. Poems:
My Lady Nature and Her Daughters 279
Sensitiveness 282
Humiliation 282
The Queen of Seasons 283
Valentine to a Little Girl 285
The Good Samaritan 286
Waiting for the Morning 287
Hora Novissima 287
Lucis Creator Optime 288
The Pillar of the Cloud 289
Two Lyrics from *The Dream of Gerontius* 290
Home 292

Notes 293

INTRODUCTION

In the beginning of this little book of selections from the works of Cardinal Newman, it is best that I should avoid misunderstanding by saying that it is not intended for persons who have already studied them and expect new and even subtle illumination. It is intended for those younger students who ought to begin to consider English style in the light of an art as soon as they begin to write. It is intended, too, for those — and there are many — who admire Newman while they think that they are too busy to read his most important books. To the latter this volume may serve as a practical introduction to a new world; but too much in that way must not be expected of it; it cannot supply the place of the culture without which the reader must miss some of the strongest and finest qualities of Newman's substance and style; and he who comes to it to complete an education not yet begun, will of course be disappointed.

It aims primarily to show that Newman's style was the result of constant care on his part, and that, as far as he could control it, it was the result of study as conscious as that of Stevenson.[1] No one can tell us what quality of force sends the sap in May to the stems of a rosebush; but Mr. Burbank of Los Angeles knew exactly what tints of color a rose may have, since he knew the process by which roses are made more splendid year after year. English prose style has grown by processes that can be analyzed since the end of the fourteenth century, when Chaucer's *Parson's Tale* dragged its slow length along. The writer of to-day must — to be even the equal of his fellows — have a fixed artistic

[1] See *Memories and Portraits:* "A College Magazine."

intention, as well as a conscious technical process. The ancient system that made rhetoric a study in itself, with little relation to actual practice, is disappearing. A book of rhetoric to-day is merely a box of tools, which the student is taught to use for practical purposes.

One of the most valuable qualities at the basis of Newman's style-formation is his taste, — a quality dependent in most men on what they read in early life, — a quality which above all literary qualities is least cultivated in our schools. Newman's education in taste began very early. In 1871 he wrote a letter to Mr. J. R. Hope-Scott, thanking him for a copy of the abridged *Life of Scott*: —

"In one sense," he says, "I deserve it. I have ever had such a devotion, I may call it, to Sir Walter Scott. As a boy in the early summer mornings I read *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering* in bed when they first came out, before it was time to get up; and long before that — I think when I was eight years old — I listened eagerly to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which my mother and aunt were reading aloud." [1]

He began to write very early. "In the year 1812," he writes, in a book recalling memories, "I wrote a mock drama of some kind; also, whether included in it or not I cannot recollect, a satire on the Prince Regent. At one time I wrote a dramatic piece in which Augustus comes in. Again I wrote a burlesque opera in 1815, composing tunes for the songs."

All the Newman family loved music. It was part of their domestic life. To his latest day, Cardinal Newman could follow the threads of melody through the most complicated symphony as skilfully as if he were a conductor, baton in hand. The fineness of his musical ear is evident in the unequalled cadences of his prose, — more so in the *Dream of Gerontius*, which needed only Elgar, the composer, to wed music to word music. At the age of fourteen, in 1815, he wrote two periodicals, the *Spy* and the *Anti-Spy*. They

[1] *Memoirs of J. R. Hope-Scott*, vol. ii, p. 243.

were written against each other. The former ran to thirty numbers from May 8 to October 21; the latter ran to twenty-seven numbers from August 8 to October 31. "I am rescuing from the flames the commencing lines of each and the last words of the latter. *The Portfolio* — the name being given by G. Adams, the eldest of the three sons of the American Minister to the British Court — was written by the club of senior boys nicknamed the Spy Club. The American Minister himself contributed to it. It began November 6, 1815, ran through twenty numbers, ended May 16, 1816. There is nothing in it worth preserving. I have kept, however, Mr. Adams's lines on *The Grasshopper and the Ant*. *The Beholder* was all my own writing; it ran through forty numbers and 160 pages closely written."[1] In the manuscript books from which is taken this extract are comments which show that he marked his own literary progress. "This," he writes of one of his school themes, "is in the style of Addison." When he entered Oxford, he still kept up his essays in the technique of writing. He examined the tragedies of Æschylus in the light of the *Poetics* of Aristotle. He and his friend Mr. Bowden published a poem in 1819 on the subject of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Their periodical, *The Undergraduate*, done after the manner of Addison's *Spectator*, began and ended in 1819. His exact knowledge of English brought trouble upon him in one of his examinations. He Englished Vergil's "proprium" by "proper," instead of "his own," remembering how Shakespeare used it in *Cymbeline* and *Measure for Measure*, and the censure of the examiners fell upon him. At this time he admired Gibbon's style greatly. Newman admitted that the style of the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* lacked simplicity; it was affected, monotonous; but "when I reflect on his happy choice of expressions," he says, "his vigorous compression of ideas,

[1] *Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman during his Life in the English Church*, vol. i, p. 16. By Anne Mozley.

and the life and significance of every word, I am prompted indignantly to exclaim that no style is left for historians of an after day."

During his absence from England, 1833, poetry became his natural language. His letters home are full of it. To his mother, to his sister Jemima, he often sends a sonnet or a song. "I send two songs *à la mode de* Walter Scott," he writes, —

> "When mirth is full and free,
> Some sudden gloom shall be; —

and another, beginning,

> When Heaven sends sorrow
> Warnings go first."

His constant exercises in poetic form helped to give that delicate cadence to his prose which is so remarkable, and which ought to be to the scrupulous student a subject of care. Euphony in prose style is too little regarded by many of us who try hard, with almost scientific precision, to be clear and forcible. In despair an earnest young writer has often said, "But Newman had a naturally fine ear for music." This is probably true, and yet how many persons with a good sense of musical values write harsh and repellant prose. If anybody thinks that Newman left any of his artistic effects to chance, let him read the early letters [1] of this great stylist and follow chronologically the development of his prose. Sir Walter Besant,[2] a novelist of distinction in the last century, was one of the first writers to insist that a course in English verse is an excellent preparation for the writing of English prose. And in tracing the development of Newman's style, one becomes more and more convinced that this is true. The great poets, — Dryden, for instance, — when they dropped into prose, wrote good prose.

The progress of Cardinal Newman's style is the progress of

[1] *Letters and Correspondence.* By Mrs. Mozley.

[2] Author of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, etc.

the man, and one finds the sincere man under all the changes in his style. Literature to him was never a science, but always an art, — an art used as a means for strengthening the relation of souls with their Creator. The alpha and omega was God, and it was by the Word, which he esteemed as the symbol of God, that he felt he could make this relation stronger and deeper. The working of God in him was a perennial source of wonder and gratitude, and without vanity, with utter simplicity, he chiselled his word that it might reflect the greatness of the goodness of God dealing with a human creature. His accuracy in weighing his thoughts is no less exact than his accuracy in weighing the phrase in which he expresses not only his thought but the very color, the tint of the temper in which his thoughts were uttered. His letters show this even more than his works written for publication; for he believed in the letter as the most valuable expression of the varying moods of personality. Literature is, above all, personal expression, and Newman's letters are not only the finest kind of literature, but without them the phases of development of his Anglican period cannot be understood. So careful was he that there should be no cloud of misunderstanding, — since his life and its manifestations must be known to the world, — he preferred that their records, before the period at which he entered the Catholic Church, should be put in the hands of a Protestant. No Catholic could interpret conditions of mind and soul so alien to him, as no Protestant could be entirely in sympathy with the later development of his life in the Catholic Church. And yet Dr. Edwin A. Abbott,[1] a devout Protestant, can do nothing better in the way of showing his insight into Newman's Anglican life than by comparing Newman with Hamlet:—

"We compared Newman to Hamlet, the man of dreams, and doubts, and scruples, and delays, interspersed with fitful

[1] *The Anglican Career of Cardinal Newman.* By Edwin A. Abbott, vol. i, p. 353. Macmillan & Co.

actions. His affectionate friend, Rogers, cool, composed, collected, thoughtful, the model of honor, we might compare to Hamlet's friend, Horatio. Proportionally, Froude (having passed through his self-questioning period) is Laertes, the man of action and violence, who likes straight courses, abominates tricks and procrastinations, and is always burning for the sake of the good cause 'to sweep to his revenge.' Hamlet who, while talking, abuses himself for talking, and, in the very heat of his passion, despises himself for being passionate, and because he is scrupulous, calls himself a coward, avows himself ready to give anything for a friend who is not 'passion's slave,' and is drawn towards the man of deeds and straightforward purposes, who knows no scruples and entertains no delays." Mr. Alpheus Henry Snow, in his monograph on Newman,[1] has no illusions about the Hamlet-like characteristics of Newman. He sees that his mental growth was as subtle as it was normal: —

"Perhaps, indeed, it is well for Americans to study Newman. Englishmen, who write of him, naturally and almost inevitably fall into the class either of eulogists or enemies," Mr. Snow says, — and Mr. Snow, like Dr. Abbott, is a devout Protestant. "It is safe to assume that the truth about him cannot be learned from those who are endeavoring to establish a cult for his homage. Already, indeed, the satirists have expressed this thought by naming the devotion of his followers 'Newmania.' Still less can a man's religious enemies be expected to know the truth about his work — much less, to estimate it at its proper worth."

There is no question even among "his religious enemies" as to the unrivalled beauty, strength, and simplicity — fitness, in a word — of his prose style. And to-day it is only the unintelligent bigot who could assume to doubt the purity of his motives or the splendid altitude of his ideals. Dr. Abbott does not see what Dr. Barry,[2] in his admirably well-

[1] Indianapolis, 1892.

[2] *Newman.* By William Barry, New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

balanced *Life of Cardinal Newman*, keenly points out, that the very defects which Dr. Abbott emphasizes as shown during Newman's Protestant days were due to his growing discontent with a system which satisfied neither his heart nor his mind. It is true that there is no joy, no gladness, and very little peace in his Anglican sermons. One has only to read his novel *Loss and Gain* to discover why. There was little joy or gladness in his life, as this autobiographical novel shows. Dr. Alexander Whyte,[1] so devout as to believe, without any authority whatever, that Newman, in the end, recanted the creed for which he became as "a fool for Christ's sake," bears witness to the overwhelming joy of Newman's later life. At eighty he still handled his violoncello. He adapted Latin plays for the students at Edgbaston. "And the six days of the secular week were not sufficient for the flow of spirits that welled up from the old cardinal's heart." The Sunday was joyous, too, a rather rare thing in Birmingham! "It would be well worth any student of natural science to compare Newman and Darwin in the Development books." Dr. Whyte writes,[2] in his series of lectures, intended to minimize the influence of Newman on the minds of his students: "Newman's categories are, to my mind, even more suggestive and philosophical than Darwin's are, or those of any of his successors."

"Shy men," Dr. Barry says, "are formalists, and so was he. The clerical style is heightened in his first essays by a gravity of demeanor and a severity of speech that have left on critics like Dr. Abbott an impression far from favorable to him, as though he were wrapped in predestinarian gloom. He was utterly in earnest, masterful by temperament, severe on himself, not inclined to hope, and in any case melancholy, as youth will be until it finds a definite vocation. He never strikes the note of joy in these early discourses. He shudders at the sight of his own failings,

[1] *Newman: An Appreciation*, p. 59. By Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 1902.

[2] Page 200.

and the world is so completely out of joint that, were it not for conscience, he would be an atheist or a pantheist."

All this brings us back to the question of the processes which make his style a model and a wonder for us. It has been said with truth that his slightest sentence has value; his very dedications and prefaces have a charm which can hardly be analyzed, and which can be imitated only if one has cultivated the interior germ which blossoms in outward grace and courtesy. A lute, — and a very exquisitely modulated lute in Chaucer's time, — the English language came in Newman's hands to have the power of a great organ, with a stop for every thought, emotion, or mood that cultivated human nature is capable of expressing. Stevenson and Pater have refined English style, — the lessons of *Euphues* and the French school of "preciousness" [1] were not lost on them, — but they are more self-conscious in their efforts for art's sake than Newman. Art for art's sake was nothing to him; he worked only to express the very bloom of the truth that was in him, and to express that truth with the exactness he intended it to have.

To study Newman with profit, the student must remember two things: that his main object was to produce a sure effect by the use of words. This from a literary point of view was an artistic intention. All great painters, sculptors, writers, musicians, orators, preachers have had it. Raphael and Murillo, Praxiteles and Canova, Bach and Wagner, Demosthenes and Webster, Savonarola and Massillon, — all had the artistic intention, which means that their art shall produce the influence they intended it to produce. In reading carefully the selections in this volume, the student will remember this, and make up his mind as to the effect Newman wants to make. This will require some thought; but then this book is not intended for the thoughtless. It will give the student what he puts into it, and somewhat more.

[1] "Preciousness," borrowed from the French "précieuse," a lady of the type of Roxane in Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

The second thing to be kept well in hand is that every artist has his technique, which he improves just as a skilled mechanic improves his tools. Rhetoric books, I repeat, are merely tool boxes. They have no other value. Newman's business was, when he had determined just what effect he intended to produce, to use the right tool for producing it. You will find Newman accused of over-subtlety and a lack of straightforwardness, simply because he had learned the use of language so well that he never said more or less than he intended to say. He was absolutely master of his artistic intention as well as of his technical processes. As an example of his power of words, of his exactness, a little note will serve. It is taken from Mr. Wilfred Meynell's *The Letters of Half a Lifetime*. It was written in answer to Mr. Greenhill's question as to what the last two lines of *Lead, Kindly Light* meant.

THE ORATORY, January 18, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. GREENHILL: —You flatter me by your question; but I think it was Keble who, when asked it in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics, or to give a sense to what they had written; and though I am not like him a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to *remember* my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years.

Anyhow there must be a statute of limitation for writers of verse, or it would be quite a tyranny if, in an art which is the expression not of truth but of imagination and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient state of mind which came upon one when home-sick, or sea-sick, or in any other way sensitive or excited.

This is perfectly straightforward and simple. A poet like Pope and perhaps one or two others would not have dared to be either so frank or so exact. Let us take another note of his as an example of the scrupulous exactness, even

in deep feeling, of his use of words. It is a short letter written to Mr. Edward Heneage Dering, on the death of his wife, in 1876. The loss that Newman alludes to is that of Father Ambrose St. John of the Oratory.

My dear Mr. Dering: — I have felt for you very much. There are wounds of the spirit which never close, and are intended in God's mercy to bring us nearer to Him, and to prevent us leaving Him, by their very perpetuity. Such wounds, then, may almost be taken as a pledge, or at least as a ground for humble trust, that God will give us the great gift of perseverance to the end. As she has now passed the awful stream which we all have to ford, and is safe, so in the fact of having been taken from you, she seems to give you an intimation that you are to pass it safely also when your time comes, and you are to meet her again, then forever. Your losing her here is thus the condition of your meeting her hereafter.

This is how I comfort myself in my own great bereavements. I lost last year my dearest friend unexpectedly. I never had so great a loss. He had been my life, under God, for thirty-two years. I don't expect the wound will ever heal, but from my heart I bless God, and would not have it otherwise, for I am sure that the bereavement is one of those Divine Providences necessary for my attaining that Heavenly Rest which he, through God's mercy, has already secured.

So cheer up, and try to do God's will in all things according to the day, as I pray to be able to do myself.

The writer of this letter of consolation never said more or less than he intended to say in all sincerity. He knew *what* he wanted to say, and his whole life had been given to learning *how* to say it. The Reverend Charles Kingsley's attack on him, which fortunately brought out the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, was due to the fact that the writer, who had the sledge-hammer manner of expression, had little sense

of the exquisite value of words. It was Mr. Justin McCarthy who applied "the scimitar of Saladin" to the manner of Newman and the "battle-axe of Richard" to that of Kingsley, recalling the scene between the two monarchs in Sir Walter Scott's *The Talisman*. Mr. Alpheus Snow speaks of "his usual method of suggestion rather than of direct and full statement, evidently through caution lest he might become polemic or give occasion for controversy." Mr. Snow sees further than Dr. Abbott or Dr. Whyte, two critics of Newman's manner. There are times when suggestion is better than a full statement. The artist in conversation knows that this delicate art, which shows signs of revival, soon becomes unkind, uncharitable, and brutal, if everything that the speaker thinks ought to be said is said without reserve. The good talker not only makes his point, but makes it suggestively when the occasion requires. And by the way, careful talking, artistic, cultivated talking, which need not lack spontaneity, is an excellent training for good writing.

Cicero, we all know, was one of Newman's models; but a study of good examples of Cicero in comparison with Newman will show that Newman rather absorbed than imitated. Cicero's great periods were evidently written to the sound of music. Art, refined, conscious art, reaches its highest point of the grand manner, in Cicero's best orations. Newman's periodicity is not the periodicity of Cicero. If it were, Newman's style would not be English in genius. It would be exotic, as Carlyle's is. It is best studied by comparison. It has the admirable sentence-structure of Macaulay, improved in varied cadence and in simplicity; the exactness of De Quincey; the Saxon quality of John Bunyan, which is clear when it is not archaic; and a personal quality which is unique, the result of temperament and art which seem to have become one. The student would do well to read, in comparison with these selections, some pieces in the *Memories and Portraits* of Robert Louis Stevenson and some in Walter Pater's *Appreciations*. Though these pages are

intended for students of literary style, the editor is convinced that no serious reader can consider them, even technically, without having his ideals corroborated and new hopes and aspirations nourished.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINE OF NEWMAN'S LIFE

1801. Born in London, February 21.
1808. Went to school at Ealing under Dr. Nicholas.
1816. Published a magazine, *The Beholder*, which ran through forty numbers.
1817. Went into residence at Oxford. (Trinity College.)
1822. Made a Fellow of Oriel.
1824. Took Anglican Orders and accepted the Curacy of St. Clement's.
1825. Appointed Vice-principal of Alban Hall by Bishop Whately.
1828. Appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford.
1832. Finished *The History of the Arians* and went abroad for his health. Wrote many of his poems, including *Lead, Kindly Light*, on this voyage.
1833. The Oxford Movement begun by Keble's sermon on the "National Apostasy." The issue of the *Tracts for the Times* immediately followed.
1841. Published the famous *Tract 90*.
1845. Was received into the Catholic Church at Littlemore.
1846. Went to Rome and was ordained priest.
1850. Founded the London Oratory with Father Faber as Rector.
1854. Was appointed Rector of the Catholic University at Dublin.
1864. Wrote the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*.
1865. Wrote *The Dream of Gerontius*.
1879. Created Cardinal Deacon of the Holy Roman Church by Leo XIII.
1890. Died at the Oratory, Edgbaston, Birmingham, England.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

ABBOTT, EDWIN A. *The Anglican Career of Cardinal Newman.* 2 vols. London, 1892.

BARRY, REV. WILLIAM. *Newman.* Illustrated. New York, 1904.

GATES, LEWIS E. *Selections from the Prose Writings of John Henry Newman.* New York, 1895.

HUTTON, RICHARD HOLT. *Cardinal Newman.* Boston, 1890.

KINGSLEY, REV. CHARLES. *"What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?"* London, 1864.

LILLY, WILLIAM S. *Characteristics from the Writings of John Henry Newman,* being selections personal, historical, philosophical, and religious, from his various works, arranged with the author's approval. New York, 1876.

Newman, (short life.) *Dictionary of National Biography.* London.

MEYNELL, WILFRID, (John Oldcastle.) *Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman.* With notes on the Oxford Movement and its men. London, (undated.) Portraits, facsimile autograph, and copies of dedications.

MOZLEY, ANNE. *Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman.* 2 vols. London, 1891.

MOZLEY, J. B. *Letters.* London, 1885.

MOZLEY, THOMAS. *Reminiscences,* chiefly of Oriel College in the Oxford Movement. 2 vols. Boston, 1882.

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY. *My Campaign in Ireland.*

Letters on the Subject of the Catholic University in Ireland (unpublished).

Parochial and Plain Sermons. 1873.

Sermons on Subjects of the Day. 1871.

University Sermons.

Sermons to Mixed Congregations.

Occasional Sermons.

Lectures on the Prophetical Offices of the Church.

Discussions and Arguments.

Pamphlets.

1. Suffragan Bishops.

2. Letter to a Magazine.
3. Letter to Faussett.
4. Letter to Jelf.
5. Letter to the Bishop of Oxford (out of print).
Idea of a University.
Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.
Annotated Translation of Athanasius.
Lectures on Justification.
Lectures on the Difficulties of Anglicans, with Letter to Dr. Pusey.
Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics.
Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent.
Two Essays on Miracles.
Essays Critical and Historical, with Notes.
Theological Tracts.
The Arians of the Fourth Century.
Historical Sketches.
Loss and Gain.
Callista.
Verses on Various Occasions.
Apologia Pro Vita Sua.
Letter to the Duke of Norfolk.

NEWMAN, FRANCIS W. *Contributions Chiefly to the Early History of Cardinal Newman, with Comments.* London, 1891.
Selections from Newman, (prose.) New York, 1906.

SNOW, ALPHEUS HENRY. *A Study of the Life and Writings of John Henry Newman.* Indianapolis, 1892.

THUREAU-DANGIN, PAUL (of the French Academy). *La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIX Siècle.* Première Partie, *Newman et le Mouvement d'Oxford.* Paris, 1899. Troisième Partie, *De la Mort de Wiseman à la Mort de Manning, 1865–1892.* Paris, 1906.

WARD, WILFRID. *William George Ward and the Oxford Movement.* London, 1889.
William George Ward and the Catholic Revival. London, 1893.

WHYTE, ALEXANDER, D. D. *Newman: an Appreciation.* In two lectures, with the choicest passages of his writings selected and arranged. The appendix contains six of His Eminence's letters not hitherto published. New York, 1903.

SELECTIONS FROM NEWMAN

I

FROM "APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA"

THE YOUNG MIND OF NEWMAN

I WAS brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course I had a perfect knowledge of my Catechism.

After I was grown up, I put on paper my recollections of the thoughts and feelings on religious subjects, which I had at the time that I was a child and a boy, — such as had remained on my mind with sufficient prominence to make me then consider them worth recording. Out of these, written in the Long Vacation of 1820, and transcribed with additions in 1823, I select two, which are at once the most definite among them, and also have a bearing on my later convictions.

1. "I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true: my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers, and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an Angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world."

Again: "Reading in the Spring of 1816 a sentence from [Dr. Watts's] *Remnants of Time*, entitled 'the

Saints unknown to the world,' to the effect, that 'there is nothing in their figure or countenance to distinguish them,' &c., &c., I supposed he spoke of Angels who lived in the world, as it were disguised."

2. The other remark is this: "I was very superstitious, and for some time previous to my conversion" [when I was fifteen] "used constantly to cross myself on going into the dark."

Of course I must have got this practice from some external source or other; but I can make no sort of conjecture whence; and certainly no one had ever spoken to me on the subject of the Catholic religion, which I only knew by name. The French master was an *émigré* Priest, but he was simply made a butt, as French masters too commonly were in that day, and spoke English very imperfectly. There was a Catholic family in the village, old maiden ladies we used to think; but I knew nothing about them. I have of late years heard that there were one or two Catholic boys in the school; but either we were carefully kept from knowing this, or the knowledge of it made simply no impression on our minds. My brother will bear witness how free the school was from Catholic ideas.

I had once been into Warwick Street Chapel, with my father, who, I believe, wanted to hear some piece of music; all that I bore away from it was the recollection of a pulpit and a preacher, and a boy swinging a censer.

When I was at Littlemore, I was looking over old copy-books of my school days, and I found among them my first Latin verse-book; and in the first page of it there was a device which almost took my breath away with surprise. I have the book before me now, and

have just been showing it to others. I have written in the first page, in my school-boy hand, "John H. Newman, February 11th, 1811, Verse Book;" then follow my first Verses. Between "Verse" and "Book" I have drawn the figure of a solid cross upright, and next to it is, what may indeed be meant for a necklace, but what I cannot make out to be anything else than a set of beads suspended, with a little cross attached. At this time I was not quite ten years old. I suppose I got these ideas from some romance, Mrs. Radcliffe's or Miss Porter's; or from some religious picture; but the strange thing is, how, among the thousand objects which meet a boy's eyes, these in particular should so have fixed themselves in my mind, that I made them thus practically my own. I am certain there was nothing in the churches I attended, or the prayer books I read, to suggest them. It must be recollected that Anglican churches and prayer books were not decorated in those days as I believe they are now.

When I was fourteen, I read Paine's *Tracts against the Old Testament*, and found pleasure in thinking of the objections which were contained in them. Also, I read some of Hume's *Essays;* and perhaps that on *Miracles*. So at least I gave my Father to understand; but perhaps it was a brag. Also, I recollect copying out some French verses, perhaps Voltaire's, in denial of the immortality of the soul, and saying to myself something like "How dreadful, but how plausible!"

When I was fifteen, (in the autumn of 1816,) a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influences of a definite Creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma, which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured.

Above and beyond the conversations and sermons of the excellent man, long dead, the Rev. Walter Mayers, of Pembroke College, Oxford, who was the human means of this beginning of divine faith in me, was the effect of the books which he put into my hands, all of the school of Calvin. One of the first books I read was a work of Romaine's; I neither recollect the title nor the contents, except one doctrine, which of course I do not include among those which I believe to have come from a divine source, viz. the doctrine of final perseverance. I received it at once, and believed that the inward conversion of which I was conscious, (and of which I still am more certain than that I have hands and feet,) would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory. I have no consciousness that this belief had any tendency whatever to lead me to be careless about pleasing God. I retained it till the age of twenty-one, when it gradually faded away; but I believe that it had some influence on my opinions, in the direction of those childish imaginations which I have already mentioned, viz. in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two and two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator; — for while I considered myself predestined to salvation, my mind did not dwell upon others, as fancying them simply passed over, not predestined to eternal death. I only thought of the mercy to myself.

The detestable doctrine last mentioned is simply denied and abjured, unless my memory strangely deceives me, by the writer who made a deeper impression on my mind than any other, and to whom (humanly

speaking) I almost owe my soul, — Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford. I so admired and delighted in his writings, that, when I was an Under-graduate, I thought of making a visit to his Parsonage, in order to see a man whom I so deeply revered. I hardly think I could have given up the idea of this expedition, even after I had taken my degree; for the news of his death in 1821 came upon me as a disappointment as well as a sorrow. I hung upon the lips of Daniel Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, as in two sermons at St. John's Chapel he gave the history of Scott's life and death. I had been possessed of his *Force of Truth* and *Essays* from a boy; his *Commentary* I bought when I was an Under-graduate.

What, I suppose, will strike any reader of Scott's history and writings, is his bold unworldliness and vigorous independence of mind. He followed truth wherever it led him, beginning with Unitarianism, and ending in a zealous faith in the Holy Trinity. It was he who first planted deep in my mind that fundamental truth of religion. With the assistance of Scott's *Essays*, and the admirable work of Jones of Nayland, I made a collection of Scripture texts in proof of the doctrine, with remarks (I think) of my own upon them, before I was sixteen; and a few months later I drew up a series of texts in support of each verse of the Athanasian Creed. These papers I have still.

Besides his unworldliness, what I also admired in Scott was his resolute opposition to Antinomianism, and the minutely practical character of his writings. They show him to be a true Englishman, and I deeply felt his influence; and for years I used almost as proverbs what I considered to be the scope and issue of

his doctrine, *Holiness rather than peace*, and *Growth the only evidence of life*.

Calvinists make a sharp separation between the elect and the world; there is much in this that is cognate or parallel to the Catholic doctrine; but they go on to say, as I understand them, very differently from Catholicism, — that the converted and the unconverted can be discriminated by man, that the justified are conscious of their state of justification, and that the regenerate cannot fall away. Catholics on the other hand shade and soften the awful antagonism between good and evil, which is one of their dogmas, by holding that there are different degrees of justification, that there is a great difference in point of gravity between sin and sin, that there is the possibility and the danger of falling away, and that there is no certain knowledge given to any one that he is simply in a state of grace, and much less that he is to persevere to the end: — of the Calvinistic tenets the only one which took root in my mind was the fact of heaven and hell, divine favour and divine wrath, of the justified and the unjustified. The notion that the regenerate and the justified were one and the same, and that the regenerate, as such, had the gift of perseverance, remained with me not many years, as I have said already.

This main Catholic doctrine of the warfare between the city of God and the powers of darkness was also deeply impressed upon my mind by a work of a character very opposite to Calvinism, Law's *Serious Call*.

From this time I have held with a full inward assent and belief the doctrine of eternal punishment, as delivered by our Lord Himself, in as true a sense as I hold that of eternal happiness; though I have tried in

various ways to make that truth less terrible to the imagination.

Now I come to two other works, which produced a deep impression on me in the same Autumn of 1816, when I was fifteen years old, each contrary to each, and planting in me the seeds of an intellectual inconsistency which disabled me for a long course of years. I read Joseph Milner's *Church History*, and was nothing short of enamoured of the long extracts from St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and the other Fathers which I found there. I read them as being the religion of the primitive Christians: but simultaneously with Milner I read Newton *On the Prophecies*, and in consequence became most firmly convinced that the Pope was the Antichrist predicted by Daniel, St. Paul, and St. John. My imagination was stained by the effects of this doctrine up to the year 1843; it had been obliterated from my reason and judgment at an earlier date; but the thought remained upon me as a sort of false conscience. Hence came that conflict of mind, which so many have felt besides myself; — leading some men to make a compromise between two ideas, so inconsistent with each other, — driving others to beat out the one idea or the other from their minds, — and ending in my own case, after many years of intellectual unrest, in the gradual decay and extinction of one of them, — I do not say in its violent death, for why should I not have murdered it sooner, if I murdered it at all?

I am obliged to mention, though I do it with great reluctance, another deep imagination, which at this time, the autumn of 1816, took possession of me, — there can be no mistake about the fact; viz. that it would be

the will of God that I should lead a single life. This anticipation, which has held its ground almost continuously ever since, — with the break of a month now and a month then, up to 1829, and, after that date, without any break at all, — was more or less connected in my mind with the notion, that my calling in life would require such a sacrifice as celibacy involved; as, for instance, missionary work among the heathen, to which I had a great drawing for some years. It also strengthened my feeling of separation from the visible world, of which I have spoken above.

In 1822 I came under very different influences from those to which I had hitherto been subjected. At that time, Mr. Whately, as he was then, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, for the few months he remained in Oxford, which he was leaving for good, showed great kindness to me. He renewed it in 1825, when he became Principal of Alban Hall, making me his Vice-Principal and Tutor. Of Dr. Whately I will speak presently: for from 1822 to 1825 I saw most of the present Provost of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins, at that time Vicar of St. Mary's; and, when I took orders in 1824 and had a curacy in Oxford, then, during the Long Vacations, I was especially thrown into his company. I can say with a full heart that I love him, and have never ceased to love him; and I thus preface what otherwise might sound rude, that in the course of the many years in which we were together afterwards, he provoked me very much from time to time, though I am perfectly certain that I have provoked him a great deal more. Moreover, in me such provocation was unbecoming, both because he was the Head of my College, and because, in the first years that I knew

him, he had been in many ways of great service to my mind.

He was the first who taught me to weigh my words, and to be cautious in my statements. He led me to that mode of limiting and clearing my sense in discussion and in controversy, and of distinguishing between cognate ideas, and of obviating mistakes by anticipation, which to my surprise has been since considered, even in quarters friendly to me, to savour of the polemics of Rome. He is a man of most exact mind himself, and he used to snub me severely, on reading, as he was kind enough to do, the first Sermons that I wrote, and other compositions which I was engaged upon.

Then as to doctrine, he was the means of great additions to my belief. As I have noticed elsewhere, he gave me the *Treatise on Apostolical Preaching*, by Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, from which I was led to give up my remaining Calvinism, and to receive the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. In many other ways too he was of use to me, on subjects semi-religious and semi-scholastic.

It was Dr. Hawkins too who taught me to anticipate that, before many years were over, there would be an attack made upon the books and the canon of Scripture. I was brought to the same belief by the conversation of Mr. Blanco White, who also led me to have freer views on the subject of inspiration than were usual in the Church of England at the time.

There is one other principle, which I gained from Dr. Hawkins, more directly bearing upon Catholicism, than any that I have mentioned; and that is the doctrine of Tradition. When I was an Under-graduate, I heard

him preach in the University Pulpit his celebrated sermon on the subject, and recollect how long it appeared to me, though he was at that time a very striking preacher; but, when I read it and studied it as his gift, it made a most serious impression upon me. He does not go one step, I think, beyond the high Anglican doctrine, nay he does not reach it: but he does his work thoroughly, and his view was in him original, and his subject was a novel one at the time. He lays down a proposition, self-evident as soon as stated, to those who have at all examined the structure of Scripture, viz. that the sacred text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it, and that, if we would learn doctrine, we must have recourse to the formularies of the Church: for instance to the Catechism, and to the Creeds. He considers, that, after learning from them the doctrines of Christianity, the inquirer must verify them by Scripture. This view, most true in its outline, most fruitful in its consequences, opened upon me a large field of thought. Dr. Whately held it too. One of its effects was to strike at the root of the principle on which the Bible Society was set up. I belonged to its Oxford Association; it became a matter of time when I should withdraw my name from its subscription-list, though I did not do so at once.

It is with pleasure that I pay here a tribute to the memory of the Rev. William James, then Fellow of Oriel; who, about the year 1823, taught me the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, in the course of a walk, I think, round Christ Church meadow; I recollect being somewhat impatient of the subject at the time.

It was at about this date, I suppose, that I read Bishop Butler's *Analogy;* the study of which has been

to so many, as it was to me, an era in their religious opinions. Its inculcation of a visible Church, the oracle of truth and a pattern of sanctity, of the duties of external religion, and of the historical character of Revelation, are characteristics of this great work which strike the reader at once; for myself, if I may attempt to determine what I most gained from it, it lay in two points, which I shall have an opportunity of dwelling on in the sequel; they are the underlying principles of a great portion of my teaching. First, the very idea of an analogy between the separate works of God leads to the conclusion that the system which is of less importance is economically or sacramentally connected with the more momentous system,[1] and of this conclusion the theory, to which I was inclined as a boy, viz. the unreality of material phenomena, is an ultimate resolution. At this time I did not make the distinction between matter itself and its phenomena, which is so necessary and so obvious in discussing the subject. Secondly Butler's doctrine that Probability is the guide of life, led me, at least under the teaching to which a few years later I was introduced, to the question of the logical cogency of Faith, on which I have written so much. Thus to Butler I trace those two principles of my teaching, which have led to a charge against me both of fancifulness and of scepticism.

And now as to Dr. Whately. I owe him a great deal. He was a man of generous and warm heart. He was particularly loyal to his friends, and to use the common phrase, "all his geese were swans." While I was still awkward and timid in 1822, he took me by

[1] It is significant that Butler begins his work with a quotation from Origen.

the hand, and acted towards me the part of a gentle and encouraging instructor. He, emphatically, opened my mind, and taught me to think and to use my reason. After being first noticed by him in 1822, I became very intimate with him in 1825, when I was his Vice-Principal at Alban Hall. I gave up that office in 1826, when I became Tutor of my College, and his hold upon me gradually relaxed. He had done his work towards me or nearly so, when he had taught me to see with my own eyes and to walk with my own feet. Not that I had not a good deal to learn from others still, but I influenced them as well as they me, and co-operated rather than merely concurred with them. As to Dr. Whately, his mind was too different from mine for us to remain long on one line. I recollect how dissatisfied he was with an Article of mine in the London Review, which Blanco White, good-humouredly, only called Platonic. When I was diverging from him in opinion, (which he did not like,) I thought of dedicating my first book to him, in words to the effect that he had not only taught me to think, but to think for myself. He left Oxford in 1831; after that, as far as I can recollect, I never saw him but twice, — when he visited the University: once in the street in 1834, once in a room in 1838. From the time that he left, I have always felt a real affection for what I must call his memory; for, at least from the year 1834, he made himself dead to me. He had practically indeed given me up from the time that he became Archbishop in 1831; but in 1834 a correspondence took place between us, which, though conducted especially on his side in a friendly spirit, was the expression of differences of opinion which acted as a final close to our intercourse. My reason told me that

it was impossible we could have got on together longer, had he stayed at Oxford; yet I loved him too much to bid him farewell without pain. After a few years had passed, I began to believe that his influence on me in a higher respect than intellectual advance, (I will not say through his fault,) had not been satisfactory. I believe that he has inserted sharp things in his later works about me. They have never come in my way, and I have not thought it necessary to seek out what would pain me so much in the reading.

What he did for me in point of religious opinion, was, first, to teach me the existence of the Church, as a substantive body or corporation; next, to fix in me those anti-Erastian views of Church polity, which were one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian movement. On this point, and, as far as I know, on this point alone, he and Hurrell Froude intimately sympathized, though Froude's development of opinion here was of a later date. In the year 1826, in the course of a walk, he said much to me about a work then just published, called *Letters on the Church by an Episcopalian*. He said that it would make my blood boil. It was certainly a most powerful composition. One of our common friends told me, that, after reading it, he could not keep still, but went on walking up and down his room. It was ascribed at once to Whately; I gave eager expression to the contrary opinion; but I found the belief of Oxford in the affirmative to be too strong for me; rightly or wrongly I yielded to the general voice; and I have never heard, then or since, of any disclaimer of authorship on the part of Dr. Whately.

The main positions of this able essay are these: first,

that Church and State should be independent of each other : — he speaks of the duty of protesting "against the profanation of Christ's kingdom, by that *double usurpation*, the interference of the Church in temporals, of the State in spirituals," p. 191 ; and, secondly, that the Church may justly and by right retain its property, though separated from the State. "The clergy," he says, p. 133, "though they ought not to be the hired servants of the Civil Magistrate, may justly retain their revenues ; and the State, though it has no right of interference in spiritual concerns, not only is justly entitled to support from the ministers of religion, and from all other Christians, but would, under the system I am recommending, obtain it much more effectually." The author of this work, whoever he may be, argues out both these points with great force and ingenuity, and with a thoroughgoing vehemence, which perhaps we may refer to the circumstance, that he wrote, not *in propriâ personâ*, and as thereby answerable for every sentiment that he advanced, but in the professed character of a Scotch Episcopalian. His work had a gradual, but a deep effect on my mind.

I am not aware of any other religious opinion which I owe to Dr. Whately. In his special theological tenets I had no sympathy. In the next year, 1827, he told me he considered that I was Arianizing. The case was this : though at that time I had not read Bishop Bull's *Defensio* nor the Fathers, I was just then very strong for that ante-Nicene view of the Trinitarian doctrine, which some writers, both Catholic and non-Catholic, have accused of wearing a sort of Arian exterior. This is the meaning of a passage in Froude's *Remains*, in which he seems to accuse me of speaking against the

Athanasian Creed. I had contrasted the two aspects of the Trinitarian doctrine, which are respectively presented by the Athanasian Creed and the Nicene. My criticisms were to the effect that some of the verses of the former Creed were unnecessarily scientific. This is a specimen of a certain disdain for Antiquity which had been growing on me now for several years. It showed itself in some flippant language against the Fathers in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, about whom I knew little at the time, except what I had learnt as a boy from Joseph Milner. In writing on the Scripture Miracles in 1825–6, I had read Middleton *On the Miracles of the Early Church* and had imbibed a portion of his spirit.

The truth is, I was beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral; I was drifting in the direction of the Liberalism of the day. I was rudely awakened from my dream at the end of 1827 by two great blows — illness and bereavement.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

While I was engaged in writing my work upon the Arians, great events were happening at home and abroad, which brought out into form and passionate expression the various beliefs which had so gradually been winning their way into my mind. Shortly before, there had been a Revolution in France; the Bourbons had been dismissed: and I held that it was unchristian for nations to cast off their governors, and, much more, sovereigns who had the divine right of inheritance. Again, the great Reform Agitation was going on around me as I wrote. The Whigs had come into power; Lord Grey had told the Bishops to set their

house in order, and some of the Prelates had been insulted and threatened in the streets of London. The vital question was, how were we to keep the Church from being liberalized? there was such apathy on the subject in some quarters, such imbecile alarm in others; the true principles of Churchmanship seemed so radically decayed, and there was such distraction in the councils of the Clergy. Blomfield, the Bishop of London of the day, an active and open-hearted man, had been for years engaged in diluting the high orthodoxy of the Church by the introduction of members of the Evangelical body into places of influence and trust. He had deeply offended men who agreed in opinion with myself, by an off-hand saying (as it was reported) to the effect that belief in the Apostolical succession had gone out with the Non-jurors. "We can count you," he said to some of the gravest and most venerated persons of the old school. And the Evangelical party itself, with their late successes, seemed to have lost that simplicity and unworldliness which I admired so much in Milner and Scott. It was not that I did not venerate such men as Ryder, the then Bishop of Lichfield, and others of similar sentiments, who were not yet promoted out of the ranks of the Clergy, but I thought little of the Evangelicals as a class. I thought they played into the hands of the Liberals. With the Establishment thus divided and threatened, thus ignorant of its true strength, I compared that fresh vigorous Power of which I was reading in the first centuries. In her triumphant zeal on behalf of that Primeval Mystery, to which I had had so great a devotion from my youth, I recognized the movement of my Spiritual Mother. "Incessu patuit Dea." The

self-conquest of her Ascetics, the patience of her Martyrs, the irresistible determination of her Bishops, the joyous swing of her advance, both exalted and abashed me. I said to myself, "Look on this picture and on that;" I felt affection for my own Church, but not tenderness; I felt dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing perplexity. I thought that if Liberalism once got a footing within her, it was sure of the victory in the event. I saw that Reformation principles were powerless to rescue her. As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination; still I ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which she was but the local presence and the organ. She was nothing, unless she was this. She must be dealt with strongly, or she would be lost. There was need of a second reformation.

At this time I was disengaged from College duties, and my health had suffered from the labour involved in the composition of my Volume. It was ready for the Press in July, 1832, though not published till the end of 1833. I was easily persuaded to join Hurrell Froude and his Father, who were going to the south of Europe for the health of the former.

We set out in December, 1832. It was during this expedition that my Verses which are in the *Lyra Apostolica* were written; — a few indeed before it, but not more than one or two of them after it. Exchanging, as I was, definite Tutorial work, and the literary quiet and pleasant friendships of the last six years, for foreign countries and an unknown future, I naturally was led to think that some inward changes, as well as some larger

course of action, were coming upon me. At Whitchurch, while waiting for the down mail to Falmouth, I wrote the verses about my Guardian Angel, which begin with these words: "Are these the tracts of some unearthly Friend?" and which go on to speak of "the vision" which haunted me: — that vision is more or less brought out in the whole series of these compositions.

I went to various coasts of the Mediterranean; parted with my friends at Rome; went down for the second time to Sicily without companion, at the end of April; and got back to England by Palermo in the early part of July. The strangeness of foreign life threw me back into myself; I found pleasure in historical sites and beautiful scenes, not in men and manners. We kept clear of Catholics throughout our tour. I had a conversation with the Dean of Malta, a most pleasant man, lately dead; but it was about the Fathers, and the Library of the great church. I knew the Abbate Santini, at Rome, who did no more than copy for me the Gregorian tones. Froude and I made two calls upon Monsignor (now Cardinal) Wiseman at the Collegio Inglese, shortly before we left Rome. Once we heard him preach at a church in the Corso. I do not recollect being in a room with any other ecclesiasts, except a Priest at Castro-Giovanni in Sicily, who called on me when I was ill, and with whom I wished to hold a controversy. As to Church Services, we attended the Tenebræ, at the Sestine, for the sake of the Miserere; and that was all. My general feeling was, "All, save the spirit of man, is divine." I saw nothing but what was external; of the hidden life of Catholics I knew nothing. I was still more driven back into myself, and felt my isolation. England was in my

thoughts solely, and the news from England came rarely and imperfectly. The Bill for the Suppression of the Irish Sees was in progress, and filled my mind. I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals.

It was the success of the Liberal cause which fretted me inwardly. I became fierce against its instruments and its manifestations. A French vessel was at Algiers; I would not even look at the tri-colour. On my return, though forced to stop twenty-four hours at Paris, I kept indoors the whole time, and all that I saw of that beautiful city was what I saw from the Diligence. The Bishop of London had already sounded me as to my filling one of the Whitehall preacherships, which he had just then put on a new footing; but I was indignant at the line which he was taking, and from my Steamer I had sent home a letter declining the appointment by anticipation, should it be offered to me. At this time I was specially annoyed with Dr. Arnold, though it did not last into later years. Some one, I think, asked, in conversation at Rome, whether a certain interpretation of Scripture was Christian? it was answered that Dr. Arnold took it; I interposed, "But is *he* a Christian?" The subject went out of my head at once; when afterwards I was taxed with it, I could say no more in explanation, than (what I believe was the fact) that I must have had in mind some free views of Dr. Arnold about the Old Testament: — I thought I must have meant, "Arnold answers for the interpretation, but who is to answer for Arnold?" It was at Rome, too, that we began the *Lyra Apostolica* which appeared monthly in the *British Magazine*. The motto shows the feeling of both Froude and myself at the time: we borrowed from M. Bunsen a Homer, and Froude chose

the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, "You shall know the difference, now that I am back again."

Especially when I was left by myself, the thought came upon me that deliverance is wrought, not by the many but by the few, not by bodies but by persons. Now it was, I think, that I repeated to myself the words, which had ever been dear to me from my school days, "Exoriare aliquis!" — now too, that Southey's beautiful poem of *Thalaba*, for which I had an immense liking, came forcibly to my mind. I began to think that I had a mission. There are sentences of my letters to my friends to this effect, if they are not destroyed. When we took leave of Monsignor Wiseman, he had courteously expressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome; I said with great gravity, "We have a work to do in England." I went down at once to Sicily, and the presentiment grew stronger. I struck into the middle of the island, and fell ill of a fever at Leonforte. My servant thought that I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them, as he wished; but I said, "I shall not die." I repeated, "I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light." I never have been able quite to make out what I meant.

I got to Castro-Giovanni, and was laid up there for nearly three weeks. Towards the end of May I left for Palermo, taking three days for the journey. Before starting from my inn in the morning of May 26th or 27th, I sat down on my bed, and began to sob violently. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer him, "I have a work to do in England."

I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the Churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. I knew nothing of the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament there. At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, "Lead, kindly light," which have since become well known. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage. At length I got to Marseilles, and set off for England. The fatigue of travelling was too much for me, and I was laid up for several days at Lyons. At last I got off again, and did not stop night or day, (except a compulsory delay at Paris,) till I reached England, and my mother's house. My brother had arrived from Persia only a few hours before. This was on the Tuesday. The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University Pulpit. It was published under the title of *National Apostasy*. I have ever considered and kept the day, as the start of the religious movement of 1833.

THE LAST PAGES OF THE "APOLOGIA"

There is only one other subject, which I think it necessary to introduce here, as bearing upon the vague suspicions which are attached in this country to the Catholic Priesthood. It is one of which my accusers have before now said much, — the charge of reserve and economy. They found it in no slight degree on what I have said on the subject in my History of the Arians, and in a note upon one of my Sermons in which I refer to it. The principle of Reserve is also advocated by an

admirable writer in two numbers of the *Tracts for the Times*, and of these I was the Editor.

Now, as to the Economy itself, it is founded upon the words of our Lord, "Cast not your pearls before swine;" and it was observed by the early Christians, more or less, in their intercourse with the heathen populations among whom they lived. In the midst of the abominable idolatries and impurities of that fearful time, the Rule of the Economy was an imperative duty. But that rule, at least as I have explained and recommended it, in anything that I have written, did not go beyond (1) the concealing the truth when we could do so without deceit, (2) stating it only partially, and (3) representing it under the nearest form possible to a learner or inquirer, when he could not possibly understand it exactly. I conceive that to draw Angels with wings is an instance of the third of these economical modes; and to avoid the question, "Do Christians believe in a Trinity?" by answering, "They believe in only one God," would be an instance of the second. As to the first, it is hardly an Economy, but comes under what is called the *Disciplina Arcani*. The second and third economical modes Clement calls *lying;* meaning that a partial truth is in some sense a lie, as is also a representative truth. And this, I think, is about the long and the short of the ground of the accusation which has been so violently urged against me, as being a patron of the Economy.

Of late years I have come to think, as I believe most writers do, that Clement meant more than I have said. I used to think he used the word "lie" as an hyperbole, but I now believe that he, as other early Fathers, thought that, under certain circumstances, it was lawful

to tell a lie. This doctrine I never maintained, though I used to think, as I do now, that the theory of the subject is surrounded with considerable difficulty; and it is not strange that I should say so, considering that great English writers declare without hesitation that in certain extreme cases, as to save life, honour, or even property, a lie is allowable. And thus I am brought to the direct question of truth, and of the truthfulness of Catholic priests generally in their dealings with the world, as bearing on the general question of their honesty, and of their internal belief in their religious professions.

It would answer no purpose, and it would be departing from the line of writing which I have been observing all along, if I entered into any formal discussion on this question; what I shall do here, as I have done in the foregoing pages, is to give my own testimony on the matter in question, and there to leave it. Now first I will say, that, when I became a Catholic, nothing struck me more at once than the English out-spoken manner of the Priests. It was the same at Oscott, at Old Hall Green, at Ushaw; there was nothing of that smoothness, or mannerism, which is commonly imputed to them, and they were more natural and unaffected than many an Anglican clergyman. The many years, which have passed since, have only confirmed my first impression. I have ever found it in the priests of this Diocese; did I wish to point out a straightforward Englishman, I should instance the Bishop, who has, to our great benefit, for so many years presided over it.

And next, I was struck, when I had more opportunity of judging of the Priests, by the simple faith in

the Catholic Creed and system, of which they always gave evidence, and which they never seemed to feel, in any sense at all, to be a burden. And now that I have been in the Church nineteen years, I cannot recollect hearing of a single instance in England of an infidel priest. Of course there are men from time to time, who leave the Catholic Church for another religion, but I am speaking of cases, when a man keeps a fair outside to the world and is a hollow hypocrite in his heart.

I wonder that the self-devotion of our priests does not strike a Protestant in this point of view. What do they gain by professing a Creed, in which, if their enemies are to be credited, they really do not believe? What is their reward for committing themselves to a life of self-restraint and toil, and perhaps to a premature and miserable death? The Irish fever cut off between Liverpool and Leeds thirty priests and more, young men in the flower of their days, old men who seemed entitled to some quiet time after their long toil. There was a bishop cut off in the North; but what had a man of his ecclesiastical rank to do with the drudgery and danger of sick calls, except that Christian faith and charity constrained him? Priests volunteered for the dangerous service. It was the same with them on the first coming of the cholera, that mysterious awe-inspiring infliction. If they did not heartily believe in the Creed of the Church, then I will say that the remark of the Apostle had its fullest illustration: — "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." What could support a set of hypocrites in the presence of a deadly disorder, one of them following another in long order up the forlorn hope, and one after another perishing? And such, I may say,

in its substance, is every Mission-Priest's life. He is ever ready to sacrifice himself for his people. Night and day, sick or well himself, in all weathers, off he is, on the news of a sick call. The fact of a parishioner dying without the Sacraments through his fault is terrible to him; why terrible, if he has not a deep absolute faith, which he acts upon with a free service? Protestants admire this, when they see it; but they do not seem to see as clearly, that it excludes the very notion of hypocrisy.

Sometimes, when they reflect upon it, it leads them to remark on the wonderful discipline of the Catholic priesthood; they say that no Church has so well ordered a clergy, and that in that respect it surpasses their own; they wish they could have such exact discipline among themselves. But is it an excellence which can be purchased? is it a phenomenon which depends on nothing else than itself, or is it an effect which has a cause? You cannot buy devotion at a price. "It hath never been heard of in the land of Chanaan, neither hath it been seen in Theman. The children of Agar, the merchants of Meran, none of these have known its way." What then is that wonderful charm, which makes a thousand men act all in one way, and infuses a prompt obedience to rule, as if they were under some stern military compulsion? How difficult to find an answer, unless you will allow the obvious one, that they believe intensely what they profess!

I cannot think what it can be, in a day like this, which keeps up the prejudice of this Protestant country against us, unless it be the vague charges which are drawn from our books of Moral Theology; and with

a short notice of the work in particular which by our accusers is especially thrown into our teeth, I shall bring these observations to a close.

St. Alfonso Liguori, then, it cannot be denied, lays down that an equivocation, (that is, a play upon words, in which one sense is taken by the speaker, and another sense intended by him for the hearer,) is allowable, if there is a just cause, that is, in an extraordinary case, and may even be confirmed by an oath. I shall give my opinion on this point as plainly as any Protestant can wish; and therefore I avow at once that in this department of morality, much as I admire the high points of the Italian character, I like the English rule of conduct better; but, in saying so, I am not, as will shortly be seen, saying any thing disrespectful to St. Alfonso, who was a lover of truth, and whose intercession I trust I shall not lose, though, on the matter under consideration, I follow other guidance in preference to his.

Now I make this remark first: — great English authors, Jeremy Taylor, Milton, Paley, Johnson, men of very different schools of thought, distinctly say, that under certain extraordinary circumstances it is allowable to tell a lie. Taylor says: "To tell a lie for charity, to save a man's life, the life of a friend, of a husband, of a prince, of a useful and a public person, hath not only been done at all times, but commended by great and wise and good men. Who would not save his father's life, at the charge of a harmless lie, from persecutors or tyrants?" Again, Milton says: "What man in his senses would deny, that there are those whom we have the best grounds for considering that we ought to deceive, — as boys, madmen, the sick, the

intoxicated, enemies, men in error, thieves? I would ask, by which of the commandments is a lie forbidden? You will say, by the ninth. If then my lie does not injure my neighbour, certainly it is not forbidden by this commandment." Paley says: "There are falsehoods, which are not lies, that is, which are not criminal." Johnson: "The general rule is, that truth should never be violated; there must, however, be some exceptions. If, for instance, a murderer should ask you which way a man is gone."

Now, I am not using these instances as an *argumentum ad hominem;* but the purpose to which I put them is this: —

1. First, I have set down the distinct statements of Taylor, Milton, Paley, and Johnson: — now, would any one give ever so little weight to these statements, in forming a real estimate of the veracity of the writers, if they now were alive? Were a man, who is so fierce with St. Alfonso, to meet Paley or Johnson to-morrow in society, would he look upon him as a liar, a knave, as dishonest and untrustworthy? I am sure he would not. Why then does he not deal out the same measure to Catholic priests? If a copy of Scavini, which speaks of equivocation as being in a just cause allowable, be found in a student's room at Oscott, not Scavini himself, but even the unhappy student, who has what a Protestant calls a bad book in his possession, is judged to be for life unworthy of credit. Are all Protestant text-books, which are used at the University, immaculate? Is it necessary to take for gospel every word of Aristotle's Ethics, or every assertion of Hey or Burnet on the Articles? Are text-books the ultimate authority, or rather are they not manuals in the hands of a

lecturer, and the groundwork of his remarks? But, again, let us suppose, not the case of a student, or of a professor, but of Scavini himself, or of St. Alfonso; now here again I ask, since you would not scruple in holding Paley for an honest man, in spite of his defence of lying, why do you scruple at holding St. Alfonso honest? I am perfectly sure that you would not scruple at Paley personally; you might not agree with him, but you would not go further than to call him a bold thinker: then why should St. Alfonso's person be odious to you, as well as his doctrine?

Now I wish to tell you why you are not afraid of Paley; because, you would say, when he advocated lying, he was taking *extreme* or *special cases*. You would have no fear of a man who you knew had shot a burglar dead in his own house, because you know you are *not* a burglar: so you would not think that Paley had a habit of telling lies in society, because in the case of a cruel alternative he thought it the lesser evil to tell a lie. Then why do you show such suspicion of a Catholic theologian, who speaks of certain extraordinary cases in which an equivocation in a penitent cannot be visited by his confessor as if it were a sin? for this is the exact point of the question.

But again, why does Paley, why does Jeremy Taylor, when no practical matter is actually before him, lay down a maxim about the lawfulness of lying, which will startle most readers? The reason is plain. He is forming a theory of morals, and he must treat every question in turn as it comes. And this is just what St. Alfonso or Scavini is doing. You only try your hand yourself at a treatise on the rules of morality, and you will see how difficult the work is. What is the *defini-*

tion of a lie? Can you give a better than that it is a sin against justice, as Taylor and Paley consider it? but, if so, how can it be a sin at all, if your neighbour is not injured? If you do not like this definition, take another; and then, by means of that, perhaps you will be defending St. Alfonso's equivocation. However, this is what I insist upon; that St. Alfonso, as Paley, is considering the different portions of a large subject, and he must, on the subject of lying, give his judgment, though on that subject it is difficult to form any judgment which is satisfactory.

But further still: you must not suppose that a philosopher or moralist uses in his own case the license which his theory itself would allow him. A man in his own person is guided by his own conscience; but in drawing out a system of rules he is obliged to go by logic, and follow the exact deduction of conclusion from conclusion, and must be sure that the whole system is coherent and one. You hear of even immoral or irreligious books being written by men of decent character; there is a late writer who says that David Hume's sceptical works are not at all the picture of the man. A priest might write a treatise which was really lax on the subject of lying, which might come under the condemnation of the Holy See, as some treatises on that score have already been condemned, and yet in his own person be a rigorist. And, in fact, it is notorious from St. Alfonso's Life, that he, who has the repute of being so lax a moralist, had one of the most scrupulous and anxious of consciences himself. Nay, further than this, he was originally in the Law, and on one occasion he was betrayed into the commission of what seemed like a deceit, though it was an accident; and that was

the very occasion of his leaving the profession and embracing the religious life.

The account of this remarkable occurrence is told us in his Life: —

"Notwithstanding he had carefully examined over and over the details of the process, he was completely mistaken regarding the sense of one document, which constituted the right of the adverse party. The advocate of the Grand Duke perceived the mistake, but he allowed Alfonso to continue his eloquent address to the end without interruption; as soon, however, as he had finished, he rose, and said with cutting coolness, 'Sir, the case is not exactly what you suppose it to be; if you will review the process, and examine this paper attentively, you will find there precisely the contrary of all you have advanced.' 'Willingly,' replied Alfonso, without hesitating; 'the decision depends on this question — whether the fief were granted under the law of Lombardy, or under the French law.' The paper being examined, it was found that the Grand Duke's advocate was in the right. 'Yes,' said Alfonso, holding the paper in his hand, 'I am wrong, I have been mistaken.' A discovery so unexpected, and the fear of being accused of unfair dealing filled him with consternation, and covered him with confusion, so much so, that every one saw his emotion. It was in vain that the President Caravita, who loved him, and knew his integrity, tried to console him, by telling him that such mistakes were not uncommon, even among the first men at the bar. Alfonso would listen to nothing, but, overwhelmed with confusion, his head sunk on his breast, he said to himself, 'World, I know you now; courts of law, never shall you see

me again!' And turning his back on the assembly, he withdrew to his own house, incessantly repeating to himself, 'World, I know you now.' What annoyed him most was, that having studied and restudied the process during a whole month, without having discovered this important flaw, he could not understand how it had escaped his observation."

And this is the man, so easily scared at the very shadow of trickery, who is so flippantly pronounced to be a patron of lying.

But, in truth, a Catholic theologian has objects in view which men in general little compass; he is not thinking of himself, but of a multitude of souls, sick souls, sinful souls, carried away by sin, full of evil, and he is trying with all his might to rescue them from their miserable state; and, in order to save them from more heinous sins, he tries, to the full extent that his conscience will allow him to go, to shut his eyes to such sins as are, though sins, yet lighter in character or degree. He knows perfectly well that, if he is as strict as he would wish to be, he shall be able to do nothing at all with the run of men; so he is as indulgent with them as ever he can be. Let it not be for an instant supposed, that I allow of the maxim of doing evil that good may come; but, keeping clear of this, there is a way of winning men from greater sins by winking for the time at the less, or at mere improprieties or faults; and this is the key to the difficulty which Catholic books of moral theology so often cause to the Protestant. They are intended for the Confessor, and Protestants view them as intended for the Preacher.

2. And I observe upon Taylor, Milton, and Paley

thus: What would a Protestant clergyman say to me, if I accused him of teaching that a lie was allowable; and if, when he asked for my proof, I said in reply that such was the doctrine of Taylor and Milton? Why, he would sharply retort, "*I* am not bound by Taylor or Milton;" and if I went on urging that "Taylor was one of his authorities," he would answer that Taylor was a great writer, but great writers were not therefore infallible. This is pretty much the answer which I make, when I am considered in this matter a disciple of St. Alfonso.

I plainly and positively state, and without any reserve, that I do not at all follow this holy and charitable man in this portion of his teaching. There are various schools of opinion allowed in the Church: and on this point I follow others. I follow Cardinal Gerdil, and Natalis Alexander, nay, St. Augustine. I will quote one passage from Natalis Alexander: — "They certainly lie, who utter the words of an oath, without the will to swear or bind themselves: or who make use of mental reservations and *equivocations* in swearing, since they signify by words what they have not in mind, contrary to the end for which language was instituted, viz. as signs of ideas. Or they mean something else than the words signify in themselves and the common custom of speech." And, to take an instance: I do not believe any priest in England would dream of saying, "My friend is not here;" meaning, "He is not in my pocket or under my shoe." Nor should any consideration make me say so myself. I do not think St. Alfonso would in his own case have said so; and he would have been as much shocked at Taylor and Paley, as Protestants are at him.

And now, if Protestants wish to know what our real teaching is, as on other subjects, so on that of lying, let them look, not at our books of casuistry, but at our catechisms. Works on pathology do not give the best insight into the form and the harmony of the human frame; and, as it is with the body, so is it with the mind. The Catechism of the Council of Trent was drawn up for the express purpose of providing preachers with subjects for their Sermons; and, as my whole work has been a defence of myself, I may here say that I rarely preach a Sermon, but I go to this beautiful and complete Catechism to get both my matter and my doctrine. There we find the following notices about the duty of Veracity: —

"'Thou shalt not bear false witness,' &c.: let attention be drawn to two laws contained in this commandment: — the one, forbidding false witness; the other bidding, that removing all pretence and deceits, we should measure our words and deeds by simple truth, as the Apostle admonished the Ephesians of that duty in these words: 'Doing truth in charity, let us grow in Him through all things.'

"To deceive by a lie in joke or for the sake of compliment, though to no one there accrues loss or gain in consequence, nevertheless is altogether unworthy: for thus the Apostle admonishes, 'Putting aside lying, speak ye truth.' For therein is great danger of lapsing into frequent and more serious lying, and from lies in joke men gain the habit of lying, whence they gain the character of not being truthful. And thence again, in order to gain credence to their words, they find it necessary to make a practice of swearing.

"Nothing is more necessary [for us] than truth of

testimony, in those things, which we neither know ourselves, nor can allowably be ignorant of, on which point there is extant that maxim of St. Augustine's: Whoso conceals the truth, and whoso puts forth a lie, each is guilty; the one because he is not willing to do a service, the other because he has a wish to do a mischief.

"It is lawful at times to be silent about the truth, but out of a court of law; for in court, when a witness is interrogated by the judge according to law, the truth is wholly to be brought out.

"Witnesses, however, must beware, lest, from over-confidence in their memory, they affirm for certain, what they have not verified.

"In order that the faithful may with more good will avoid the sin of lying, the Parish Priest shall set before them the extreme misery and turpitude of this wickedness. For, in holy writ, the devil is called the father of a lie; for, in that he did not remain in Truth, he is a liar, and the father of a lie. He will add, with the view of ridding men of so great a crime, the evils which follow upon lying: and, whereas they are innumerable, he will point out [at least] the sources and the general heads of these mischiefs and calamities, viz. 1. How great is God's displeasure and how great His hatred of a man who is insincere and a liar. 2. What little security there is that a man who is specially hated by God may not be visited by the heaviest punishments. 3. What more unclean and foul, as St. James says, than . . . that a fountain by the same jet should send out sweet water and bitter? 4. For that tongue, which just now praised God, next, as far as in it lies, dishonours Him by lying. 5. In consequence, liars are

shut out from the possession of heavenly beatitude. 6. That too is the worst evil of lying, that that disease of the mind is generally incurable.

"Moreover, there is this harm too, and one of vast extent, and touching men generally, that by insincerity and lying faith and truth are lost, which are the firmest bonds of human society, and, when they are lost, supreme confusion follows in life, so that men seem in nothing to differ from devils.

"Lastly, the Parish Priest will set those right who excuse their insincerity and allege the example of wise men, who, they say, are used to lie for an occasion. He will tell them, what is most true, that the wisdom of the flesh is death. He will exhort his hearers to trust in God, when they are in difficulties and straits, nor to have recourse to the expedient of a lie.

"They who throw the blame of their own lie on those who have already by a lie deceived them, are to be taught that men must not revenge themselves, nor make up for one evil by another. . . ."

There is much more in the Catechism to the same effect, and it is of universal obligation; whereas the decision of a particular author in morals need not be accepted by any one.

To one other authority I appeal on this subject, which commands from me attention of a special kind, for it is the teaching of a Father. It will serve to bring my work to a conclusion.

"St. Philip," says the Roman Oratorian who wrote his Life, "had a particular dislike of affectation both in himself and others, in speaking, in dressing, or in anything else.

"He avoided all ceremony which savoured of worldly compliment, and always showed himself a great stickler for Christian simplicity in everything; so that, when he had to deal with men of worldly prudence, he did not very readily accommodate himself to them.

"And he avoided, as much as possible, having anything to do with *two-faced persons*, who did not go simply and straightforwardly to work in their transactions.

"*As for liars, he could not endure them*, and he was *continually reminding* his spiritual children, *to avoid them as they would a pestilence*."

These are the principles on which I have acted before I was a Catholic: these are the principles which, I trust, will be my stay and guidance to the end.

I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name upon St. Philip's feast-day; and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this House, the Priests of the Birmingham Oratory, AMBROSE ST. JOHN, HENRY AUSTIN MILLS, HENRY BITTLESTON, EDWARD CASWALL, WILLIAM PAINE NEVILLE, and HENRY IGNATIUS DUDLEY RYDER? who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive of my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice, if I asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit of them; — with whom I have lived so long, with whom I hope to die.

And to you especially, dear AMBROSE ST. JOHN; whom God gave me, when He took every one else away; who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question.

And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed; and of all these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd.

May 26, 1864.
In Festo Corp. Christ.

II

REVEALED RELIGION

THERE is another point on which my basis of argument differs from Paley's. He argues on the principle that the credentials, which ascertain for us a message from above, are necessarily in their nature miraculous; nor have I any thought of venturing to say otherwise. In fact, all professed revelations have been attended, in one shape or another, with the profession of miracles; and we know how direct and unequivocal are the miracles of both the Jewish Covenant and of our own. However, my object here is to assume as little as possible as regards facts, and to dwell only on what is patent and notorious; and therefore I will only insist on those coincidences and their cumulations, which, though not in themselves miraculous, do irresistibly force upon us, almost by the law of our nature, the presence of the extraordinary agency of Him whose being we already acknowledge. Though coincidences rise out of a combination of general laws, there is no law of those coincidences; they have a character of their own, and seem left by Providence in His own hands, as the channel by which, inscrutable to us, He may make known to us His will.

For instance, if I am a believer in a God of Truth and Avenger of dishonesty, and know for certain that a market-woman, after calling on Him to strike her dead if she had in her possession a piece of money not

294.6
N46se

hers, did fall down dead on the spot, and that the money was found in her hand, how can I call this a blind coincidence, and not discern in it an act of Providence over and above its general laws? So, certainly, thought the inhabitants of an English town, when they erected a pillar as a record of such an event at the place where it occurred. And if a Pope excommunicates a great conqueror; and he, on hearing the threat, says to one of his friends, "Does he think the world has gone back a thousand years? does he suppose the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?" and within two years, on the retreat over the snows of Russia, as two contemporary historians relate, "famine and cold tore their arms from the grasp of the soldiers," "they fell from the hands of the bravest and most robust," and "destitute of the power of raising them from the ground, the soldiers left them in the snow;" is not this too, though no miracle, a coincidence so special, as rightly to be called a Divine judgment? So thinks Alison, who avows with religious honesty, that "there is something in these marvellous coincidences beyond the operation of chance, and which even a Protestant historian feels himself bound to mark for the observation of future years." And so, too, of a cumulation of coincidences, separately less striking; when Spelman sets about establishing the fact of the ill-fortune which in many instances has followed upon acts of sacrilege among us, then, even though in many instances it has not followed, and in many instances he exaggerates, still there may be a large residuum of cases which cannot be properly resolved into the mere accident of concurrent causes, but must in reason be considered the warning voice of

North Central College LIBRARY

God. So, at least, thought Gibson, Bishop of London, when he wrote, "Many of the instances, and those too well-attested, are so terrible in the event, and in the circumstances so surprising, that no considering person can well pass them over."

I think, then, that the circumstances under which a professed revelation comes to us, may be such as to impress both our reason and our imagination with a sense of its truth, even though no appeal be made to strictly miraculous intervention — in saying which I do not mean of course to imply that those circumstances, when traced back to their first origins, are not the outcome of such intervention, but that the miraculous intervention addresses us at this day in the guise of those circumstances; that is, of coincidences, which are indications, to the illative sense of those who believe in a Moral Governor, of His immediate Presence, especially to those who in addition hold with me the strong antecedent probability that, in His mercy, He will thus supernaturally present Himself to our apprehension.

Now as to the fact; has what is so probable in anticipation actually been granted to us, or have we still to look out for it? It is very plain, supposing it has been granted, which among all the religions of the world comes from God: and if it is not that, a revelation is not yet given, and we must look forward to the future. There is only one Religion in the world which tends to fulfil the aspirations, needs, and foreshadowings of natural faith and devotion. It may be said, perhaps, that, educated in Christianity, I merely judge of it by its own principles; but this is not the fact.

For, in the first place, I have taken my idea of what a revelation must be, in good measure, from the actual religions of the world; and as to its ethics, the ideas with which I come to it are derived not simply from the Gospel, but prior to it from heathen moralists, whom Fathers of the Church and Ecclesiastical writers have imitated or sanctioned; and as to the intellectual position from which I have contemplated the subject, Aristotle has been my master. Besides, I do not here single out Christianity with reference simply to its particular doctrines or precepts, but for a reason which is on the surface of its history. It alone has a definite message addressed to all mankind. As far as I know, the religion of Mahomet has brought into the world no new doctrine whatever, except, indeed, that of its own divine origin; and the character of its teaching is too exact a reflection of the race, time, place, and climate in which it arose, to admit of its becoming universal. The same dependence on external circumstances is characteristic, so far as I know, of the religions of the far East; nor am I sure of any definite message from God to man which they convey and protect, though they may have sacred books. Christianity, on the other hand, is in its idea an announcement, a preaching; it is the depository of truths beyond human discovery, momentous, practical, maintained one and the same in substance in every age from its first, and addressed to all mankind. And it has actually been embraced and is found in all parts of the world, in all climates, among all races, in all ranks of society, under every degree of civilization, from barbarism to the highest cultivation of mind. Coming to set right and to govern the world, it has ever been, as it ought to be, in conflict with

large masses of men, with the civil power, with physical force, with adverse philosophies; it has had successes, it has had reverses: but it has had a grand history, and has effected great things, and is as vigorous in its age as in its youth. In all these respects it has a distinction in the world and a pre-eminence of its own; it has upon it *primâ facie* signs of divinity; I do not know what can be advanced by rival religions to match prerogatives so special; so that I feel myself justified in saying either Christianity is from God, or a revelation has not yet been given to us.

It will not surely be objected, as a point in favour of some of the Oriental religions, that they are older than Christianity by some centuries; yet, should it be so said, it must be recollected that Christianity is only the continuation and conclusion of what professes to be an earlier revelation, which may be traced back into prehistoric times, till it is lost in the darkness that hangs over them. As far as we know, there never was a time when that revelation was not,—a revelation continuous and systematic, with distinct representatives and an orderly succession. And this, I suppose, is far more than can be said for the religions of the East.

Here, then, I am brought to the consideration of the Hebrew nation and the Mosaic religion, as the first step in the direct evidence for Christianity.

The Jews are one of the few Oriental nations who are known in history as a people of progress, and their line of progress is the development of religious truth. In that their own line they stand by themselves among all the populations, not only of the East, but of the West. Their country may be called the classical home of the religious principle, as Greece is the home of

intellectual power, and Rome that of political and practical wisdom. Theism is their life; it is emphatically their natural religion, for they never were without it, and were made a people by means of it. This is a phenomenon singular and solitary in history, and must have a meaning. If there be a God and Providence, it must come from Him, whether immediately or indirectly; and the people themselves have ever maintained that it has been His direct work, and has been recognized by Him as such. We are apt to treat pretences to a divine mission or to supernatural powers as of frequent occurrence, and on that score to dismiss them from our thoughts; but we cannot so deal with Judaism. When mankind had universally denied the first lesson of their conscience by lapsing into polytheism, is it a thing of slight moment that there was just one exception to the rule, that there was just one people who, first by their rulers and priests, and afterwards by their own unanimous zeal, professed, as their distinguishing doctrine, the Divine Unity and Government of the world, and that, moreover, not only as a natural truth, but as revealed to them by that God Himself of whom they spoke, — who so embodied it in their national polity, that a Theocracy was the only name by which it could be called? It was a people founded and set up in Theism, kept together by Theism, and maintaining Theism for a period from first to last of 2000 years, till the dissolution of their body politic; and they have maintained it since in their state of exile and wandering for 2000 years more. They begin with the beginning of history, and the preaching of this august dogma begins with them. They are its witnesses and confessors, even to torture and death; on it and its revelation are moulded their

laws and government; on this their politics, philosophy, and literature are founded; of this truth their poetry is the voice, pouring itself out in devotional compositions which Christianity, through all its many countries and ages, has been unable to rival; on this aboriginal truth, as time goes on, prophet after prophet bases his further revelations, with a sustained reference to a time when, according to the secret counsels of its Divine Object and Author, it is to receive completion and perfection, — till at length that time comes.

The last age of their history is as strange as their first. When that time of destined blessing came, which they had so accurately marked out, and were so carefully waiting for — a time which found them, in fact, more zealous for their Law, and for the dogma it enshrined, than they ever had been before — then, instead of any final favour coming on them from above, they fell under the power of their enemies, and were overthrown, their holy city razed to the ground, their polity destroyed, and the remnant of their people cast off to wander far and away through every land except their own, as we find them at this day; lasting on, century after century, not absorbed in other populations, not annihilated, as likely to last on, as unlikely to be restored, as far as outward appearances go, now as a thousand years ago. What nation has so grand, so romantic, so terrible a history? Does it not fulfil the idea of, what the nation calls itself, a chosen people, chosen for good and evil? Is it not an exhibition in a course of history of that primary declaration of conscience, as I have been determining it, "With the upright Thou shalt be upright, and with the froward Thou shalt be froward"? It must have

a meaning, if there is a God. We know what was their witness of old time; what is their witness now?

Why, I say, was it that, after so memorable a career, when their sins and sufferings were now to come to an end, when they were looking out for a deliverance and a Deliverer, suddenly all was reversed for once and for all? They were the favoured servants of God, and yet a peculiar reproach and note of infamy is affixed to their name. It was their belief that His protection was unchangeable, and that their Law would last for ever; — it was their consolation to be taught by an uninterrupted tradition, that it could not die, except by changing into a new self, more wonderful than it was before; — it was their faithful expectation that a promised King was coming, the Messiah, who would extend the sway of Israel over all people; — it was a condition of their covenant, that, as a reward to Abraham, their first father, the day at length should dawn when the gates of their narrow land should open, and they should pour out for the conquest and occupation of the whole earth; — and, I repeat, when the day came, they did go forth, and they did spread into all lands, but as hopeless exiles, as eternal wanderers.

Are we to say that this failure is a proof that, after all, there was nothing providential in their history? For myself, I do not see how a second portent obliterates a first; and, in truth, their own testimony and their own sacred books carry us on towards a better solution of the difficulty. I have said they were in God's favour under a covenant,— perhaps they did not fulfil the conditions of it. This indeed seems to be their own account of the matter, though it is not clear what their breach of engagement was. And that in some way they did sin,

whatever their sin was, is corroborated by the well-known chapter in the Book of Deuteronomy, which so strikingly anticipates the nature of their punishment. That passage, translated into Greek as many as 350 years before the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, has on it the marks of a wonderful prophecy; but I am not now referring to it as such, but merely as an indication that the disappointment, which actually overtook them at the Christian era, was not necessarily out of keeping with the original divine purpose, or again with the old promise made to them, and their confident expectation of its fulfilment. Their national ruin, which came instead of aggrandizement, is described in that book, in spite of all promises, with an emphasis and minuteness which prove that it was contemplated long before, at least as a possible issue of the fortunes of Israel. Among other inflictions which should befall the guilty people, it was told them that they should fall down before their enemies, and should be scattered throughout all the kingdoms of the earth; that they never should have quiet in those nations, or have rest for the sole of their foot; that they were to have a fearful heart and languishing eyes, and a soul consumed with heaviness; that they were to suffer wrong, and to be crushed at all times, and to be astonished at the terror of their lot; that their sons and daughters were to be given to another people, and they were to look and to sicken all the day, and their life was ever to hang in doubt before them, and fear to haunt them day and night; that they should be a proverb and a by-word of all people among whom they were brought; and that curses were to come on them, and to be signs and wonders on them and their seed for ever. Such are some portions, and not the

most terrible, of this extended anathema; and its partial accomplishment at an earlier date of their history was a warning to them, when the destined time drew near, that, however great the promises made to them might be, those promises were dependent on the terms of the covenant which stood between them and their Maker, and that, as they had turned to curses at that former time, so they might turn to curses again.

This grand drama, so impressed with the characters of supernatural agency, concerns us here only in its bearing upon the evidence for the divine origin of Christianity; and it is at this point that Christianity comes upon the historical scene. It is a notorious fact that it issued from the Jewish land and people; and had it no other than this historical connexion with Judaism, it would have some share in the prestige of its original home. But it claims to be far more than this; it professes to be the actual completion of the Mosaic Law, the promised means of deliverance and triumph to the nation, which that nation itself, as I have said, has since considered to be, on account of some sin or other, withheld or forfeited. It professes to be, not the casual, but the legitimate offspring, heir, and successor of the Mosaic Covenant, or rather to be Judaism itself, developed and transformed. Of course it has to prove its claim, as well as to prefer it; but if it succeeds in doing so, then all those tokens of the Divine Presence, which distinguish the Jewish history, at once belong to it, and are a portion of its credentials.

And at least the *primâ facie* view of its relations towards Judaism is in favour of these pretensions. It is an historical fact, that, at the very time that the Jews

committed their unpardonable sin, whatever it was, and were driven out from their home to wander over the earth, their Christian brethren, born of the same stock, and equally citizens of Jerusalem, did also issue forth from the same home, but in order to subdue that same earth and make it their own; that is, they undertook the very work which, according to the promise, their nation actually was ordained to execute; and, with a method of their own indeed, and with a new end, and only slowly and painfully, but still really and thoroughly, they did it. And since that time the two children of the promise have ever been found together — of the promise forfeited and the promise fulfilled; and whereas the Christian has been in high place, so the Jew has been degraded and despised — the one has been "the head," and the other "the tail;" so that, to go no farther, the fact that Christianity actually has done what Judaism was to have done, decides the controversy, by the logic of facts, in favour of Christianity. The prophecies announced that the Messiah was to cõne at a definite time and place; Christians point to Him as coming then and there, as announced; they are not met by any counter-claim or rival claimant on the part of the Jews, only by their assertion that He did not come at all, though up to the event they had said He was then and there coming. Further, Christianity clears up the mystery which hangs over Judaism, accounting fully for the punishment of the people, by specifying their sin, their heinous sin. If, instead of hailing their own Messiah, they crucified Him, then the strange scourge which has pursued them after the deed, and the energetic wording of the curse before it, are explained by the very strangeness of their guilt; —

or rather, their sin is their punishment; for in rejecting their Divine King, they *ipso facto* lost the living principle and tie of their nationality. Moreover, we see what led them into error; they thought a triumph and an empire were to be given to them at once, which were given indeed eventually, but by the slow and gradual growth of many centuries and a long warfare.

On the whole, then, I observe, on the one hand, that, Judaism having been the channel of religious traditions which are lost in the depth of their antiquity, of course it is a great point for Christianity to succeed in proving that it is the legitimate heir to that former religion. Nor is it, on the other, of less importance to the significance of those early traditions to be able to determine that they were not lost together with their original store-house, but were transferred, on the failure of Judaism, to the custody of the Christian Church. And this apparent correspondence between the two is in itself a presumption for such correspondence being real. Next, I observe, that if the history of Judaism is so wonderful as to suggest the presence of some special divine agency in its appointments and fortunes, still more wonderful and divine is the history of Christianity; and again it is more wonderful still, that two such wonderful creations should span almost the whole course of ages, during which nations and states have been in existence, and should constitute a professed system of continued intercourse between earth and heaven from first to last amid all the vicissitudes of human affairs. This phenomenon again carries on its face, to those who believe in a God, the probability that it has that divine origin which it professes to have; and, (when viewed in the light of the

strong presumption which I have insisted on, that in God's mercy a revelation from Him will be granted to us, and of the contrast presented by other religions, no one of which professes to be a revelation direct, definite, and integral as this is,) — this phenomenon, I say, of cumulative marvels raises that probability, both for Judaism and Christianity, in religious minds, almost to a certainty.

THE GROUND OF THE PROTESTANT VIEW

The Protestant, I say, laughs at the very idea of miracles or supernatural acts as occurring at this day; his First Principle is rooted in him; he repels from him the idea of miracles; he laughs at the notion of evidence for them; one is just as likely as another; they are all false. Why? Because of his First Principle: there are no miracles since the Apostles. Here, indeed, is a short and easy way of getting rid of the whole subject, not by reason, but by a First Principle which he calls reason. Yes, it *is* reason, granting his First Principle is true; it is *not* reason, supposing his First Principle is false. It is reason, if the private judgment of an individual, or of a sect, or of a philosophy, or of a nation, be synonymous with reason; it is not reason, if reason is something not local, nor temporal, but universal. Before he advances a step in his argument, he ought to prove his First Principle true; he does not attempt to do so, he takes it for granted; and he proceeds to apply it, gratuitous, personal, peculiar as it is, to all our accounts of miracles taken together, and thereupon and thereby

triumphantly rejects them all. This, forsooth, is his spontaneous judgment, his instinctive feeling, his common sense, — a mere private opinion of his own, a Protestant opinion; a lecture-room opinion; not a world-wide opinion, not an instinct ranging through time and space, but an assumption and presumption, which, by education and habit, he has got to think as certain, as much of an axiom, as that two and two make four; and he looks down upon us, and bids us consider ourselves beaten, all because the savour of our statements and narratives and reports and legends is inconsistent with his delicate Protestant sense, — all because our conclusions are different, not from our principles and premisses, but from his.

And now for the structure he proceeds to raise on this foundation of sand. If, he argues, in matter of fact, there be a host of stories about relics and miracles circulated in the Catholic Church, which, as a matter of First Principle, cannot be true; to what must we attribute them? indubitably to enormous stupidity on the one hand, and enormous roguery on the other. This, observe, is an immediate and close inference: — clever men must see through the superstition; those who do not see through it must be dolts. Further, since religion is the subject-matter of the alleged fictions, they must be what are called pious frauds, for the sake of gain and power. Observe, my Brothers, there is in the Church a vast tradition and testimony about miracles: how is it to be accounted for? If miracles *can* take place, then the *truth* of the miracle will be a natural explanation of the *report*, just as the *fact* of a man dying satisfactorily accounts for the *news* that he is dead; but the Protestant cannot so

explain it, because he thinks miracles cannot take place; so he is necessarily driven, by way of accounting for the report of them, to impute that report to fraud. He cannot help himself. I repeat it; the whole mass of accusations which Protestants bring against us under this head, Catholic credulity, imposture, pious frauds, hypocrisy, priestcraft, this vast and varied superstructure of imputation, you see, all rests on an assumption, on an opinion of theirs, for which they offer no kind of proof. What then, in fact, do they say more than this, *If* Protestantism be true, you Catholics are a most awful set of knaves? — Here, at least, is a most intelligible and undeniable position.

Now, on the other hand, let me take our own side of the question, and consider how we ourselves stand relatively to the charge made against us. Catholics, then, hold the mystery of the Incarnation; and the Incarnation is the most stupendous event which ever can take place on earth; and after it and henceforth, I do not see how we can scruple at any miracle on the mere ground of its being unlikely to happen. No miracle can be so great as that which took place in the Holy House of Nazareth; it is indefinitely more difficult to believe than all the miracles of the Breviary, of the Martyrology, of Saints' Lives, of legends, of local traditions, put together; and there is the grossest inconsistency on the very face of the matter, for any one so to strain out the gnat and to swallow the camel, as to profess what is inconceivable, yet to protest against what is surely within the limits of intelligible hypothesis. If, through divine grace, we once are able to accept the solemn truth that the Supreme

Being was born of a mortal woman, what is there to be imagined which can offend us on the ground of its marvellousness? Thus, you see, it happens that, though First Principles are commonly assumed, not proved, ours in this case admits, if not of proof, yet of recommendation, by means of that fundamental truth which Protestants profess as well as we. When we start with assuming that miracles are not unlikely, we are putting forth a position which lies imbedded, as it were, and involved, in the great revealed fact of the Incarnation.

So much is plain on starting; but more is plain too. Miracles are not only not unlikely, they are positively likely; and for this simple reason, because, for the most part, when God begins He goes on. We conceive that when He first did a miracle, He began a series; what He commenced, He continued: what has been, will be. Surely this is good and clear reasoning. To my own mind, certainly, it is incomparably more difficult to believe that the Divine Being should do one miracle and no more, than that He should do a thousand; that He should do one great miracle only, than that He should do a multitude of less besides. This beautiful world of nature, His own work, He broke its harmony; He broke through His own laws which He had imposed on it; He worked out His purposes, not simply through it, but in violation of it. If He did this only in the lifetime of the Apostles, if He did it but once, eighteen hundred years ago and more, that isolated infringement looks as the mere infringement of a rule: if Divine Wisdom would not leave an infringement, an anomaly, a solecism on His work, He might be expected to introduce a series of miracles, and turn

the apparent exception into an additional law of His providence. If the Divine Being does a thing once, He is, judging by human reason, likely to do it again. This surely is common sense. If a beggar gets food at a gentleman's house once, does he not send others thither after him? If you are attacked by thieves once, do you forthwith leave your windows open at night? If an acquaintance were convicted of a fraud, would you let that be the signal for reposing confidence in him, as a man who could not possibly deceive you? Nay, suppose you yourselves were once to see a miracle, would you not feel that experience to be like passing a line? should you, in consequence of it, declare, "I never will believe another if I hear of one"? would it not, on the contrary, predispose you to listen to a new report? would you scoff at it and call it priestcraft for the reason that you had actually seen one with your own eyes? I think you would not; then I ask what is the difference of the argument, whether you have seen one or believe one? You believe the Apostolic miracles, therefore be inclined beforehand to believe later ones. Thus you see, our First Principle, that miracles are not unlikely now, is not at all a strange one in the mouths of those who believe that the Supreme Being came miraculously into this world, miraculously united Himself to man's nature, passed a life of miracles, and then gave His Apostles a greater gift of miracles than He exercised Himself. So far on the principle itself; and now, in the next place, see what comes of it.

This comes of it, — that there are two systems going on in the world, one of nature, and one above nature; and two histories, one of common events, and

one of miracles; and each system and each history has its own order. When I hear of the miracle of a Saint, my first feeling would be of the same kind as if it were a report of any natural exploit or event. Supposing, for instance, I heard a report of the death of some public man; it would not startle me, even if I did not at once credit it, for all men must die. Did I read of any great feat of valour, I should believe it, if imputed to Alexander or Cœur de Lion. Did I hear of any act of baseness, I should disbelieve it, if imputed to a friend whom I knew and loved. And so, in like manner, were a miracle reported to me as wrought by a member of Parliament, or a Bishop of the Establishment, or a Wesleyan preacher, I should repudiate the notion: were it referred to a saint, or the relic of a saint, or the intercession of a saint, I should not be startled at it, though I might not at once believe it. And I certainly should be right in this conduct, supposing my First Principle be true. Miracles to the Catholic are facts of history and biography, and nothing else; and they are to be regarded and dealt with as other facts; and as natural facts, under circumstances, do not startle Protestants, so supernatural, under circumstances, do not startle the Catholic. They may or may not have taken place in particular cases; he may be unable to determine which; he may have no distinct evidence; he may suspend his judgment, but he will say, "It is very possible;" he never will say, "I cannot believe it."

Take the history of Alfred: you know his wise, mild, beneficent, yet daring character, and his romantic vicissitudes of fortune. This great king has a number of stories, or, as you may call them, legends.

told of him. Do you believe them all? no. Do you, on the other hand, think them incredible? no. Do you call a man a dupe or a blockhead for believing them? no. Do you call an author a knave and a cheat who records them? no. You go into neither extreme, whether of implicit faith or of violent reprobation. You are not so extravagant; you see that they suit his character, they *may* have been; yet this is so romantic, that has so little evidence, a third is so confused in dates or in geography, that you are in matter of fact indisposed towards them. Others are probably true, others certainly. Nor do you force every one to take your own view of particular stories; you and your neighbours think differently about this or that in detail and agree to differ. There is in the Museum at Oxford, a jewel or trinket said to be Alfred's: it is shown to all comers: I never heard the keeper of the Museum accused of hypocrisy or fraud for showing, with Alfred's name appended, what he might or might not himself believe to have belonged to that great king: nor did I ever see any party of strangers, who were looking at it with awe, regarded by any self-complacent bystander with scornful compassion. Yet the relic is not to a certainty Alfred's. The world pays civil honour to it on the probability; we pay religious honour to relics, if so be, on the probability. Is the Tower of London shut against sightseers, because the coats of mail or pikes there may have half-legendary tales connected with them? why then may not the country people come up in joyous companies, singing and piping, to see the Holy Coat at Trèves? There is our Queen again, who is so truly and justly popular; she roves about in the

midst of tradition and romance ; she scatters myths and legends from her as she goes along ; she is a being of poetry, and you might fairly be sceptical whether she had any personal existence. She is always at some beautiful, noble, bounteous work or other, if you trust the papers. She is doing alms-deeds in the Highlands ; she meets beggars in her rides at Windsor ; she writes verses in albums, or draws sketches, or is mistaken for the housekeeper by some blind old woman, or she runs up a hill, as if she were a child. Who finds fault with these things ? he would be a cynic, he would be white-livered, and would have gall for blood, who was not struck with this graceful, touching evidence of the love which her subjects bear her. Who could have the head, even if he had the heart, who could be so cross and peevish, who could be so solemn and perverse, as to say that some of the stories *may* be simple lies, and all of them might have stronger evidence than they carry with them ? Do you think she is displeased at them ? Why, then, should He, the Great Father, who once walked the earth, look sternly on the unavoidable mistakes of His own subjects and children in their devotion to Him and His ? Even granting they mistake some cases in particular, from the infirmity of human nature, and the contingencies of evidence, and fancy there is or has been a miracle here or there when there is not ; — though a tradition, attached to a picture, or to a shrine, or to a well, be very doubtful ; — though one relic be sometimes mistaken for another, and St. Theodore stands for St. Eugenius, or St. Agathocles ; — still, once take into account our First Principle, that He is likely to continue miracles among

us, which is as good as the Protestant's, and I do not see why He should feel much displeasure with us on account of this error, or should cease to work wonders in our behalf. In the Protestant's view, indeed, who assumes that miracles never are, our thaumatology is one great falsehood; but that is *his* First Principle, as I have said so often, which he does not prove but assume. If *he*, indeed, upheld *our* system, or *we* held *his* principle, in either case he or we should be impostors; but though we should be partners to a fraud, if we thought like Protestants, we surely are not, because we think like Catholics.

Such, then, is the answer which I make to those who would urge against us the multitude of miracles recorded in our Saints' Lives and devotional works, for many of which there is little evidence, and for some next to none. We think them true in the sense in which Protestants think the details of English history true. When they say that, they do not mean to say there are no mistakes in it, but no mistakes of consequence, none which alter the general course of history. Nor do they mean they are equally sure of every part; for evidence is fuller and better for some things than for others. They do not stake their credit on the truth of Froissart or Sully, they do not pledge themselves for the accuracy of Doddington or Walpole, they do not embrace as an Evangelist, Hume, Sharon Turner, or Macaulay. And yet they do not think it necessary, on the other hand, to commence a religious war against all our historical catechisms, and abstracts, and dictionaries, and tales and biographies, through the country; they have no call on them to amend and

expurgate books of archeology, antiquities, heraldry, architecture, geography, and statistics, to rewrite our inscriptions, and to establish a censorship on all new publications for the time to come. And so as regards the miracles of the Catholic Church; if, indeed, miracles never can occur, then, indeed, impute the narratives to fraud; but till you prove they are not likely, we shall consider the histories which have come down to us true on the whole, though in particular cases they may be exaggerated or unfounded. Where, indeed, they can certainly be proved to be false, there we shall be bound to do our best to get rid of them; but till that is clear, we shall be liberal enough to allow others to use their private judgment in their favour, as we use ours in their disparagement. For myself, lest I appear in any way to be shrinking from a determinate judgment on the claims of some of those miracles and relics, which Protestants are so startled at, and to be hiding particular questions in what is vague and general, I will avow distinctly, that, putting out of the question the hypothesis of unknown laws of nature (that is, of the professed miracle being not miraculous), I think it impossible to withstand the evidence which is brought for the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, and for the motion of the eyes of the pictures of the Madonna in the Roman States. I see no reason to doubt the material of the Lombard crown at Monza; and I do not see why the Holy Coat at Trèves may not have been what it professes to be. I firmly believe that portions of the True Cross are at Rome and elsewhere, that the Crib of Bethlehem is at Rome, and the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul also. I believe that at Rome too lies St.

Stephen, that St. Matthew lies at Salerno, and St. Andrew at Amalfi. I firmly believe that the relics of the saints are doing innumerable miracles and graces daily, and that it needs only for a Catholic to show devotion to any saint in order to receive special benefits from his intercession. I firmly believe that saints in their life-time have before now raised the dead to life, crossed the sea without vessels, multiplied grain and bread, cured incurable diseases, and superseded the operation of the laws of the universe in a multitude of ways. Many men, when they hear an educated man so speak, will at once impute the avowal to insanity, or to an idiosyncrasy, or to imbecility of mind, or to decrepitude of powers, or to fanaticism, or to hypocrisy. They have a right to say so, if they will; and we have a right to ask them why they do not say it of those who bow down before the Mystery of mysteries, the Divine Incarnation. If they do not believe this, they are not yet Protestants; if they do, let them grant that He who has done the greater may do the less.

And now, Brothers of the Oratory, I have come to the end of a somewhat uninteresting, but a necessary discussion. Your lot is cast in the world; you are not gathered together, as we are, into the home and under the shadow of St. Philip; you mix with men of all opinions. Where you see prejudice, there, indeed, it is no use to argue; prejudice thinks its first principles self-evident. It can tell falsehoods to our dishonour by the score, yet suddenly it is so jealous of truth, as to be shocked at legends in honour of the saints. With prejudiced persons then, you will

make no way; they will not look the question in the face; if they condescend to listen for a moment to your arguments it is in order to pick holes in them, not to ascertain their drift or to estimate their weight. But there are others of a different stamp of whom I spoke in the opening of this Lecture, candid, amiable minds, who wish to think well of our doctrines and devotions, but stumble at them. When you meet with such, ask them whether they are not taking their own principles and opinions for granted, and whether all they have to say against us is not contained in the proposition with which they start. Entreat them to consider how they know their existing opinions to be true; whether they are innate and necessary; whether they are not local, national, or temporary; whether they have ever spread over the earth, ever held nations together; whether they have ever or often done a great thing. If they say that penances are absurd, or images superstitious, or infallibility impossible, or sacraments mere charms, or a priesthood priestcraft, get them to put their ideas into shape and to tell you their reasons for them. Trace up their philosophy for them, as you have traced up their tradition; the fault lies in the root; every step of it is easy but the first. Perhaps you will make them Catholics by this process; at least you will make them perceive what they believe and what they do not, and will teach them to be more tolerant of a Religion which unhappily they do not see their way to embrace.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ATHENIANS

Now at length I am drawing near the subject which I have undertaken to treat, though Athens is both in leagues and in centuries a great way off England after all. But first to recapitulate: — a State or polity implies two things, Power on the one hand, Liberty on the other; a Rule and a Constitution. Power, when freely developed, results in centralization; Liberty in self-government. The two principles are in antagonism from their very nature; so far forth as you have rule, you have not liberty; so far forth as you have liberty, you have not rule. If a People gives up nothing at all, it remains a mere People, and does not rise to be a State. If it gives up everything, it could not be worse off, though it gave up nothing. Accordingly, it always must give up something: it never can give up everything; and in every case the problem to be decided is, what is the most advisable compromise, what point is the *maximum* of at once protection and independence.

Those political institutions are the best which subtract as little as possible from a people's natural independence as the price of their protection. The stronger you make the Ruler, the more he can do for you, *but* the more he also can do against you; the weaker you make him, the less he can do against you, *but* the less also he can do for you. The Man promised to kill the Stag; but he fairly owned that he must be first allowed to mount the Horse. Put a sword into the

Ruler's hands, it is at his option to use or not use it against you ; reclaim it, and who is to use it for you? Thus, if States are free, they are feeble ; if they are vigorous, they are high-handed. I am not speaking of a nation or a people, but of a State as such ; and I say, the more a State secures to itself of rule and centralization, the more it can do for its subjects externally ; and the more it grants to them of liberty and self-government, the less it can do against them internally : and thus a despotic government is the best for war, and a popular government the best for peace.

Now this may seem a paradox so far as this ; — that I have said a State cannot be at once free and strong, whereas the combination of these advantages is the very boast which we make about our own island in one of our national songs, which runs, —

> "Britannia, *rule* the waves !
> Britons never shall be *slaves*."

I acknowledge the force of this authority ; but I must recall the reader's attention to the distinction which I have just been making between a Nation and a State. Britons are free, considered as a State ; they are strong, considered as a Nation ; — and, as a good deal depends on this distinction, I will illustrate it, before I come to the consideration of our own country, by the instance of that ancient and famous people whose name I have prefixed to this portion of my inquiry, — a people who, in most respects, are as unlike us, as beauty is unlike utility, but who are in this respect, strange to say, not dissimilar to the Briton.

So pure a democracy was Athens, that, if any of its citizens was eminent, he might be banished by the

rest for this simple offence of greatness. Self-government was developed there in the fullest measure, as if provision was not at all needed against any foe. Nor indeed, in the earlier period of Athens, was it required; for the poverty of the soil, and the extent of seaboard as its boundary, secured it against both the cupidity and the successful enterprise of invaders. The chief object, then, of its polity was the maintenance of internal order; but even in this respect solicitude was superfluous, according to its citizens themselves, who were accustomed to boast that they were attracted, one and all, in one and the same way, and moulded into a body politic, by an innate perception of the beautiful and true, and that the genius and cultivation of mind, which were their characteristics, served them better for the observance of the rules of good fellowship and for carrying on the intercourse of life, than the most stringent laws and the best appointed officers of police.

Here then was the extreme of self-government carried out; and the State was intensely free. That in proportion to that internal freedom was its weakness in its external relations, its uncertainty, caprice, injustice, and untrustworthiness, history, I think, abundantly shows. It may be thought unfair to appeal to the age of Philip and Demosthenes, when no Greek State could oppose a military organization worthy of such a foe as Macedon; but at no anterior period had it shown a vigour and perseverance similar to the political force of the barbaric monarchy, which extinguished its liberties. It was simply unable to defend and perpetuate that democratical license which it so inordinately prized.

Had Athens then no influence on the world outside of it, because its political influence was so baseless and fluctuating? Has she gained no conquests, exercised no rule, effected no changes, left no traces of herself upon the nations? On the contrary, never was country able to do so much; never has country so impressed its image upon the history of the world, except always that similarly small strip of land in Syria. And moreover,—for this I wish to insist upon, rather than merely concede, — this influence of hers was in consequence, though not by means, of her democratical *régime*. That democratical polity formed a *People*, who could do what democracy itself could not do. Feeble all together, the Athenians were superlatively energetic one by one. It was their very keenness of intellect individually which made them collectively so inefficient. This point of character, insisted on both by friendly and hostile orators in the pages of her great historian, is a feature in which Athens resembles England. Englishmen, indeed, do not go to work with the grace and poetry which, if Pericles is to be believed, characterized an Athenian; but Athens may boast of her children as having the self-reliance, the spirit, and the unflagging industry of the individual Englishman.

It was this individualism which was the secret of the power of Athens in her day, and remains as the instrument of her influence now. What was her trade, or her colonies, or her literature, but private, not public achievements, the triumph, not of State policy, but of personal effort? Rome sent out her colonies, as Russia now, with political foresight; modern Europe has its State Universities, its Royal Academies, its periodical scientific Associations; it was otherwise with Athens. There,

great things were done by citizens working in their private capacity; working, it must be added, not so much from patriotism as for their personal advantage; or, if with patriotism, still with little chance of State encouragement or reward. Socrates, the greatest of her moralists, and since his day one of her chief glories, lived unrecognized and unrewarded, and died under a judicial sentence. Xenophon conducted his memorable retreat across Asia Minor, not as an Athenian, but as the mercenary or volunteer of a Persian Prince. Miltiades was of a family of adventurers, who by their private energy had founded a colony, and secured a lordship in the Chersonese; and he met his death while prosecuting his private interests with his country's vessels. Themistocles had a double drift, patriotic and traitorous, in the very acts by which he secured to the Greeks the victory of Salamis, having in mind that those acts should profit him at the Persian court, if they did not turn to his account at home. Perhaps we are not so accurately informed of what took place at Rome, when Hannibal threatened the city; but certainly Rome presents us with the picture of a strong State at that crisis, whereas, in the parallel trial, the Athens of Miltiades and Themistocles shows like the clever, dashing population of a large town.

We have another sample of the genius of her citizens in their conduct at Pylos. Neither they, nor their officers, would obey the orders of the elder Demosthenes, who was sent out to direct the movements of the fleet. In vain did he urge them to fortify the place; they did nothing; till, the bad weather detaining them on shore, and inaction becoming tedious, suddenly they fell upon the work with a will; and, having neither

tools nor carriages, hunted up stones where they could find them ready in the soil, made clay do the office of mortar, carried the materials on their backs, supporting them with their clasped hands, and thus finished the necessary works in the course of a few days.

By this personal enterprise and daring the Athenians were distinguished from the rest of Greece. "They are fond of change," say their Corinthian opponents in the Lacedemonian Council; "quick to plan and to perform, venturing beyond their power, hazarding beyond their judgment, and always sanguine in whatever difficulties. They are alive, while you, O Lacedemonians, dawdle; and they love locomotion, while you are especially a home-people. They think to gain a point, even when they withdraw; but with you, even to advance is to surrender what you have attained. When they defeat their foe they rush on; when they are beaten, they hardly fall back. What they plan and do not follow up, they deem an actual loss; what they set about and gain, they count a mere instalment of the future; what they attempt and fail in here, in anticipation they make up for there. Such is their labour and their risk from youth to age; no men enjoy so little what they have, for they are always getting, and their best holiday is to do a stroke of needful work; and it is a misfortune to them to have to undergo, not the toil of business, but the listlessness of repose."

I do not mean to say that I trace the Englishman in every clause of this passage; but he is so far portrayed in it as a whole, as to suggest to us that perhaps he too, as well as the Athenian, has that inward spring of restless independence, which makes a State weak, and a Nation great.

PARALLEL CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLISHMEN

I hope I have now made it clear, that, in saying that a free State will not be strong, I am far indeed from saying that a People with what is called a free Constitution will not be active, powerful, influential, and successful. I am only saying that it will do its great deeds, not through the medium of its government, or *politically*, but through the medium of its individual members, or *nationally*. Self-government, which is another name for political weakness, may really be the means or the token of national greatness. Athens, as a State, was wanting in the elements of integrity, firmness, and consistency: but perhaps that political deficiency was the very condition and a result of her intellectual activity.

I will allow more than this readily. Not only in cases such as that of Athens, is the State's loss the Nation's gain, but further, most of those very functions which in despotisms are undertaken by the State may be performed in free countries by the Nation. For instance, roads, the posts, railways, bridges, aqueducts, and the like, in absolute monarchies, are governmental matters: but they may be left to private energy, where self-government prevails. Letter-carriage indeed involves an extent of system and a punctuality in work, which is too much for any combination of individuals: but the care of Religion, which is a governmental work in Russia, and partly so in England, is left to private competition in the United States. Education, in like manner, is sometimes provided by the State, sometimes left to religious denominations, sometimes to private zeal and charity. The Fine

Arts sometimes depend on the patronage of Court or Government; sometimes are given in charge to Academies; sometimes to committees or vestries.

I do not say that a Nation will manage all these departments equally well, or so well as a despotic government; and some departments it will not be able to manage at all. Did I think it could manage all, I should have nothing to write about. I am distinctly maintaining that the war department it cannot manage; that is my very point. It cannot conduct a war; but not from any fault in the nation, or with any resulting disparagement to popular governments and Constitutional States, but merely because we cannot have all things at once in this world, however big we are, and because, in the nature of things, one thing cannot be another. I do not say that a Constitutional State never must risk war, never must engage in war, never will conquer in war; but that its strong point lies in the other direction. If we would see what liberty, independence, self-government, a popular Constitution, can do, we must look to times of tranquillity. In peace a self-governing nation is prosperous in itself, and influential in the wide world. Its special works, the sciences, the useful arts, literature, the interests of knowledge generally, material comfort, the means and appliances of a happy life, thrive especially in peace. And thus such a nation spreads abroad, and subdues the world, and reigns in the admiration and gratitude and deference of men, by the use of weapons which war shivers to pieces. Alas! that mortals do not know themselves, and will not (according to the proverb) cut their coat according to their cloth! "*Optat ephippia bos.*" John Bull, like other free, self-governing nations,

would undertake a little war just now, as if it were his *forte*, — as great lawyers have cared for nothing but a reputation for dancing gracefully, and literary men have bought a complex coat-of-arms at the Heralds' College. Why will we not be content to be human? why not content with the well-grounded consciousness that no polity in the world is so wonderful, so good to its subjects, so favourable to individual energy, so pleasant to live under, as our own? I do not say, why will we go to war? but, why will we not think *twice* first? why do we not ascertain our actual position, our strength, our weakness, before we do so?

For centuries upon centuries England has been, like Attica, a secluded land; so remote from the highway of the world, so protected from the flood of Eastern and Northern barbarism, that her children have grown into a magnanimous contempt of external danger. They have had "a cheap defence" in the stormy sea which surrounds them; and, from time immemorial, they have had such skill in weathering it, that their wooden walls, to use the Athenian term, became a second rampart against the foe, whom wind and water did not overwhelm. So secure have they felt in those defences, that they have habitually neglected others: so that, in spite of their valour, when a foe once gained the shore, be he Dane, or Norman, or Dutch, he was encountered by no sustained action or organized resistance, and became their king. These, however, were rare occurrences, and made no lasting impression; they were not sufficient to divert them from pursuing, or to thwart them in attaining, the amplest measures of liberty. Whom had the people to fear? not even their ships, which could not,

like military, become a paid force encircling a tyrant, and securing him against their resistance.

To these outward circumstances of England, determining the direction of its political growth, must be added the character of the people themselves. There are races to whom consanguinity itself is not concord and unanimity, but the reverse. They fight with each other, for lack of better company. Imaginative, fierce, vindictive, with their clans, their pedigrees, and their feuds, snorting war, spurning trade or tillage, the old Highlanders, if placed on the broad plains of England, would have in time run through their national existence, and died the death of the sons of Œdipus. But, if you wish to see the sketch of a veritable Englishman in strong relief, refresh your recollection of Walter Scott's "Two Drovers." He is indeed rough, surly, a bully and a bigot; these are his weak points: but if ever there was a generous, good, tender heart, it beats within his breast. Most placable, he forgives and forgets: forgets, not only the wrongs he has received, but the insults he has inflicted. Such he is commonly; for doubtless there are times and circumstances in his dealings with foreigners in which, whether when in despair or from pride, he becomes truculent and simply hateful; but at home his bark is worse than his bite. He has qualities, excellent for the purposes of neighbourhood and intercourse; and he has, besides, a shrewd sense, and a sobriety of judgment, and a practical logic, which passion does not cloud, and which makes him understand that good-fellowship is not only commendable, but expedient too. And he has within him a spring of energy, pertinacity, and perseverance, which makes him as busy and effective in a colony as he is companionable at home. Some

races do not move at all; others are ever jostling against each other; the Englishman is ever stirring, yet never treads too hard upon his fellow-countryman's toes. He does his work neatly, silently, in his own place; he looks to himself, and can take care of himself; and he has that instinctive veneration for the law, that he can worship it even in the abstract, and thus is fitted to go shares with others all around him in that political sovereignty, which other races are obliged to concentrate in one ruler.

There was a time when England was divided into seven principalities, formed out of the wild warriors whom the elder race had called in to their own extermination. What would have been the history of those kingdoms if the invaders had been Highlanders instead of Saxons? But the Saxon Heptarchy went on, without any very desperate wars of kingdom with kingdom, pretty much as the nation goes on now. Indeed, I much question, supposing Englishmen rose one morning and found themselves in a Heptarchy again, whether its seven portions would not jog on together, much as they do now under Queen Victoria, the union in both cases depending, not so much on the government and the governed, but on the people, viewed in themselves, to whom peaceableness, justice, and non-interference are natural.

It is an invaluable national quality to be keen, yet to be fair to others; to be inquisitive, acquisitive, enterprising, aspiring, progressive, without encroaching upon his next neighbour's right to be the same. Such a people hardly need a Ruler, as being mainly free from the infirmities which make a ruler necessary. Law, like medicine, is only called for to assist nature;

and, when nature does so much for a people, the wisest policy is, as far as possible, to leave them to themselves. This, then, is the science of government with English Statesmen, to leave the people alone; a free action, a clear stage, and they will do the rest for themselves. The more a Ruler meddles, the less he succeeds; the less he initiates, the more he accomplishes; his duty is that of overseeing, facilitating, encouraging, guiding, interposing on emergencies. Some races are like children, and require a despot to nurse, and feed, and dress them, to give them pocket money, and take them out for airings. Others, more manly, prefer to be rid of the trouble of their affairs, and use their Ruler as their mere manager and man of business. Now an Englishman likes to take his own matters into his own hands. He stands on his own ground, and does as much work as half a dozen men of certain other races. He can join too with others, and has a turn for organizing, but he insists on its being voluntary. He is jealous of no one, except kings and governments, and offensive to no one except their partisans and creatures.

This, then, is the people for private enterprise; and of private enterprise alone have I been speaking all along. What a place is London in its extent, its complexity, its myriads of dwellings, its subterraneous works! It is the production, for the most part, of individual enterprise. Waterloo Bridge was the greatest architectural achievement of the generation before this; it was built by shares. New regions, with streets of palaces and shops innumerable, each shop a sort of shrine or temple of this or that trade, and each a treasure-house of its own merchandize, grow silently into existence, the creation of private spirit and speculation.

The gigantic system of railroads rises and asks for its legal status: prudent statesmen decide that it must be left to private companies, to the exclusion of Government. Trade is to be encouraged; the best encouragement is, that it should be free. A famine threatens; one thing must be avoided, — any meddling on the part of Government with the export and import of provisions.

Emigration is in vogue: out go swarms of colonists, not, as in ancient times, from the Prytaneum, under State guidance and with religious rites, but each by himself, and at his own arbitrary and sudden will. The ship is wrecked; the passengers are cast upon a rock, — or make the hazard of a raft. In the extremest peril, in the most delicate and most anxious of operations, every one seems to find his place, as if by magic, and does his work, and subserves the rest with coolness, cheerfulness, gentleness, and without a master. Or they have a fair passage, and gain their new country; each takes his allotted place there, and works in it in his own way. Each acts irrespectively of the rest, takes care of number one, with a kind word and deed for his neighbour, but still as fully understanding that he must depend for his own welfare on himself. Pass a few years, and a town has risen on the desert beach, and houses of business are extending their connexions and influence up the country. At length, a company of merchants make the place their homestead, and they protect themselves from their enemies with a fort. They need a better defence than they have provided, for a numerous host is advancing upon them, and they are likely to be driven into the sea. Suddenly a youth, the castaway

of his family, half-clerk, half-soldier, puts himself at the head of a few troops, defends posts, gains battles, and ends in founding a mighty empire over the graves of Mahmood and Aurungzebe.

It is the deed of one man ; and so, wherever we go all over the earth, it is the solitary Briton, the London agent, or the *Milordos*, who is walking restlessly about, abusing the natives, and raising a colossus, or setting the Thames on fire, in the East or the West. He is on the top of the Andes, or in a diving-bell in the Pacific, or taking notes at Timbuctoo, or grubbing at the Pyramids, or scouring over the Pampas, or acting as prime minister to the king of Dahomey, or smoking the pipe of friendship with the Red Indians, or hutting at the Pole. No one can say beforehand what will come of these various specimens of the independent, self-governing, self-reliant Englishman. Sometimes failure, sometimes openings for trade, scientific discoveries, or political aggrandizements. His country and his government have the gain ; but it is he who is the instrument of it, and not political organization, centralization, systematic plans, authoritative acts. The polity of England is what it was before, — the Government weak, the Nation strong, — strong in the strength of its multitudinous enterprise, which gives to its Government a position in the world, which that Government could not claim for itself by any prowess or device of its own.

REVERSE OF THE PICTURE

The social union promises two great and contrary advantages, Protection and Liberty, — such protection as shall not interfere with liberty, and such liberty as

shall not interfere with protection. How much a given nation can secure of the one, and how much of the other, depends on its peculiar circumstances. As there are small frontier territories, which find it their interest to throw themselves into the hands of some great neighbour, sacrificing their liberties as the price of purchasing safety from barbarians or rivals, so too there are countries which, in the absence of external danger, have abandoned themselves to the secure indulgence of freedom, to the jealous exercise of self-government, and to the scientific formation of a Constitution. And as, when liberty has to be surrendered for protection, the Horse must not be surprised if the Man whips or spurs him, so, when protection is neglected for the sake of liberty, he must not be surprised if he suffers from the horns of the Stag.

Protected by the sea, and gifted with a rare energy, self-possession, and imperturbability, the English people have been able to carry out self-government to its limits, and to absorb into its constitutional action many of those functions which are necessary for the protection of any country, and commonly belong to the Executive; and triumphing in their marvellous success they have thought no task too hard for them, and have from time to time attempted more than even England could accomplish. Such a crisis has come upon us now, and the Constitution has not been equal to the occasion. For a year past we have been conducting a great war on our Constitutional *routine*, and have not succeeded in it. If we continue that *routine*, we shall have more failures, with France or Russia (whichever you please) to profit by it: — if we change it, we change what after all is Constitutional. It is this di-

lemma which makes me wish for peace, — or else some *Deus ex machinâ*, some one greater even than Wellington, to carry us through. We cannot depend upon Constitutional *routine*.

People abuse *routine*, and say that all the mischief which happens is the fault of *routine ;* — but can they get out of *routine*, without getting out of the Constitution? That is the question. The fault of a *routine* Executive, I suppose, is not that the Executive always goes on in one way, — else, system is in fault, — but that it goes on in a bad way, or on a bad system. We must either change the system, then, — our Constitutional system ; or not find fault with its *routine*, which is according to it. The present Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry, for instance, is either a function and instrument of the *routine* system, — and therefore is making bad worse, — or is not, — and then perhaps it is only the beginning of an infringement of the Constitution. There may be Constitutional failures which have no Constitutional remedies, unwilling as we may be to allow it. They may be necessarily incidental to a free self-governing people.

The Executive of a nation is the same all over the world, being, in other words, the administration of the nation's affairs ; it differs in different countries, not in its nature and office, nor in its end, acts, or functions, but in its characteristics, as being prompt, direct, effective, or the contrary ; that is, as being strong or feeble. If it pursues its ends earnestly, performs its acts vigorously and discharges its functions successfully, then it is a strong Executive ; if otherwise, it is feeble. Now, it is obvious, the more it is concentrated, that is, the fewer are its springs, and the simpler its mechan-

ism, the stronger it is, because it has least friction and loss of power; on the other hand, the more numerous and widely dispersed its centres of action are, and the more complex and circuitous their inter-action, the more feeble it is. It is strongest, then, when it is lodged in one man out of the whole nation; it is feeblest, when it is lodged, by participation or conjointly, in every man in it. How can we help what is self-evident? If the English people lodge power in the many, not in the few, what wonder that its operation is roundabout, clumsy, slow, intermittent, and disappointing? And what is the good of finding fault with the *routine*, if it is after all the principle of the *routine*, or the system, or the Constitution, which causes the hitch? You cannot eat your cake and have it; you cannot be at once a self-governing nation and have a strong government. Recollect Wellington's question in opposition to the Reform Bill, "How is the King's Government to be carried on?" We are beginning to experience its full meaning.

A people so alive, so curious, so busy as the English, will be a power in themselves, independently of political arrangements; and will be on that very ground jealous of a rival, impatient of a master, and strong enough to cope with the one and to withstand the other. A government is their natural foe; they cannot do without it altogether, but they will have of it as little as they can. They will forbid the concentration of power; they will multiply its seats, complicate its acts, and make it safe by making it inefficient. They will take care that it is the worst-worked of all the many organizations which are found in their country. As despotisms keep their subjects in ignorance, lest they

should rebel, so will a free people maim and cripple their government, lest it should tyrannize.

This is human nature; the more powerful a man is, the more jealous is he of other powers. Little men endure little men; but great men aim at a solitary grandeur. The English nation is intensely conscious of itself; it has seen, inspected, recognized, appreciated, and warranted itself. It has erected itself into a personality, under the style and title of John Bull. Most neighbourly is he when let alone; but irritable, when commanded or coerced. He wishes to form his own judgment in all matters, and to have everything proved to him; he dislikes the thought of generously placing his interests in the hands of others, he grudges to give up what he cannot really keep himself, and stickles for being at least a sleeping partner in transactions which are beyond him. He pays his people for their work, and is as proud of them, if they do it well, as a rich man of his tall footmen.

Policy might teach him a different course. If you want your work done well, which you cannot do yourself, find the best man, put it into his hand, and trust him implicitly. An Englishman is too sensible not to understand this in private matters; but in matters of State he is afraid of such a policy. He prefers the system of checks and counter-checks, the division of power, the imperative concurrence of disconnected officials, and his own supervision and revision,—the method of hitches, cross-purposes, collisions, deadlocks, to the experiment of treating his public servants as gentlemen. I am not quarrelling with what is inevitable in his system of self-government; I only say that he cannot expect his work done in the best style, if this is his mode

of providing for it. Duplicate functionaries do but merge responsibility; and a jealous master is paid with formal, heartless service. Do your footmen love you across the gulf which you have fixed between them and you? and can you expect your store-keepers and harbour-masters at Balaklava not to serve you by rule and precedent, not to be rigid in their interpretation of your orders, and to commit themselves as little as they can, when you show no belief in their zeal, and have no mercy on their failures?

England, surely, is the paradise of little men, and the purgatory of great ones. May I never be a Minister of State or a Field-Marshal! I 'd be an individual, self-respecting Briton, in my own private castle, with the *Times* to see the world by, and pen and paper to scribble off withal to some public print, and set the world right. Public men are only my *employés;* I use them as I think fit, and turn them off without warning. Aberdeen, Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Newcastle, what are they muttering about services and ingratitude? were they not paid? had n't they their regular quarter-day? Raglan, Burgoyne, Dundas, — I cannot recollect all the fellows' names, — can they merit aught? can they be profitable to me their lord and master? And so, having no tenderness or respect for their persons, their antecedents, or their age, — not caring that in fact they are serving me with all their strength, not asking whether, if they manage ill, it be not, perchance, because they are in the fetters of Constitutional red tape, which have weighed on their hearts and deadened their energies, till the hazard of failure and the fear of censure have quenched the spirit of daring, I think it becoming and generous, — during, not

after their work, not when it is ended, but in the very agony of conflict, — to institute a formal process of inquiry into their demerits, not secret, not indulgent to their sense of honour, but in the hearing of all Europe, and amid the scorn of the world, — hitting down, knocking over, my workhouse apprentices, in order that they may get up again, and do my matters for me better.

How far these ways of managing a crisis can be amended in a self-governing Nation, it is most difficult to say. They are doubly deplorable, as being both unjust and impolitic. They are kind, neither to ourselves, nor to our public servants; and they so unpleasantly remind one of certain passages of Athenian history, as to suggest that perhaps they must ever more or less exist, except where a despotism, by simply extinguishing liberty, effectually prevents its abuse.

DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE

But one attribute the Church has, and the Pope as head of the Church, whether he be in high estate, as this world goes, or not, whether he has temporal possessions or not, whether he is in honour or dishonour, whether he is at home or driven about, whether those special claims of which I have spoken are allowed or not, — and that is Sovereignty. As God has sovereignty, though He may be disobeyed or disowned, so has His Vicar upon earth; and further than this, since Catholic populations are found everywhere, he ever will be in fact lord of a vast empire; as large in numbers, as far spreading as the British; and all his acts

are sure to be such as are in keeping with the position of one who is thus supremely exalted.

I beg not to be interrupted here, as many a reader will interrupt me in his thoughts; for I am using these words, not at random, but as the commencement of a long explanation, and, in a certain sense, limitation, of what I have hitherto been saying concerning the Church's and the Pope's power. To this task the remaining pages, which I have to address to your Grace, will be directed; and I trust that it will turn out, when I come to the end of them, that, by first stating fully what the Pope's claims are, I shall be able most clearly to show what he does not claim.

Now the key-note of Mr. Gladstone's Pamphlet is this: — that, since the Pope claims infallibility in faith and morals, and since there are no "departments and functions of human life which do not and cannot fall within the domain of morals," p. 36, and since he claims also "the domain of all that concerns the government and discipline of the Church," and moreover, "claims the power of determining the limits of those domains," and "does not sever them, by any acknowledged or intelligible line from the domains of civil duty and allegiance," p. 45, therefore Catholics are moral and mental slaves, and "every convert and member of the Pope's Church places his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another," p. 45.

I admit Mr. Gladstone's premisses, but I reject his conclusion; and now I am going to show why I reject it.

In doing this, I shall, with him, put aside for the present the Pope's prerogative of infallibility in general enunciations, whether of faith or morals, and confine myself to the consideration of his authority (in

respect to which he is not infallible) in matters of daily conduct, and of our duty of obedience to him. "There is something wider still," he says, (than the claim of infallibility,) "and that is the claim to an Absolute and entire Obedience," p. 37. "Little does it matter to me, whether my Superior claims infallibility, so long as he is entitled to demand and exact conformity," p. 39. He speaks of a third province being opened, "not indeed to the abstract assertion of Infallibility, but to the far more practical and decisive demand of Absolute Obedience," p. 41, "the Absolute Obedience, at the peril of salvation, of every member of his communion," p. 42.

Now, I proceed to examine this large, direct, religious sovereignty of the Pope, both in its relation to his subjects, and to the Civil Power; but first, I beg to be allowed to say just one word on the principle of obedience itself, that is, by way of inquiry, whether it is or is not now a religious duty.

Is there then such a duty at all as obedience to ecclesiastical authority now? or is it one of those obsolete ideas, which are swept away, as unsightly cobwebs, by the New Civilization? Scripture says, "Remember them which have the *rule* over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God, whose faith follow." And, "*Obey* them that have the *rule* over you, and *submit yourselves;* for they watch *for your souls*, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief; for that is unprofitable for you." The margin in the Protestant Version reads, "those who are your *guides;*" and the word may also be translated "leaders." Well, as rulers, or guides and leaders, whichever word be right, they are to be *obeyed.* Now

Mr. Gladstone dislikes our way of fulfilling this precept, whether as regards our choice of ruler and leader, or our "Absolute Obedience" to him; but he does not give us his own. Is there any liberalistic reading of the Scripture passage? Or are the words only for the benefit of the poor and ignorant, not for the *Schola* (as it may be called) of political and periodical writers, not for individual members of Parliament, not for statesmen and Cabinet ministers, and people of Progress? Which party then is the more "Scriptural," those who recognize and carry out in their conduct texts like these, or those who don't? May not we Catholics claim some mercy from Mr. Gladstone, though we be faulty in the object and the manner of our obedience, since in a lawless day an object and a manner of obedience we have? Can we be blamed, if, arguing from those texts which say that ecclesiastical authority comes from above, we obey it in that one form in which alone we find it on earth, in that only person who claims it of us, among all the notabilities of this nineteenth century into which we have been born? The Pope has no rival in his claim upon us; nor is it our doing that his claim has been made and allowed for centuries upon centuries, and that it was he who made the Vatican decrees, and not they him. If we give him up, to whom shall we go? Can we dress up any civil functionary in the vestments of divine authority? Can I, for instance, follow the faith, can I put my soul into the hands, of our gracious Sovereign? or of the Archbishop of Canterbury? or of the Bishop of Lincoln, albeit he is not broad and low, but high? Catholics have "done what they could," — all that any one could: and it should be Mr. Gladstone's business, before telling us that we

are slaves, because we obey the Pope, first of all to tear away those texts from the Bible.

With this preliminary remark, I proceed to consider whether the Pope's authority is either a slavery to his subjects, or a menace to the Civil Power; and first, as to his power over his flock.

1. Mr. Gladstone says that "the Pontiff declares to belong to him the *supreme direction* of Catholics in respect to all duty," p. 37. Supreme direction; true, but "supreme" is not "minute," nor does "direction" mean supervision or "management." Take the parallel of human law; the Law is *supreme*, and the Law *directs* our conduct under the manifold circumstances in which we have to act, and must be absolutely obeyed; but who therefore says that the Law has the "supreme direction" of us? The State, as well as the Church, has the power at its will of imposing laws upon us, laws bearing on our moral duties, our daily conduct, affecting our actions in various ways, and circumscribing our liberties; yet no one would say that the Law, after all, with all its power in the abstract and its executive vigour in fact, interferes either with our comfort or our conscience. There are numberless laws about property, landed and personal, titles, tenures, trusts, wills, covenants, contracts, partnerships, money transactions, life-insurances, taxes, trade, navigation, education, sanitary measures, trespasses, nuisances, all in addition to the criminal law. Law, to apply Mr. Gladstone's words, "is the shadow that cleaves to us, go where we will." Moreover, it varies year after year, and refuses to give any pledge of fixedness or finality. Nor can any one tell what restraint is to come next, perhaps painful personally to himself. Nor are

its enactments easy of interpretation; for actual cases, with the speeches and opinions of counsel, and the decisions of judges, must prepare the raw material, as it proceeds from the Legislature, before it can be rightly understood; so that "the glorious uncertainty of the Law" has become a proverb. And, after all, no one is sure of escaping its penalties without the assistance of lawyers, and that in such private and personal matters that the lawyers are, as by an imperative duty, bound to a secrecy which even courts of justice respect. And then, besides the Statute Law, there is the common and traditional; and, below this, usage. Is not all this enough to try the temper of a free-born Englishman, and to make him cry out with Mr. Gladstone, "Three fourths of my life are handed over to the Law; I care not to ask if there be dregs or tatters of human life, such as can escape from the description and boundary of Parliamentary tyranny"? Yet, though we may dislike it, though we may at times suffer from it ever so much, who does not see that the thraldom and irksomeness are nothing compared with the great blessings which the Constitution and Legislature secure to us?

Such is the jurisdiction which the Law exercises over us. What rule does the Pope claim which can be compared to its strong and its long arm? What interference with our liberty of judging and acting in our daily work, in our course of life, comes to us from him? Really, at first sight, I have not known where to look for instances of his actual interposition in our private affairs, for it is our routine of personal duties about which I am now speaking. Let us see how we stand in this matter.

We are guided in our ordinary duties by the books of moral theology, which are drawn up by theologians of authority and experience, as an instruction for our Confessors. These books are based on the three Christian foundations of Faith, Hope, and Charity, on the Ten Commandments, and on the six Precepts of the Church, which relate to the observance of Sunday, of fast days, of confession and communion, and, in one shape or other, to paying tithes. A great number of possible cases are noted under these heads, and in difficult questions a variety of opinions are given, with plain directions, when it is that private Catholics are at liberty to choose for themselves whatever answer they like best, and when they are bound to follow some one of them in particular. Reducible as these directions in detail are to the few and simple heads which I have mentioned, they are little more than reflexions and memoranda of our moral sense, unlike the positive enactments of the Legislature; and, on the whole, present to us no difficulty — though now and then some critical question may arise, and some answer may be given (just as by the private conscience) which it is difficult to us or painful to accept. And again, cases may occur now and then, when our private judgment differs from what is set down in theological works, but even then it does not follow at once that our private judgment must give way, for those books are no utterance of Papal authority.

And this is the point to which I am coming. So little does the Pope come into this whole system of moral theology by which (as by our conscience) our lives are regulated, that the weight of his hand upon us, as private men, is absolutely unappreciable. I have

had a difficulty where to find a measure or gauge of his interposition. At length I have looked through Busenbaum's *Medulla*, to ascertain what light such a book would throw upon the question. It is a book of casuistry for the use of Confessors, running to 700 pages, and is a large repository of answers made by various theologians on points of conscience, and generally of duty. It was first published in 1645 — my own edition is of 1844 — and in the latter are marked those propositions, bearing on subjects treated in it, which have been condemned by Popes in the intermediate 200 years. On turning over the pages I find they are in all between 50 and 60. This list includes matters sacramental, ritual, ecclesiastical, monastic, and disciplinarian, as well as moral, — relating to the duties of ecclesiastics and regulars, of parish priests, and of professional men, as well as of private Catholics. And the condemnations relate for the most part to mere occasional details of duty, and are in reprobation of the lax or wild notions of speculative casuists, so that they are rather restraints upon theologians than upon laymen. For instance, the following are some of the propositions condemned: "The ecclesiastic, who on a certain day is hindered from saying Matins and Lauds, is not bound to say, if he can, the remaining hours," "Where there is good cause, it is lawful to swear without the purpose of swearing, whether the matter is of light or grave moment;" "Domestics may steal from their masters, in compensation for their service, which they think greater than their wages;" "It is lawful for a public man to kill an opponent, who tries to fasten a calumny upon him, if he cannot otherwise escape the ignominy." I have

taken these instances at random. It must be granted, I think, that in the long course of 200 years the amount of the Pope's authoritative enunciations has not been such as to press heavily on the back of the private Catholic. He leaves us surely far more than that "one fourth of the department of conduct," which Mr. Gladstone allows us. Indeed, if my account and specimens of his sway over us in morals be correct, I do not see what he takes away at all from our private consciences.

Mr. Gladstone says that the Pope virtually claims to himself the wide domain of conduct, and *therefore* that we are his slaves : — let us see if another illustration or parallel will not show this to be a *non-sequitur*. Suppose a man, who is in the midst of various and important lines of business, has a medical adviser, in whom he has full confidence, as knowing well his constitution. This adviser keeps a careful and anxious eye upon him ; and, as an honest man, says to him, "You must not go off on a journey to-day," or "you must take some days' rest," or "you must attend to your diet." Now, this is not a fair parallel to the Pope's hold upon us ; for he does not speak to us personally but to all, and in speaking definitely on ethical subjects, what he propounds must relate to things good and bad in themselves, not to things accidental, changeable, and of mere expedience ; so that the argument which I am drawing from the case of a medical adviser is *à fortiori* in its character. However, I say that, though a medical man exercises a "supreme direction" of those who put themselves under him, yet we do not therefore say, even of him, that he interferes with our daily conduct, and that we are his

slaves. He certainly does thwart many of our wishes and purposes; in a true sense we are at his mercy; he may interfere any day, suddenly; he will not, he cannot, draw any line between his action and our action. The same journey, the same press of business, the same indulgence at table, which he passes over one year, he sternly forbids the next. If Mr. Gladstone's argument is good, he has a finger in all the commercial transactions of the great merchant or financier who has chosen him. But surely there is a simple fallacy here. Mr. Gladstone asks us whether our political and civil life is not at the Pope's mercy: every act, he says, of at least three quarters of the day, is under his control. No, not *every*, but *any*, and this is all the difference — that is, we have no guarantee given us that there will never be a case, when the Pope's general utterances may come to have a bearing upon some personal act of ours. In the same way we are all of us in this age under the control of public opinion and the public prints: nay, much more intimately so. Journalism can be and is very personal; and, when it is in the right, more powerful just now than any Pope; yet we do not go into fits, as if we were slaves, because we are under a *surveillance* much more like tyranny than any sway, so indirect, so practically limited, so gentle, as his is.

But it seems the cardinal point of our slavery lies, not simply in the domain of morals, but in the Pope's general authority over us in all things whatsoever. This count in his indictment Mr. Gladstone founds on a passage in the third chapter of the *Pastor aeternus*, in which the Pope, speaking of the Pontifical jurisdiction, says: "Towards it (erga quam) pastors and

people of whatsoever rite or dignity, each and all, are bound by the duty of hierarchical subordination and true obedience, not only in matters which pertain to faith and morals, but also in those which pertain to the *discipline* and the *regimen* of the Church spread throughout the world ; so that, unity with the Roman Pontiff (both of communion and of profession of the same faith) being preserved, the Church of Christ may be one flock under one supreme Shepherd. This is the doctrine of Catholic truth, from which no one can deviate without loss of faith and salvation."

On Mr. Gladstone's use of this passage I observe first, that he leaves out a portion of it which has much to do with the due understanding of it (ita ut custoditâ, etc.) Next, he speaks of "*absolute* obedience" so often, that any reader, who had not the passage before him, would think that the word "absolute" was the Pope's word, not his. Thirdly, three times (at pp. 38, 41, and 42) does he make the Pope say that no one can *disobey* him without risking his salvation, whereas what the Pope does say is, that no one can *disbelieve* the *duty* of obedience and unity without such risk. And fourthly, in order to carry out this false sense, or rather to hinder its being evidently impossible, he mistranslates, p. 38, "doctrina" (Haec est doctrina) by the word "rule."

But his chief attack is directed to the words "disciplina" and "regimen." "Thus," he says, "are swept into the Papal net whole multitudes of facts, whole systems of government, prevailing, though in different degrees, in every country of the world," p. 41. That is, *disciplina* and *regimen* are words of such lax, vague, indeterminate meaning, that under them any matters

can be slipped in which may be required for the Pope's purpose in this or that country, such as, to take Mr. Gladstone's instances, blasphemy, poor-relief, incorporation and mortmain; as if no definitions were contained in our theological and ecclesiastical works of words in such common use, and as if in consequence the Pope was at liberty to give them any sense of his own. As to discipline, Fr. Perrone says, "Discipline comprises the exterior worship of God, the liturgy, sacred rites, psalmody, the administration of the sacraments, the canonical form of sacred elections and the institution of ministers, vows, feast-days, and the like;" all of them (observe) matters internal to the Church, and without any relation to the Civil Power and civil affairs. Perrone adds, "Ecclesiastical discipline is a practical and external rule, prescribed by the Church, in order to retain the faithful in their *faith*, and the more easily lead them on to *eternal happiness*." *Prael. Theol.* t. 2, p. 381, 2d ed., 1841. Thus discipline is in no sense a political instrument, except as the profession of our faith may accidentally become political. In the same sense Zallinger: "The Roman Pontiff has by divine right the power of passing universal laws pertaining to the *discipline* of the Church; for instance, to divine worship, sacred rites, the ordination and manner of life of the clergy, the order of the ecclesiastical regimen, and the right administration of the temporal possessions of the Church." — *Jur. Eccles.*, lib. i, t. 2, § 121.

So too the word "regimen" has a definite meaning, relating to a matter strictly internal to the Church; it means government, or the mode or form of government, or the course of government, and, as, in the in-

tercourse of nation with nation, the nature of a nation's government, whether monarchical or republican, does not come into question, so the constitution of the Church simply belongs to its nature, not to its external action. There are indeed aspects of the Church which involve relations toward secular powers and to nations, as, for instance, its missionary office; but regimen has relation to one of its internal characteristics, viz., its form of government, whether we call it a pure monarchy or with others a monarchy tempered by aristocracy. Thus Tournely says, "Three kinds of regimen or government are set down by philosophers, monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy," *Theol.*, t. 2, p. 100. Bellarmine says the same, *Rom. Pont.* i, 2; and Perrone takes it for granted, *ibid.* pp. 70, 71.

Now, why does the Pope speak at this time of regimen and discipline? He tells us, in that portion of the sentence, which, thinking it of no account, Mr. Gladstone has omitted. The Pope tells us that all Catholics should recollect their duty of obedience to him, not only in faith and morals, but in such matters of regimen and discipline as belong to the universal Church, "so that unity with the Roman Pontiff, both of communion and of profession of the same faith being preserved, the Church of Christ may be one flock under one supreme Shepherd." I consider this passage to be especially aimed at Nationalism: "Recollect," the Pope seems to say, "the Church is one, and that, not only in faith and morals, for schismatics may profess as much as this, but one, wherever it is, all over the world; and not only one, but one and the same, bound together by its one regimen and discipline, and by the same regimen and discipline, — the same rites,

the same sacraments, the same usages, and the same one Pastor; and in these bad times it is necessary for all Catholics to recollect, that this doctrine of the Church's individuality and, as it were, personality, is not a mere received opinion or understanding, which may be entertained or not, as we please, but is a fundamental, necessary truth." This being, speaking under correction, the drift of the passage, I observe that the words "spread throughout the world" or "universal" are so far from turning "discipline and regimen" into what Mr. Gladstone calls a "net," that they contract the range of both of them, not including, as he would have it, "marriage" here, "blasphemy" there, and "poor-relief" in a third country, but noting and specifying that one and the same structure of laws, rites, rules of government, independency, everywhere, of which the Pope himself is the centre and life. And surely this is what every one of us will say with the Pope, who is not an Erastian, and who believes that the Gospel is no mere philosophy thrown upon the world at large, no mere quality of mind and thought, no mere beautiful and deep sentiment or subjective opinion, but a substantive message from above, guarded and preserved in a visible polity.

2. And now I am naturally led on to speak of the Pope's supreme authority, such as I have described it, in its bearing towards the Civil Power all over the world, — various, as the Church is invariable, — a power which as truly comes from God, as his own does.

That collisions can take place between the Holy See and national governments the history of fifteen hundred years teaches us; also, that on both sides there may occur grievous mistakes. But my question all

along lies, not with "quicquid delirant reges," but with what, under the circumstance of such a collision, is the duty of those who are both children of the Pope and subjects of the Civil Power. As to the duty of the Civil Power, I have already intimated in my first section, that it should treat the Holy See as an independent sovereign, and if this rule had been observed, the difficulty to Catholics in a country not Catholic, would be most materially lightened. Great Britain recognizes and is recognized by the United States; the two powers have ministers at each other's courts; here is one standing prevention of serious quarrels. Misunderstandings between the two co-ordinate powers may arise; but there follow explanations, removals of the causes of offence, acts of restitution. In actual collisions, there are conferences, compromises, arbitrations. Now the point to observe here is, that in such cases neither party gives up its abstract rights, but neither party practically insists on them. And each party thinks itself in the right in the particular case, protests against any other view, but still concedes. Neither party says, "I will not make it up with you, till you draw an intelligible line between your domain and mine." I suppose in the Geneva arbitration, though we gave way, we still thought that, in our conduct in the American civil war, we had acted within our rights. I say all this in answer to Mr. Gladstone's challenge to us to draw the line between the Pope's domain and the State's domain in civil or political questions. Many a private American, I suppose, lived in London and Liverpool, all through the correspondence between our Foreign Office and the government of the United States, and Mr. Gladstone never addressed any expos-

tulation to them, or told them they had lost their moral freedom because they took part with their own government. The French, when their late war began, did sweep their German sojourners out of France, (the number, as I recollect, was very great,) but they were not considered to have done themselves much credit by such an act. When we went to war with Russia, the English in St. Petersburg made an address, I think to the Emperor, asking for his protection, and he gave it; —I don't suppose they pledged themselves to the Russian view of the war, nor would he have called them slaves instead of patriots, if they had refused to do so. Suppose England were to send her Ironclads to support Italy against the Pope and his allies, English Catholics would be very indignant, they would take part with the Pope before the war began, they would use all constitutional means to hinder it: but who believes that, when they were once in the war, their action would be anything else than prayers and exertions for a termination of it? What reason is there for saying that they would commit themselves to any step of a treasonable nature, any more than loyal Germans, had they been allowed to remain in France? Yet, because those Germans would not relinquish their allegiance to their country, Mr. Gladstone, were he consistent, would at once send them adrift.

Of course it will be said that in these cases, there is no double allegiance, and again that the German government did not call upon them, as the Pope might call upon English Catholics, nay, command them, to take a side; but my argument at least shows this, that till there comes to us a special, direct command from the Pope to oppose our country, we need not be

said to have "placed our loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another," p. 45. It is strange that a great statesman, versed in the new and true philosophy of compromise, instead of taking a practical view of the actual situation, should proceed against us, like a Professor in the schools, with the "parade" of his "relentless" (and may I add "rusty"?) "logic," p. 23.

I say, *till* the Pope told us to exert ourselves for his cause in a quarrel with this country, as in the time of the Armada, we need not attend to an abstract and hypothetical difficulty: — then and not till then. I add, as before, that if the Holy See were frankly recognized by England, as other Sovereign Powers are, direct quarrels between the two powers would in this age of the world be rare indeed; and still rarer, their becoming so energetic and urgent as to descend into the heart of the community, and to disturb the consciences and the family unity of private Catholics.

But now, lastly, let us suppose one of these extraordinary cases of direct and open hostility between the two powers actually to occur; — here first, we must bring before us the state of the case. Of course, we must recollect, on the one hand, that Catholics are not only bound to allegiance to the British Crown, but have special privileges as citizens, can meet together, speak and pass resolutions, can vote for members of Parliament, and sit in Parliament, and can hold office, all which are denied to foreigners sojourning among us; while on the other hand there is the authority of the Pope, which, though not "absolute" even in religious matters, as Mr. Gladstone would have it to be, has a call, a supreme call on our obedience. Certainly in the event of such a collision of jurisdictions, there

are cases in which we should obey the Pope and disobey the State. Suppose, for instance, an Act was passed in Parliament, bidding Catholics to attend Protestant service every week, and the Pope distinctly told us not to do so, for it was to violate our duty to our faith : — I should obey the Pope and not the Law. It will be said by Mr. Gladstone, that such a case is impossible. I know it is ; but why ask me for what I should do in extreme and utterly improbable cases such as this, if my answer cannot help bearing the character of an axiom ? It is not my fault that I must deal in truisms. The circumferences of State jurisdiction and of Papal are for the most part quite apart from each other ; there are just some few degrees out of the 360 in which they intersect, and Mr. Gladstone, instead of letting these cases of intersection alone, till they occur actually, asks me what I should do, if I found myself placed in the space intersected. If I must answer then, I should say distinctly that did the State tell me in a question of worship to do what the Pope told me not to do, I should obey the Pope, and should think it no sin, if I used all the power and the influence I possessed as a citizen to prevent such a Bill passing the Legislature, and to effect its repeal if it did.

But now, on the other hand, could the case ever occur, in which I should act with the Civil Power, and not with the Pope ? Now, here again, when I begin to imagine instances, Catholics will cry out, (as Mr. Gladstone, in the case I supposed, cried out in the interest of the other side,) that instances never can occur. I know they cannot ; I know the Pope never can do what I am going to suppose ; but then, since

it cannot possibly happen in fact, there is no harm in just saying what I should (hypothetically) do, if it did happen. I say then in certain (impossible) cases I should side, not with the Pope, but with the Civil Power. For instance, I believe members of Parliament, or of the Privy Council, take an oath that they would not acknowledge the right of succession of a Prince of Wales, if he became a Catholic. I should not consider the Pope could release me from that oath had I bound myself by it. Of course, I might exert myself to the utmost to get the Act repealed which bound me; again, if I could not, I might retire from Parliament or office, and so rid myself of the engagement I had made; but I should be clear that, though the Pope bade all Catholics to stand firm in one phalanx for the Catholic Succession, still, while I remained in my office, or in my place in Parliament, I could not do as he bade me.

Again, were I actually a soldier or sailor in Her Majesty's service, and sent to take part in a war which I could not in my conscience see to be unjust, and should the Pope suddenly bid all Catholic soldiers and sailors to retire from the service, here again, taking the advice of others, as best I could, I should not obey him.

What is the use of forming impossible cases? One can find plenty of them in books of casuistry, with the answers attached in respect to them. In an actual case, a Catholic would, of course, not act simply on his own judgment; at the same time, there are supposable cases in which he would be obliged to go by it solely — viz., when his conscience could not be reconciled to any of the courses of action proposed to him by others.

In support of what I have been saying, I refer to one or two weighty authorities: —

Cardinal Turrecremata says: "Although it clearly follows from the circumstance that the Pope can err at times, and command things which must not be done, that we are not to be simply obedient to him in all things, that does not show that he must not be obeyed by all when his commands are good. To know in what cases he is to be obeyed and in what not . . . it is said in the Acts of the Apostles, 'One ought to obey God rather than man;' therefore, were the Pope to command anything against Holy Scripture, or the articles of faith, or the truth of the Sacraments, or the commands of the natural or divine law, *he ought not to be obeyed*, but in such commands to be passed over (despiciendus)." *Summ. de Eccl.*, pp. 47, 48.

Bellarmine, speaking of resisting the Pope, says: "In order to resist and defend one's self no authority is required. . . . Therefore, as it is lawful to resist the Pope, if he assaulted a man's person, so it is lawful to resist him if he assaulted souls, or *troubled the state*, (turbanti rempublicam,) and much more if he strove to destroy the Church. It is lawful, I say, to resist him, by not doing what he commands, and hindering the execution of his will." *De Rom. Pont.*, ii, 29.

Archbishop Kenrick says: "His power was given for edification, not for destruction. If he uses it from the love of domination (quod absit) *scarcely will he meet with obedient populations*." *Theol. Moral*, t. i, p. 158.

When, then, Mr. Gladstone asks Catholics how they can obey the Queen and yet obey the Pope, since it may happen that the commands of the two authorities

may clash, I answer, that it is my *rule*, both to obey the one and to obey the other, but that there is no rule in this world without exceptions, and if either the Pope or the Queen demanded of me an "Absolute Obedience," he or she would be trangressing the laws of human nature and human society. I give an absolute obedience to neither. Further, if ever this double allegiance pulled me in contrary ways, which in this age of the world I think it never will, then I should decide according to the particular case, which is beyond all rule, and must be decided on its own merits. I should look to see what theologians could do for me, what the Bishops and clergy around me, what my confessor; what friends whom I revered: and if, after all, I could not take their view of the matter, then I must rule myself by my own judgment and my own conscience. But all this is hypothetical and unreal.

Here, of course, it will be objected to me, that I am, after all, having recourse to the Protestant doctrine of Private Judgment; not so; it is the Protestant doctrine that Private Judgment is our *ordinary* guide in religious matters, but I use it, in the case in question, in very extraordinary and rare, nay, impossible emergencies. Do not the highest Tories thus defend the substitution of William for James II? It is a great mistake to suppose our state in the Catholic Church is so entirely subjected to rule and system, that we are never thrown upon what is called by divines "the Providence of God." The teaching and assistance of the Church does not supply all conceivable needs, but those which are ordinary; thus, for instance, the sacraments are necessary for dying in the grace of God and hope of heaven, yet, when they

cannot be got, acts of hope, faith, and contrition, with the desire for those aids which the dying man has not, will convey in substance what those aids ordinarily convey. And so a Catechumen, not yet baptized, may be saved by his purpose and preparation to receive the rite. And so, again, though "Out of the Church there is no salvation," this does not hold in the case of good men who are in invincible ignorance. And so it is also in the case of our ordinations; Chillingworth and Macaulay say that it is morally impossible that we should have kept up for 1800 years an Apostolical succession of ministers without some separation of the chain; and we in answer say that, however true this may be, humanly speaking, there has been a special Providence over the Church to secure it. Once more, how else could private Catholics save their souls when there was a Pope and Anti-popes, each severally claiming their allegiance?

III

SELECTIONS FROM "THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY"

LITERATURE

THOUGHT and speech are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression are parts of one; style is a thinking out into language. This is what I have been laying down, and this is literature: not *things*, not the verbal symbols of things; not on the other hand mere *words;* but thoughts expressed in language. Call to mind, Gentlemen, the meaning of the Greek word which expresses this special prerogative of man over the feeble intelligence of the inferior animals. It is called Logos: what does Logos mean? it stands both for *reason* and for *speech*, and it is difficult to say which it means more properly. It means both at once: why? because really they cannot be divided,— because they are in a true sense one. When we can separate light and illumination, life and motion, the convex and the concave of a curve, then will it be possible for thought to tread speech under foot, and to hope to do without it — then will it be conceivable that the vigorous and fertile intellect should renounce its own double, its instrument of expression, and the channel of its speculations and emotions.

Critics should consider this view of the subject before they lay down such canons of taste as the writer whose pages I have quoted. Such men as he is consider fine writing to be an *addition from without* to the matter treated of, — a sort of ornament superin-

duced, or a luxury indulged in, by those who have time and inclination for such vanities. They speak as if *one* man could do the thought, and *another* the style. We read in Persian travels of the way in which young gentlemen go to work in the East, when they would engage in correspondence with those who inspire them with hope or fear. They cannot write one sentence themselves; so they betake themselves to the professional letter-writer. They confide to him the object they have in view. They have a point to gain from a superior, a favour to ask, an evil to deprecate; they have to approach a man in power, or to make court to some beautiful lady. The professional man manufactures words for them, as they are wanted, as a stationer sells them paper, or a schoolmaster might cut their pens. Thought and word are, in their conception, two things, and thus there is a division of labour. The man of thought comes to the man of words; and the man of words, duly instructed in the thought, dips the pen of desire into the ink of devotedness, and proceeds to spread it over the page of desolation. Then the nightingale of affection is heard to warble to the rose of loveliness, while the breeze of anxiety plays around the brow of expectation. This is what the Easterns are said to consider fine writing; and it seems pretty much the idea of the school of critics to whom I have been referring.

We have an instance in literary history of this very proceeding nearer home, in a great University, in the latter years of the last century. I have referred to it before now in a public lecture elsewhere;[1] but it is too much in point here to be omitted. A learned Ara-

[1] *Position of Catholics in England.*

bic scholar had to deliver a set of lectures before its doctors and professors on an historical subject in which his reading had lain. A linguist is conversant with science rather than with literature: but this gentleman felt that his lectures must not be without a style. Being of the opinion of the Orientals, with whose writings he was familiar, he determined to buy a style. He took the step of engaging a person, at a price, to turn the matter which he had got together into ornamental English. Observe, he did not wish for mere grammatical English, but for an elaborate, pretentious style. An artist was found in the person of a country curate, and the job was carried out. His lectures remain to this day, in their own place in the protracted series of annual Discourses to which they belong, distinguished amid a number of heavyish compositions by the rhetorical and ambitious diction for which he went into the market. This learned divine, indeed, and the author I have quoted, differ from each other in the estimate they respectively form of literary composition; but they agree together in this, — in considering such composition a trick and a trade; they put it on a par with the gold plate and the flowers and the music of a banquet, which do not make the viands better, but the entertainment more pleasurable; as if language were the hired servant, the mere mistress of the reason, and not the lawful wife in her own house.

But can they really think that Homer, or Pindar, or Shakespeare, or Dryden, or Walter Scott, were accustomed to aim at diction for its own sake, instead of being inspired with their subject, and pouring forth beautiful words because they had beautiful thoughts?

this is surely too great a paradox to be borne. Rather, it is the fire within the author's breast which overflows in the torrent of his burning, irresistible eloquence; it is the poetry of his inner soul, which relieves itself in the Ode or the Elegy; and his mental attitude and bearing, the beauty of his moral countenance, the force and keenness of his logic, are imaged in the tenderness, or energy, or richness of his language. Nay, according to the well-known line, "facit indignatio *versus*;" not the words alone, but even the rhythm, the metre, the verse, will be the contemporaneous offspring of the emotion or imagination which possesses him. "Poeta nascitur, non fit," says the proverb; and this is in numerous instances true of his poems, as well as of himself. They are born, not framed; they are a strain rather than a composition; and their perfection is the monument, not so much of his skill as of his power. And this is true of prose as well as of verse in its degree: who will not recognize in the *Vision of Mirza* a delicacy and beauty of style which is very difficult to describe, but which is felt to be in exact correspondence to the ideas of which it is the expression?

And, since the thoughts and reasonings of an author have, as I have said, a personal character, no wonder that his style is not only the image of his subject, but of his mind. That pomp of language, that full and tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words, which to prosaic writers seem artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect. Aristotle, in his sketch of the magnanimous man, tells us that his voice is deep, his motions slow, and his stature commanding.

In like manner, the elocution of a great intellect is great. His language expresses, not only his great thoughts, but his great self. Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses; but he fertilizes his simplest ideas, and germinates into a multitude of details, and prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to the full diapason of his harmony, as if κύδεϊ γαίων, rejoicing in his own vigour and richness of resource. I say, a narrow critic will call it verbiage, when really it is a sort of fulness of heart, parallel to that which makes the merry boy whistle as he walks, or the strong man, like the smith in the novel, flourish his club when there is no one to fight with.

Shakespeare furnishes us with frequent instances of this peculiarity, and all so beautiful, that it is difficult to select for quotation. For instance, in *Macbeth*:—

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

Here a simple idea, by a process which belongs to the orator rather than to the poet, but still comes from the native vigour of genius, is expanded into a many-membered period.

The following from *Hamlet* is of the same kind:—

> "'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
> Nor customary suits of solemn black,
> Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
> No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
> Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
> Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
> That can denote me truly."

Now, if such declamation, for declamation it is, however noble, be allowable in a poet, whose genius is so far removed from pompousness or pretence, much more is it allowable in an orator, whose very province it is to put forth words to the best advantage he can. Cicero has nothing more redundant in any part of his writings than these passages from Shakespeare. No lover then at least of Shakespeare may fairly accuse Cicero of gorgeousness of phraseology or diffuseness of style. Nor will any sound critic be tempted to do so. As a certain unaffected neatness and propriety and grace of diction may be required of any author who lays claim to be a classic, for the same reason that a certain attention to dress is expected of every gentleman, so to Cicero may be allowed the privilege of the "os magna sonaturum," of which the ancient critic speaks. His copious, majestic, musical flow of language, even if sometimes beyond what the subject-matter demands, is never out of keeping with the occasion or with the speaker. It is the expression of lofty sentiments in lofty sentences, the "mens magna in corpore magno." It is the development of the inner man. Cicero vividly realised the *status* of a Roman senator and statesman, and the "pride of place" of Rome, in all the grace and grandeur which attached to her; and he imbibed, and became, what he admired. As the exploits of Scipio or Pompey are the expression of this greatness in deed, so the language of Cicero is the expression of it in word. And, as the acts of the Roman ruler or soldier represent to us, in a manner special to themselves, the characteristic magnanimity of the lords of the earth, so do the speeches or treatises of her accomplished orator bring it home to our imaginations as no other

writing could do. Neither Livy, nor Tacitus, nor Terence, nor Seneca, nor Pliny, nor Quintilian, is an adequate spokesman for the Imperial City. They write Latin; Cicero writes Roman.

You will say that Cicero's language is undeniably studied, but that Shakespeare's is as undeniably natural and spontaneous; and that this is what is meant, when the Classics are accused of being mere artists of words. Here we are introduced to a further large question, which gives me the opportunity of anticipating a misapprehension of my meaning. I observe, then, that, not only is that lavish richness of style, which I have noticed in Shakespeare, justifiable on the principles which I have been laying down, but, what is less easy to receive, even elaborateness in composition is no mark of trick or artifice in an author. Undoubtedly the works of the Classics, particularly the Latin, *are* elaborate; they have cost a great deal of time, care, and trouble. They have had many rough copies; I grant it. I grant also that there are writers of name, ancient and modern, who really are guilty of the absurdity of making sentences, as the very end of their literary labour. Such was Isocrates; such were some of the sophists; they were set on words, to the neglect of thoughts or things; I cannot defend them. If I must give an English instance of this fault, much as I love and revere the personal character and intellectual vigour of Dr. Johnson, I cannot deny that his style often outruns the sense and the occasion, and is wanting in that simplicity which is the attribute of genius. Still, granting all this, I cannot grant, notwithstanding, that genius never need take pains, — that genius may not improve

by practice, — that it never incurs failures, and succeeds the second time, — that it never finishes off at leisure what it has thrown off in the outline at a stroke.

Take the instance of the painter or the sculptor; he has a conception in his mind which he wishes to represent in the medium of his art; — the Madonna and Child, or Innocence, or Fortitude, or some historical character or event. Do you mean to say he does not study his subject? does he not make sketches? does he not even call them "studies"? does he not call his workroom a *studio?* is he not ever designing, rejecting, adopting, correcting, perfecting? Are not the first attempts of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle extant, in the case of some of their most celebrated compositions? Will any one say that the Apollo Belvedere is not a conception patiently elaborated into its proper perfection? These departments of taste are, according to the received notions of the world, the very province of genius, and yet we call them *arts;* they are the "Fine Arts." Why may not that be true of literary composition which is true of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music? Why may not language be wrought as well as the clay of the modeller? why may not words be worked up as well as colours? why should not skill in diction be simply subservient and instrumental to the great prototypal ideas which are the contemplation of a Plato or a Virgil? Our greatest poet tells us, —

> "The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

Now, is it wonderful that that pen of his should sometimes be at fault for a while, — that it should pause, write, erase, re-write, amend, complete, before he satisfies himself that his language has done justice to the conceptions which his mind's eye contemplated?

In this point of view, doubtless, many or most writers are elaborate; and those certainly not the least whose style is furthest removed from ornament, being simple and natural, or vehement, or severely business-like and practical. Who so energetic and manly as Demosthenes? Yet he is said to have transcribed Thucydides many times over in the formation of his style. Who so gracefully natural as Herodotus? yet his very dialect is not his own, but chosen for the sake of the perfection of his narrative. Who exhibits such happy negligence as our own Addison? yet artistic fastidiousness was so notorious in his instance that the report has got abroad, truly or not, that he was too late in his issue of an important state-paper, from his habit of revision and recomposition. Such great authors were working by a model which was before the eyes of their intellect, and they were labouring to say what they had to say, in such a way as would most exactly and suitably express it. It is not wonderful that other authors, whose style is not simple, should be instances of a similar literary diligence. Virgil wished his *Æneid* to be burned, elaborate as is its composition, because he felt it needed more labour still, in order to make it perfect. The historian Gibbon in the last century is another instance in point. You must not suppose I am going to recommend his style for imitation, any more than his principles; but I refer to him as the example of a writer feeling the task which lay before him, feeling that he

had to bring out into words for the comprehension of his readers a great and complicated scene, and wishing that those words should be adequate to his undertaking. I think he wrote the first chapter of his History three times over; it was not that he corrected or improved the first copy: but he put his first essay, and then his second, aside — he recast his matter, till he had hit the precise exhibition of it which he thought demanded by his subject.

Now in all these instances, I wish you to observe, that what I have admitted about literary workmanship differs from the doctrine which I am opposing in this, — that the mere dealer in words cares little or nothing for the subject which he is embellishing, but can paint and gild anything whatever to order; whereas the artist, whom I am acknowledging, has his great or rich visions before him, and his only aim is to bring out what he thinks or what he feels in a way adequate to the thing spoken of, and appropriate to the speaker.

The illustration which I have been borrowing from the Fine Arts will enable me to go a step further. I have been showing the connection of the thought with the language in literary composition: and in doing so I have exposed the unphilosophical notion, that the language was an extra which could be dispensed with, and provided to order according to the demand. But I have not yet brought out, what immediately follows from this, and which was the second point which I had to show, viz., that to be capable of easy translation is no test of the excellence of a composition. If I must say what I think, I should lay down, with little hesitation, that the truth was almost the reverse of this

doctrine. Nor are many words required to show it. Such a doctrine, as is contained in the passage of the author whom I quoted when I began, goes upon the assumption that one language is just like another language, — that every language has all the ideas, turns of thought, delicacies of expression, figures, associations, abstractions, points of view, which every other language has. Now, as far as regards Science, it is true that all languages are pretty much alike for the purposes of Science ; but even in this respect some are more suitable than others, which have to coin words, or to borrow them, in order to express scientific ideas. But if languages are not all equally adapted even to furnish symbols for those universal and eternal truths in which Science consists, how can they reasonably be expected to be all equally rich, equally forcible, equally musical, equally exact, equally happy in expressing the idiosyncratic peculiarities of thought of some original and fertile mind, who has availed himself of one of them ? A great author takes his native language, masters it, partly throws himself into it, partly moulds and adapts it, and pours out his multitude of ideas through the variously ramified and delicately minute channels of expression which he has found or framed : — does it follow that this his personal presence (as it may be called) can forthwith be transferred to every other language under the sun ? Then may we reasonably maintain that Beethoven's *piano* music is not really beautiful, because it cannot be played on the hurdy-gurdy. Were not this astonishing doctrine maintained by persons far superior to the writer whom I have selected for animadversion, I should find it difficult to be patient under a gratuitous extravagance.

It seems that a really great author must admit of translation, and that we have a test of his excellence when he reads to advantage in a foreign language as well as in his own. Then Shakespeare *is* a genius because he can be translated into German, and *not* a genius because he cannot be translated into French. Then the multiplication-table is the most gifted of all conceivable compositions, because it loses nothing by translation, and can hardly be said to belong to any one language whatever. Whereas I should rather have conceived that, in proportion as ideas are novel and recondite, they would be difficult to put into words, and that the very fact of their having insinuated themselves into one language would diminish the chance of that happy accident being repeated in another. In the language of savages you can hardly express any idea or act of the intellect at all: is the tongue of the Hottentot or Esquimaux to be made the measure of the genius of Plato, Pindar, Tacitus, St. Jerome, Dante, or Cervantes?

Let us recur, I say, to the illustration of the Fine Arts. I suppose you can express ideas in painting which you cannot express in sculpture; and the more an artist is of a painter, the less he is likely to be of a sculptor. The more he commits his genius to the methods and conditions of his own art, the less he will be able to throw himself into the circumstances of another. Is the genius of Fra Angelico, of Francia, or of Raffaelle disparaged by the fact that he was able to do that in colours which no man that ever lived, which no Angel, could achieve in wood? Each of the Fine Arts has its own subject-matter; from the nature of the case you can do in one what you cannot do in

another; you can do in painting what you cannot do in carving; you can do in oils what you cannot do in fresco; you can do in marble what you cannot do in ivory; you can do in wax what you cannot do in bronze. Then, I repeat, applying this to the case of languages, why should not genius be able to do in Greek what it cannot do in Latin? and why are its Greek and Latin works defective because they will not turn into English? That genius, of which we are speaking, did not make English; it did not make all languages, present, past, and future; it did not make the laws of *any* language: why is it to be judged of by that in which it had no part, over which it has no control?

And now we are naturally brought on to our third point, which is on the characteristics of Holy Scripture as compared with profane literature. Hitherto we have been concerned with the doctrine of these writers, viz. that style is an *extra*, that it is a mere artifice, and that hence it cannot be translated; now we come to their fact, viz. that Scripture has no such artificial style, and that Scripture can easily be translated. Surely their fact is as untenable as their doctrine.

Scripture easy of translation! then why have there been so few good translators? why is it that there has been such great difficulty in combining the two necessary qualities, fidelity to the original and purity in the adopted vernacular? why is it that the authorized versions of the Church are often so inferior to the original as compositions, except that the Church is bound above all things to see that the version is doctrinally correct, and in a difficult problem is obliged to put up with defects in what is of secondary importance, pro-

vided she secure what is of first? If it were so easy to transfer the beauty of the original to the copy, she would not have been content with her received version in various languages which could be named.

And then in the next place, Scripture not elaborate! Scripture not ornamented in diction, and musical in cadence! Why, consider the Epistle to the Hebrews — where is there in the Classics any composition more carefully, more artificially written? Consider the book of Job — is it not a sacred drama, as artistic, as perfect, as any Greek tragedy of Sophocles or Euripides? Consider the Psalter — are there no ornaments, no rhythm, no studied cadences, no responsive members, in that divinely beautiful book? And is it not hard to understand? are not the Prophets hard to understand? is not St. Paul hard to understand? Who can say that these are popular compositions? who can say that they are level at first reading with the understandings of the multitude?

That there are portions indeed of the inspired volume more simple both in style and in meaning, and that these are the more sacred and sublime passages, as, for instance, parts of the Gospels, I grant at once; but this does not militate against the doctrine I have been laying down. Recollect, Gentlemen, my distinction when I began. I have said Literature is one thing, and that Science is another; that Literature has to do with ideas, and Science with realities; that Literature is of a personal character, that Science treats of what is universal and eternal. In proportion, then, as Scripture excludes the personal colouring of its writers, and rises into the region of pure and mere inspiration, when it ceases in any sense to be the writing of man,

of St. Paul or St. John, of Moses or Isaias, then it comes to belong to Science, not Literature. Then it conveys the things of heaven, unseen verities, divine manifestations, and them alone — not the ideas, the feelings, the aspirations, of its human instruments, who, for all that they were inspired and infallible, did not cease to be men. St. Paul's epistles, then, I consider to be literature in a real and true sense, *as* personal, *as* rich in reflection and emotion, as Demosthenes or Euripides; and, without ceasing to be revelations of objective truth, they are expressions of the subjective notwithstanding. On the other hand, portions of the Gospels, of the book of Genesis, and other passages of the Sacred Volume, are of the nature of Science. Such is the beginning of St. John's Gospel, which we read at the end of Mass. Such is the Creed. I mean, passages such as these are the mere enunciation of eternal things, without (so to say) the medium of any human mind transmitting them to us. The words used have the grandeur, the majesty, the calm, unimpassioned beauty of Science; they are in no sense Literature, they are in no sense personal; and therefore they are easy to apprehend, and easy to translate.

Did time admit I could show you parallel instances of what I am speaking of in the Classics, inferior to the inspired word in proportion as the subject-matter of the classical authors is immensely inferior to the subjects treated of in Scripture — but parallel, inasmuch as the classical author or speaker ceases for the moment to have to do with Literature, as speaking of things objectively, and rises to the serene sublimity of Science. But I should be carried too far if I began.

I shall then merely sum up what I have said, and come to a conclusion. Reverting, then, to my original question, what is the meaning of Letters, as contained, Gentlemen, in the designation of your Faculty, I have answered, that by Letters or Literature is meant the expression of thought in language, where by "thought" I mean the ideas, feelings, views, reasonings, and other operations of the human mind. And the Art of Letters is the method by which a speaker or writer brings out in words, worthy of his subject, and sufficient for his audience or readers, the thoughts which impress him. Literature, then, is of a personal character; it consists in the enunciations and teachings of those who have a right to speak as representatives of their kind, and in whose words their brethren find an interpretation of their own sentiments, a record of their own experience, and a suggestion for their own judgments. A great author, Gentlemen, is not one who merely has a *copia verborum*, whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of Expression. He is master of the twofold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps

steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendour of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. If he is a poet, "nil molitur *inepte*." If he is an orator, then too he speaks, not only "distincte" and "splendide," but also "*apte*." His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life —

> "Quo fit, ut omnis
> Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
> Vita senis."

He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution. He expresses what all feel, but all cannot say; and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people, and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tesselated with the rich fragments of his language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman

grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern palaces.

Such pre-eminently is Shakespeare among ourselves; such pre-eminently Virgil among the Latins; such in their degree are all those writers who in every nation go by the name of Classics. To particular nations they are necessarily attached from the circumstance of the variety of tongues, and the peculiarities of each; but so far they have a catholic and ecumenical character, that what they express is common to the whole race of man, and they alone are able to express it.

If then the power of speech is a gift as great as any that can be named, — if the origin of language is by many philosophers even considered to be nothing short of divine, — if by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetuated, — if by great authors the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixed, a people speaks, the past and the future, the East and the West are brought into communication with each other, — if such men are, in a word, the spokesmen and prophets of the human family, — it will not answer to make light of Literature or to neglect its study; rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure the ministers of like benefits to others, be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or the more distinguished walks of life, — who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN ITS RELATION TO CLASSICAL LITERATURE

I have been directing the reader's attention, first to what we do not, and next to what we need not contemplate, when we turn our thoughts to the formation of an English Catholic Literature. I said that our object was neither a library of theological nor of scientific knowledge, though theology in its literary aspect, and abstract science as an exercise of intellect, have both of course a place in the Catholic encyclopædia. One undertaking, however, there is, which not merely does not, and need not, but unhappily cannot, come into the reasonable contemplation of any set of persons, whether members of a University or not, who are desirous of Catholicizing the English language, as is very evident; and that is simply the creation of an *English Classical Literature*, for that has been done long ago, and would be a work beyond the powers of any body of men, even if it had still to be done. If I insist on this point here, no one must suppose I do not consider it to be self-evident; for I shall not be aiming at proving it, so much as at bringing it home distinctly to the mind, that we may, one and all, have a clearer perception of the state of things with which we have to deal. There is many an undeniable truth which is not practically felt and appreciated; and, unless we master our position in the matter before us, we may be led off into various wild imaginations or impossible schemes, which will, as a matter of course, end in disappointment.

Were the Catholic Church acknowledged from this moment through the length and breadth of these

islands, and the English tongue henceforth baptized into the Catholic faith, and sealed and consecrated to Catholic objects, and were the present intellectual activity of the nation to continue, as of course it would continue, we should at once have an abundance of Catholic works, which would be English, and purely English, literature and high literature; but still all these would not constitute "English Literature," as the words are commonly understood, nor even then could we say that the "English Literature" was Catholic. Much less can we ever aspire to affirm it, while we are but a portion of the vast English-speaking world-wide race, and are but striving to create a current in the direction of Catholic truth, when the waters are rapidly flowing the other way. In no case can we, strictly speaking, form an English Literature; for by the Literature of a Nation is meant its Classics, and its Classics have been given to England, and have been recognized as such, long since.

A Literature, when it is formed, is a national and historical fact; it is a matter of the past and the present, and can be as little ignored as the present, as little undone as the past. We can deny, supersede, or change it, then, only when we can do the same towards the race or language which it represents. Every great people has a character of its own, which it manifests and perpetuates in a variety of ways. It develops into a monarchy or republic; — by means of commerce or in war, in agriculture or in manufactures, or in all of these at once; in its cities, its public edifices and works, bridges, canals, and harbours; in its laws, traditions, customs, and manners; in its songs and its

proverbs; in its religion; in its line of policy, its bearing, its action towards foreign nations; in its alliances, fortunes, and the whole course of its history. All these are peculiar, and parts of a whole, and betoken the national character, and savour of each other; and the case is the same with the national language and literature. They are what they are, and cannot be anything else, whether they be good or bad or of a mixed nature; before they are formed, we cannot prescribe them, and afterwards, we cannot reverse them. We may feel great repugnance to Milton or Gibbon as men; we may most seriously protest against the spirit which ever lives, and the tendency which ever operates, in every page of their writings; but there they are, an integral portion of English Literature; we cannot extinguish them; we cannot deny their power; we cannot write a new Milton or a new Gibbon; we cannot expurgate what needs to be exorcised. They are great English authors, each breathing hatred to the Catholic Church in his own way, each a proud and rebellious creature of God, each gifted with incomparable gifts.

We must take things as they are, if we take them at all. We may refuse to say a word to English literature, if we will; we may have recourse to French or to Italian instead, if we think either of these less exceptionable than our own; we may fall back upon the Classics of Greece and Rome; we may have nothing whatever to do with literature, as such, of any kind, and confine ourselves to purely amorphous or monstrous specimens of language; but if we do once profess in our Universities the English language and literature, if we think it allowable to know the state of

things we live in, and that national character which we share, if we think it desirable to have a chance of writing what may be read after our day, and praiseworthy to aim at providing for Catholics who speak English a Catholic Literature then, — I do not say that we must at once throw open every sort of book to the young, the weak, or the untrained, — I do not say that we may dispense with our ecclesiastical indexes and emendations, but — we must not fancy ourselves creating what is already created in spite of us, and which never could at a moment be created by means of us, and we must recognize that historical literature, which is in occupation of the language, both as a fact, nay, and as a standard for ourselves.

There is surely nothing either "temerarious" or paradoxical in a statement like this. The growth of a nation is like that of an individual; its tone of voice and subjects for speech vary with its age. Each age has its own propriety and charm; as a boy's beauty is not a man's, and the sweetness of a treble differs from the richness of a bass, so it is with a whole people. The same period does not produce its most popular poet, its most effective orator, and its most philosophic historian. Language changes with the progress of thought and the events of history, and style changes with it; and while in successive generations it passes through a series of separate excellences, the respective deficiencies of all are supplied alternately by each. Thus language and literature may be considered as dependent on a process of nature, and admitting of subjection to her laws. Father Hardouin indeed, who maintained that, with the exception of Pliny, Cicero, Virgil's *Georgics*, and Horace's *Satires* and *Epistles*,

Latin literature was the work of the mediæval monks, had the conception of a literature neither national nor historical; but the rest of the world will be apt to consider time and place as necessary conditions in its formation, and will be unable to conceive of classical authors, except as either the elaboration of centuries, or the rare and fitful accident of genius.

First-rate excellence in literature, as in other matters, is either an accident or the outcome of a process; and in either case demands a course of years to secure. We cannot reckon on a Plato, we cannot force an Aristotle, any more than we can command a fine harvest, or create a coal-field. If a literature be, as I have said, the voice of a particular nation, it requires a territory and a period, as large as that nation's extent and history, to mature in. It is broader and deeper than the capacity of any body of men, however gifted, or any system of teaching, however true. It is the exponent, not of truth, but of nature, which is true only in its elements. It is the result of the mutual action of a hundred simultaneous influences and operations, and the issue of a hundred strange accidents in independent places and times; it is the scanty compensating produce of the wild discipline of the world and of life, so fruitful in failures; and it is the concentration of those rare manifestations of intellectual power, which no one can account for. It is made up, in the particular language here under consideration, of human beings as heterogeneous as Burns and Bunyan, De Foe and Johnson, Goldsmith and Cowper, Law and Fielding, Scott and Byron. The remark has been made that the history of an author is the history of his works; it is far more exact to say that, at least in the case of great

writers, the history of their works is the history of their fortunes or their times. Each is, in his turn, the man of his age, the type of a generation, or the interpreter of a crisis. He is made for his day, and his day for him. Hooker would not have been, but for the existence of Catholics and Puritans, the defeat of the former and the rise of the latter: Clarendon would not have been without the Great Rebellion: Hobbes is the prophet of the reaction to scoffing infidelity; and Addison is the child of the Revolution and its attendant changes. If there be any of our classical authors, who might at first sight have been pronounced a University man, with the exception of Johnson, Addison is he; yet even Addison, the son and brother of clergymen, the fellow of an Oxford Society, the resident of a College which still points to the walk which he planted, must be something more, in order to take his place among the Classics of the language, and owed the variety of his matter to his experience of life, and to the call made on his resources by the exigencies of his day. The world he lived in made him and used him. While his writings educated his own generation, they have delineated it for all posterity after him.

I have been speaking of the authors of a literature, in their relation to the people and course of events to which they belong; but a prior consideration, at which I have already glanced, is their connection with the language itself, which has been their organ. If they are in great measure the creatures of their times, they are on the other hand in a far higher sense the creators of their language. It is indeed commonly called their mother tongue, but virtually it did not exist till they

gave it life and form. All greater matters are carried on and perfected by a succession of individual minds; what is true in the history of thought and of action is true of language also. Certain masters of composition, as Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, the writers of the Protestant Bible and Prayer Book, Hooker and Addison, Swift, Hume, and Goldsmith, have been the making of the English language; and as that language is a fact, so is the literature a fact, by which it is formed, and in which it lives. Men of great ability have taken it in hand, each in his own day, and have done for it what the master of a gymnasium does for the bodily frame. They have formed its limbs, and developed its strength; they have endowed it with vigour, exercised it in suppleness and dexterity, and taught it grace. They have made it rich, harmonious, various, and precise. They have furnished it with a variety of styles, which from their individuality may almost be called dialects, and are monuments both of the powers of the language and the genius of its cultivators.

How real a creation, how *sui generis*, is the style of Shakespeare, or of the Protestant Bible and Prayer Book, or of Swift, or of Pope, or of Gibbon, or of Johnson! Even were the subject-matter without meaning, though in truth the style cannot really be abstracted from the sense, still the style would, on that supposition, remain as perfect and original a work as Euclid's *Elements* or a symphony of Beethoven. And, like music, it has seized upon the public mind; and the literature of England is no longer a mere letter, printed in books, and shut up in libraries, but it is a living voice, which has gone forth in its expressions and its sentiments into the world of men, which daily thrills upon our ears and

syllables our thoughts, which speaks to us through our correspondents, and dictates when we put pen to paper. Whether we will or no, the phraseology and diction of Shakespeare, of the Protestant formularies, of Milton, of Pope, of Johnson's *Tabletalk*, and of Walter Scott, have become a portion of the vernacular tongue, the household words, of which perhaps we little guess the origin, and the very idioms of our familiar conversation. The man in the comedy spoke prose without knowing it; and we Catholics, without consciousness and without offence, are ever repeating the half sentences of dissolute playwrights and heretical partizans and preachers. So tyrannous is the literature of a nation; it is too much for us. We cannot destroy or reverse it; we may confront and encounter it, but we cannot make it over again. It is a great work of man, when it is no work of God's.

I repeat, then, whatever we be able or unable to effect in the great problem which lies before us, anyhow we cannot undo the past. English Literature will ever *have been* Protestant. Swift and Addison, the most native and natural of our writers, Hooker and Milton, the most elaborate, never can become our co-religionists; and, though this is but the enunciation of a truism, it is not on that account an unprofitable enunciation.

I trust we are not the men to give up an undertaking because it is perplexed or arduous; and to do nothing because we cannot do everything. Much may be attempted, much attained, even granting English Literature is not Catholic. Something indeed may be said even in alleviation of the misfortune itself, on

which I have been insisting; and with two remarks bearing upon this latter point I will bring this Section to an end.

1. First, then, it is to be considered that, whether we look to countries Christian or heathen, we find the state of literature there as little satisfactory as it is in these islands; so that, whatever are our difficulties here, they are not worse than those of Catholics all over the world. I would not indeed say a word to extenuate the calamity, under which we lie, of having a literature formed in Protestantism; still, other literatures have disadvantages of their own; and, though in such matters comparisons are impossible, I doubt whether we should be better pleased if our English Classics were tainted with licentiousness, or defaced by infidelity or scepticism. I conceive we should not much mend matters if we were to exchange literatures with the French, Italians, or Germans. About Germany, however, I will not speak; as to France, it has great and religious authors; its classical drama, even in comedy, compared with that of other literatures, is singularly unexceptionable; but who is there that holds a place among its writers so historical and important, who is so copious, so versatile, so brilliant, as that Voltaire who is an open scoffer at everything sacred, venerable, or high-minded? Nor can Rousseau, though he has not the pretensions of Voltaire, be excluded from the classical writers of France. Again, the gifted Pascal, in the work on which his literary fame is mainly founded, does not approve himself to a Catholic judgment; and Descartes, the first of French philosophers, was too independent in his inquiries to be always correct in his conclusions. The witty Rabe-

lais is said, by a recent critic,[1] to show covertly in his former publications, and openly in his latter, his "dislike to the Church of Rome." La Fontaine was with difficulty brought, on his death-bed, to make public satisfaction for the scandal which he had done to religion by his immoral *Contes*, though at length he threw into the fire a piece which he had just finished for the stage. Montaigne, whose *Essays* "make an epoch in literature," by "their influence upon the tastes and opinions of Europe;" whose "school embraces a large proportion of French and English literature;" and of whose "brightness and felicity of genius there can be but one opinion," is disgraced, as the same writer tells us, by "a sceptical bias and great indifference of temperament;" and "has led the way," as an habitual offender, "to the indecency too characteristic of French literature."

Nor does Italy present a more encouraging picture. Ariosto, one of the few names, ancient or modern, who is allowed on all hands to occupy the first rank of Literature, is, I suppose, rightly arraigned by the author I have above quoted, of "coarse sensuality." Pulci, "by his sceptical insinuations, seems clearly to display an intention of exposing religion to contempt." Boccaccio, the first of Italian prose-writers, had in his old age touchingly to lament the corrupting tendency of his popular compositions; and Bellarmine has to vindicate him, Dante, and Petrarch, from the charge of virulent abuse of the Holy See. Dante certainly does not scruple to place in his *Inferno* a Pope, whom the Church has since canonized, and his work on *Monarchia* is on the Index. Another great Floren-

[1] Hallam.

tine, Macchiavel, is on the Index also; and Giannone, as great in political history at Naples as Macchiavel at Florence, is notorious for his disaffection to the interests of the Roman Pontiff.

These are but specimens of the general character of secular literature, whatever be the people to whom it belongs. One literature may be better than another, but bad will be the best, when weighed in the balance of truth and morality. It cannot be otherwise; human nature is in all ages and all countries the same; and its literature, therefore, will ever and everywhere be one and the same also. Man's work will savour of man; in his elements and powers excellent and admirable, but prone to disorder and excess, to error and to sin. Such too will be his literature; it will have the beauty and the fierceness, the sweetness and the rankness, of the natural man, and, with all its richness and greatness, will necessarily offend the senses of those who, in the Apostle's words, are really "exercised to discern between good and evil." "It is said of the holy Sturme," says an Oxford writer, "that, in passing a horde of unconverted Germans, as they were bathing and gambolling in the stream, he was so overpowered by the intolerable scent which arose from them that he nearly fainted away." National Literature is, in a parallel way, the untutored movements of the reason, imagination, passions, and affections of the natural man, the leapings and the friskings, the plungings and the snortings, the sportings and the buffoonings, the clumsy play and the aimless toil, of the noble, lawless savage of God's intellectual creation.

It is well that we should clearly apprehend a truth so simple and elementary as this, and not expect from

the nature of man, or the literature of the world, what they never held out to us. Certainly, I did not know that the world was to be regarded as favourable to Christian faith or practice, or that it would be breaking any engagement with us, if it took a line divergent from our own. I have never fancied that we should have reasonable ground for surprise or complaint, though man's intellect *puris naturalibus* did prefer, of the two, liberty to truth, or though his heart cherished a leaning towards license of thought and speech in comparison with restraint.

2. If we do but resign ourselves to facts, we shall soon be led on to the second reflection which I have promised — viz. that, not only are things not better abroad, but they might be worse at home. We have, it is true, a Protestant literature: but then it is neither atheistical nor immoral; and in the case of at least half a dozen of its highest and most influential departments, and of the most popular of its authors, it comes to us with very considerable alleviations. For instance, there surely is a call on us for thankfulness that the most illustrious amongst English writers has so little of a Protestant about him that Catholics have been able, without extravagance, to claim him as their own, and that enemies to our creed have allowed that he is only not a Catholic, because, and as far as, his times forbade it. It is an additional satisfaction to be able to boast that he offends in neither of those two respects which reflect so seriously upon the reputation of great authors abroad. Whatever passages may be gleaned from his dramas disrespectful to ecclesiastical authority, still these are but passages; on the other

hand, there is in Shakespeare neither contempt of religion nor scepticism, and he upholds the broad laws of moral and divine truth with the consistency and severity of an Æschylus, Sophocles, or Pindar. There is no mistaking in his works on which side lies the right; Satan is not made a hero, nor Cain a victim, but pride is pride, and vice is vice, and, whatever indulgence he may allow himself in light thoughts or unseemly words, yet his admiration is reserved for sanctity and truth. From the second chief fault of Literature, as indeed my last words imply, he is not so free; but, often as he may offend against modesty, he is clear of a worse charge, sensuality, and hardly a passage can be instanced in all that he has written to seduce the imagination or to excite the passions.

A rival to Shakespeare, if not in genius, at least in copiousness and variety, is found in Pope; and *he* was actually a Catholic, though personally an unsatisfactory one. His freedom indeed from Protestantism is but a poor compensation for a false theory of religion in one of his poems; but taking his works as a whole, we may surely acquit them of being dangerous to the reader, whether on the score of morals or of faith.

Again, the special title of moralist in English Literature is accorded by the public voice to Johnson, whose bias towards Catholicity is well known.

If we were to ask for a report of our philosophers, the investigation would not be so agreeable; for we have three of evil, and one of unsatisfactory repute. Locke is scarcely an honour to us in the standard of truth, grave and manly as he is; and Hobbes, Hume, and Bentham, in spite of their abilities, are simply a disgrace. Yet, even in this department, we find some

compensation in the names of Clarke, Berkeley, Butler, and Reid, and in a name more famous than them all. Bacon was too intellectually great to hate or to contemn the Catholic faith; and he deserves by his writings to be called the most orthodox of Protestant philosophers.

KNOWLEDGE AND RELIGIOUS DUTY

And hence the well-known doctrine of this author, (Lord Shaftesbury,) that ridicule is the test of truth; for truth and virtue being beauty, and falsehood and vice deformity, and the feeling inspired by deformity being that of derision, as that inspired by beauty is admiration, it follows that vice is not a thing to weep about, but to laugh at. "Nothing is ridiculous," he says, "but what is deformed: nor is anything proof against raillery but what is handsome and just. And therefore 't is the hardest thing in the world to deny fair honesty the use of this weapon, which can never bear an edge against herself, and bears against everything contrary."

And hence again, conscience, which intimates a Lawgiver, being superseded by a moral taste or sentiment, which has no sanction beyond the constitution of our nature, it follows that our great rule is to contemplate ourselves, if we would gain a standard of life and morals. Thus he has entitled one of his Treatises a *Soliloquy*, with the motto, "Nec te quaesiveris extra;" and he observes, "The chief interest of ambition, avarice, corruption, and every sly insinuating vice, is to prevent this interview and familiarity of discourse, which is consequent upon close retirement and inward recess. 'T is the grand artifice of villainy

and lewdness, *as well as of superstition and bigotry*, to put us upon terms of greater distance and formality with ourselves, and evade our *proving* method of soliloquy. . . . A passionate lover, whatever solitude he may affect, can never be truly by himself. . . . 'T is the same reason which keeps the imaginary saint or mystic from being capable of this entertainment. Instead of looking narrowly into his own nature and mind, that he may be no longer a mystery to himself, he is taken up with *the contemplation of other mysterious natures*, which he never can explain or comprehend."

Taking these passages as specimens of what I call the Religion of Philosophy, it is obvious to observe that there is no doctrine contained in them which is not in a certain sense true; yet, on the other hand, that almost every statement is perverted and made false, because it is not the whole truth. They are exhibitions of truth under one aspect, and therefore insufficient; conscience is most certainly a moral sense, but it is more; vice, again, is a deformity, but it is worse. Lord Shaftesbury may insist, if he will, that simple and solitary fear cannot effect a moral conversion, and we are not concerned to answer him; but he will have a difficulty in proving that any real conversion follows from a doctrine which makes virtue a mere point of good taste, and vice vulgar and ungentlemanlike.

Such a doctrine is essentially superficial, and such will be its effects. It has no better measure of right and wrong than that of visible beauty and tangible fitness. Conscience indeed inflicts an acute pang, but

that pang, forsooth, is irrational, and to reverence it is an illiberal superstition. But, if we will make light of what is deepest within us, nothing is left but to pay homage to what is more upon the surface. To *seem* becomes to *be;* what looks fair will be good, what causes offence will be evil: virtue will be what pleases, vice what pains. As well may we measure virtue by utility as by such a rule. Nor is this an imaginary apprehension; we all must recollect the celebrated sentiment into which a great and wise man was betrayed, in the glowing eloquence of his valediction to the spirit of chivalry. "It is gone," cries Mr. Burke; "that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound; which inspired courage, while it mitigated ferocity; which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which *vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.*" In the last clause of this beautiful sentence we have too apt an illustration of the ethical temperament of a civilized age. It is detection, not the sin, which is the crime; private life is sacred, and inquiry into it is intolerable; and decency is virtue. Scandals, vulgarities, whatever shocks, whatever disgusts, are offences of the first order. Drinking and swearing, squalid poverty, improvidence, laziness, slovenly disorder, make up the idea of profligacy: poets may say anything, however wicked, with impunity; works of genius may be read without danger or shame, whatever their principles; fashion, celebrity, the beautiful, the heroic, will suffice to force any evil upon the community. The splendours of a court, and the charms of good society, wit, imagination, taste, and high breeding, the *prestige* of rank, and the resources of wealth, are a screen, an instrument,

and an apology for vice and irreligion. And thus at length we find, surprising as the change may be, that that very refinement of Intellectualism, which began by repelling sensuality, ends by excusing it. Under the shadow indeed of the Church, and in its due development, Philosophy does service to the cause of morality; but, when it is strong enough to have a will of its own, and is lifted up with an idea of its own importance, and attempts to form a theory, and to lay down a principle, and to carry out a system of ethics, and undertakes the moral education of the man, then it does but abet evils to which at first it seemed instinctively opposed. True Religion is slow in growth, and, when once planted, is difficult of dislodgement; but its intellectual counterfeit has no root in itself: it springs up suddenly, it suddenly withers. It appeals to what is in nature, and it falls under the dominion of the old Adam. Then, like dethroned princes, it keeps up a state and majesty, when it has lost the real power. Deformity is its abhorrence; accordingly, since it cannot dissuade men from vice, therefore in order to escape the sight of its deformity, it embellishes it. It "skins and films the ulcerous place," which it cannot probe or heal,

> "Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
> Infects unseen."

And from this shallowness of philosophical Religion it comes to pass that its disciples seem able to fulfil certain precepts of Christianity more readily and exactly than Christians themselves. St. Paul, as I have said, gives us a pattern of evangelical perfection; he draws the Christian character in its most graceful form, and

its most beautiful hues. He discourses of that charity which is patient and meek, humble and single-minded, disinterested, contented, and persevering. He tells us to prefer each the other before himself, to give way to each other, to abstain from rude words and evil speech, to avoid self-conceit, to be calm and grave, to be cheerful and happy, to observe peace with all men, truth and justice, courtesy and gentleness, all that is modest, amiable, virtuous, and of good repute. Such is St. Paul's exemplar of the Christian in his external relations; and, I repeat, the school of the world seems to send out living copies of this typical excellence with greater success than the Church. At this day the "gentleman" is the creation, not of Christianity, but of civilization. But the reason is obvious. The world is content with setting right the surface of things; the Church aims at regenerating the very depths of the heart. She ever begins with the beginning; and, as regards the multitude of her children, is never able to get beyond the beginning, but is continually employed in laying the foundation. She is engaged with what is essential, as previous and as introductory to the ornamental and the attractive. She is curing men and keeping them clear of mortal sin; she is "treating of justice and chastity, and the judgment to come:" she is insisting on faith and hope, and devotion, and honesty, and the elements of charity; and has so much to do with precept, that she almost leaves it to inspirations from Heaven to suggest what is of counsel and perfection. She aims at what is necessary rather than at what is desirable. She is for the many as well as for the few. She is putting souls in the way of salvation, that they may then be in a condition, if they

shall be called upon, to aspire to the heroic, and to attain the full proportions, as well as the rudiments, of the beautiful.

Such is the method, or the policy (so to call it), of the Church; but Philosophy looks at the matter from a very different point of view: what have Philosophers to do with the terror of judgment or the saving of the soul? Lord Shaftesbury calls the former a sort of "panic fear." Of the latter he scoffingly complains that "the saving of souls is now the heroic passion of exalted spirits." Of course he is at liberty, on his principles, to pick and choose out of Christianity what he will; he discards the theological, the mysterious, the spiritual; he makes selection of the morally or æsthetically beautiful. To him it matters not at all that he begins his teaching where he should end it; it matters not that, instead of planting the tree, he merely crops its flowers for his banquet; he only aims at the present life, his philosophy dies with him; if his flowers do but last to the end of his revel, he has nothing more to seek. When night comes, the withered leaves may be mingled with his own ashes; he and they will have done their work, he and they will be no more. Certainly, it costs little to make men virtuous on conditions such as these; it is like teaching them a language or an accomplishment, to write Latin or to play on an instrument,— the profession of an artist, not the commission of an Apostle.

This embellishment of the exterior is almost the beginning and the end of philosophical morality. This is why it aims at being modest rather than humble; this is how it can be proud at the very time that it is unas-

suming. To humility indeed it does not even aspire; humility is one of the most difficult of virtues both to attain and to ascertain. It lies close upon the heart itself, and its tests are exceedingly delicate and subtle. Its counterfeits abound; however, we are little concerned with them here, for, I repeat, it is hardly professed even by name in the code of ethics which we are reviewing. As has been often observed, ancient civilization had not the idea, and had no word to express it: or rather, it had the idea, and considered it a defect of mind, not a virtue, so that the word which denoted it conveyed a reproach. As to the modern world, you may gather its ignorance of it by its perversion of the somewhat parallel term "condescension." Humility or condescension, viewed as a virtue of conduct, may be said to consist, as in other things, so in our placing ourselves in our thoughts on a level with our inferiors; it is not only a voluntary relinquishment of the privileges of our own station, but an actual participation or assumption of the condition of those to whom we stoop. This is true humility, to feel and to behave as if we were low; not, to cherish a notion of our importance, while we affect a low position. Such was St. Paul's humility, when he called himself "the least of the saints;" such the humility of those many holy men who have considered themselves the greatest of sinners. It is an abdication, as far as their own thoughts are concerned, of those prerogatives or privileges to which others deem them entitled. Now it is not a little instructive to contrast with this idea, Gentlemen, — with this theological meaning of the word "condescension," — its proper English sense; put them in juxtaposition, and you will at once see

the difference between the world's humility and the humility of the Gospel. As the world uses the word, "condescension" is a stooping indeed of the person, but a bending forward, unattended with any the slightest effort to leave by a single inch the seat in which it is so firmly established. It is the act of a superior, who protests to himself, while he commits it, that he is superior still, and that he is doing nothing else but an act of grace towards those on whose level, in theory, he is placing himself. And this is the nearest idea which the philosopher can form of the virtue of self-abasement; to do more than this is to his mind a meanness or an hypocrisy, and at once excites his suspicion and disgust. What the world is, such it has ever been; we know the contempt which the educated pagans had for the martyrs and confessors of the Church; and it is shared by the anti-Catholic bodies of this day.

Such are the ethics of Philosophy, when faithfully represented; but an age like this, not pagan, but professedly Christian, cannot venture to reprobate humility in set terms, or to make a boast of pride. Accordingly, it looks out for some expedient by which it may blind itself to the real state of the case. Humility, with its grave and self-denying attributes, it cannot love; but what is more beautiful, what more winning, than modesty? what virtue, at first sight, simulates humility so well? though what in fact is more radically distinct from it? In truth, great as is its charm, modesty is not the deepest or the most religious of virtues. Rather it is the advanced guard or sentinel of the soul militant, and watches continually over its nascent intercourse with the world about it. It goes the round

of the senses; it mounts up into the countenance; it protects the eye and ear; it reigns in the voice and gesture. Its province is the outward deportment, as other virtues have relation to matters theological, others to society, and others to the mind itself. And being more superficial than other virtues, it is more easily disjoined from their company; it admits of being associated with principles or qualities naturally foreign to it, and is often made the cloak of feelings or ends for which it was never given to us. So little is it the necessary index of humility, that it is even compatible with pride. The better for the purpose of Philosophy; humble it cannot be, so forthwith modesty becomes its humility.

Pride, under such training, instead of running to waste in the education of the mind, is turned to account; it gets a new name; it is called self-respect; and ceases to be the disagreeable, uncompanionable quality which it is in itself. Though it be the motive principle of the soul, it seldom comes to view; and when it shows itself, then delicacy and gentleness are its attire, and good sense and sense of honour direct its motions. It is no longer a restless agent, without definite aim; it has a large field of exertion assigned to it, and it subserves those social interests which it would naturally trouble. It is directed into the channel of industry, frugality, honesty, and obedience; and it becomes the very staple of the religion and morality held in honour in a day like our own. It becomes the safeguard of chastity, the guarantee of veracity, in high and low; it is the very household god of society, as at present constituted, inspiring neatness and decency in the servant girl, propriety of carriage and

refined manners in her mistress, uprightness, manliness, and generosity in the head of the family. It diffuses a light over town and country ; it covers the soil with handsome edifices and smiling gardens ; it tills the field, it stocks and embellishes the shop. It is the stimulating principle of providence on the one hand, and of free expenditure on the other ; of an honourable ambition, and of elegant enjoyment. It breathes upon the face of the community, and the hollow sepulchre is forthwith beautiful to look upon.

Refined by the civilization which has brought it into activity, this self-respect infuses into the mind an intense horror of exposure, and a keen sensitiveness of notoriety and ridicule. It becomes the enemy of extravagances of any kind ; it shrinks from what are called scenes ; it has no mercy on the mock-heroic, on pretence or egotism, on verbosity in language, or what is called prosiness in conversation. It detests gross adulation ; not that it tends at all to the eradication of the appetite to which the flatterer ministers, but it sees the absurdity of indulging it, it understands the annoyance thereby given to others, and if a tribute must be paid to the wealthy or the powerful, it demands greater subtlety and art in the preparation. Thus vanity is changed into a more dangerous self-conceit, as being checked in its natural eruption. It teaches men to suppress their feelings, and to control their tempers, and to mitigate both the severity and the tone of their judgments. As Lord Shaftesbury would desire, it prefers playful wit and satire in putting down what is objectionable, as a more refined and good-natured, as well as a more effectual method, than the expedient which is natural to uneducated minds. It is

from this impatience of the tragic and the bombastic that it is now quietly but energetically opposing itself to the unchristian practice of duelling, which it brands as simply out of taste, and as the remnant of a barbarous age; and certainly it seems likely to effect what Religion has aimed at abolishing in vain.

Hence it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him: and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; — all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks

of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is

too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions.

Such are some of the lineaments of the ethical character, which the cultivated intellect will form, apart from religious principle. They are seen within the

pale of the Church and without it, in holy men, and in profligate; they form the *beau-idéal* of the world; they partly assist and partly distort the development of the Catholic. They may subserve the education of a St. Francis de Sales or a Cardinal Pole; they may be the limits of the contemplation of a Shaftesbury or a Gibbon. Basil and Julian were fellow students at the schools of Athens; and one became the Saint and Doctor of the Church, the other her scoffing and relentless foe.

IV

MENTAL SUFFERINGS OF OUR LORD IN HIS PASSION

EVERY passage in the history of our Lord and Saviour is of unfathomable depth, and affords inexhaustible matter of contemplation. All that concerns Him is infinite, and what we first discern is but the surface of that which begins and ends in eternity. It would be presumptuous for any one short of saints and doctors to attempt to comment on His words and deeds, except in the way of meditation; but meditation and mental prayer are so much a duty in all who wish to cherish true faith and love towards Him, that it may be allowed us, my brethren, under the guidance of holy men who have gone before us, to dwell and enlarge upon what otherwise would more fitly be adored than scrutinised. And certain times of the year, this especially,[1] call upon us to consider, as closely and minutely as we can, even the more sacred portions of the Gospel history. I would rather be thought feeble or officious in my treatment of them, than wanting to the Season; and so I now proceed because the religious usage of the Church requires it, and though any individual preacher may well shrink from it, to direct your thoughts to a subject, especially suitable now, and about which many of us perhaps think very little, the sufferings which our Lord endured in His innocent and sinless soul.

[1] Passion-tide.

You know, my brethren, that our Lord and Saviour, though he was God, was also perfect man; and hence He had not only a body, but a soul likewise, such as ours, though pure from all stain of evil. He did not take a body without a soul, God forbid! for that would not have been to become man. How would He have sanctified our nature by taking a nature which was not ours? Man without a soul is on a level with the beasts of the field; but our Lord came to save a race capable of praising and obeying Him, possessed of immortality, though that immortality had lost its promised blessedness. Man was created in the image of God, and that image is in his soul; when then his Maker, by an unspeakable condescension, came in his nature, He took on Himself a soul in order to take on him a body; He took on Him a soul as the means of His union with a body; He took on Him in the first place the soul, then the body of man, both at once, but in this order, the soul and the body; He Himself created the soul which He took on Himself, while He took His body from the flesh of the Blessed Virgin, His Mother. Thus He became perfect man with body and soul; and as He took on Him a body of flesh and nerves, which admitted of wounds and death, and was capable of suffering, so did He take a soul, too, which was susceptible of that suffering, and moreover was susceptible of the pain and sorrow which are proper to a human soul; and, as His atoning passion was undergone in the body, so it was undergone in the soul also.

As the solemn days proceed, we shall be especially called on, my brethren, to consider His sufferings in the body, His seizure, His forced journeyings to and fro, His blows and wounds, His scourging, the crown of

thorns, the nails, the Cross. They are all summed up in the Crucifix itself, as it meets our eyes; they are represented all at once on His sacred flesh, as it hangs up before us — and meditation is made easy by the spectacle. It is otherwise with the sufferings of His soul; they cannot be painted for us, nor can they even be duly investigated: they are beyond both sense and thought; and yet they anticipated His bodily sufferings. The agony, a pain of the soul, not of the body, was the first act of His tremendous sacrifice; "My soul is sorrowful even unto death," He said; nay; if He suffered in the body, it really was in the soul, for the body did but convey the infliction on to that which was the true recipient and seat of the suffering.

This it is very much to the purpose to insist upon; I say, it was not the body that suffered, but the soul in the body; it was the soul and not the body which was the seat of the suffering of the Eternal Word. Consider, then, there is no real pain, though there may be apparent suffering, when there is no kind of inward sensibility or spirit to be the seat of it. A tree, for instance, has life, organs, growth, and decay; it may be wounded and injured; it droops, and is killed; but it does not suffer, because it has no mind or sensible principle within it. But wherever this gift of an immaterial principle is found, there pain is possible, and greater pain according to the quality of the gift. Had we no spirit of any kind, we should feel as little as a tree feels; had we no soul, we should not feel pain more acutely than a brute feels it; but, being men, we feel pain in a way in which none but those who have souls can feel it.

Living beings, I say, feel more or less according to the spirit which is in them; brutes feel far less than man, because they cannot reflect on what they feel; they have no advertence or direct consciousness of their sufferings. This it is that makes pain so trying, viz. that we cannot help thinking of it, while we suffer it. It is before us, it possesses the mind, it keeps our thoughts fixed upon it. Whatever draws the mind off the thought of it lessens it; hence friends try to amuse us when we are in pain, for amusement is a diversion. If the pain is slight, they sometimes succeed with us; and then we are, so to say, without pain, even while we suffer. And hence it continually happens that in violent exercise or labour, men meet with blows or cuts, so considerable and so durable in their effect, as to bear witness to the suffering which must have attended their infliction, of which nevertheless they recollect nothing. And in quarrels and in battles wounds are received which, from the excitement of the moment, are brought home to the consciousness of the combatant, not by the pain at the time of receiving them, but by the loss of blood that follows.

I will show you presently, my brethren, how I mean to apply what I have said to the consideration of our Lord's sufferings; first I will make another remark. Consider, then, that hardly any one stroke of pain is intolerable; it is intolerable when it continues. You cry out perhaps that you cannot bear more; patients feel as if they could stop the surgeon's hand, simply because he continues to pain them. Their feeling is that they have borne *as much* as they can bear; as if the continuance and not the intenseness was what

made it too much for them. What does this mean, but that the memory of the foregoing moments of pain acts upon and (as it were) edges the pain that succeeds? If the third or fourth or twentieth moment of pain could be taken by itself, if the succession of the moments that preceded it could be forgotten, it would be no more than the first moment, as bearable as the first (taking away the shock which accompanies the first); but what makes it unbearable is, that it *is* the twentieth; that the first, the second, the third, on to the nineteenth moment of pain, are all concentrated in the twentieth; so that every additional moment of pain has all the force, the ever-increasing force, of all that has preceded it. Hence, I repeat, it is that brute animals would seem to feel so little pain, because, that is, they have not the power of reflection or of consciousness. They do not know they exist; they do not contemplate themselves; they do not look backwards or forwards; every moment as it succeeds is their all; they wander over the face of the earth, and see this thing and that, and feel pleasure and pain, but still they take everything as it comes, and then let it go again, as men do in dreams. They have memory, but not the memory of an intellectual being; they put together nothing, they make nothing properly one and individual to themselves out of the particular sensations which they receive; nothing is to them a reality, or has a substance, beyond those sensations; they are but sensible of a number of successive impressions. And hence, as their other feelings, so their feeling of pain is but faint and dull, in spite of their outward manifestations of it. It is the intellectual comprehension of pain, as a whole diffused through successive

moments, which gives it its special power and keenness, and it is the soul only, which a brute has not, which is capable of that comprehension.

Now apply this to the sufferings of our Lord; — do you recollect their offering Him wine mingled with myrrh, when He was on the point of being crucified? He would not drink of it; why? because such a potion would have stupefied His mind, and He was bent on bearing the pain in all its bitterness. You see from this, my brethren, the character of His sufferings; He would have fain escaped them, had that been His Father's will; "If it be possible," He said, "let this chalice pass from Me;" but since it was not possible, He says calmly and decidedly to the Apostle, who would have rescued Him from suffering, "The chalice which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" If He was to suffer, He gave Himself to suffering; He did not come to suffer as little as He could; He did not turn away His face from the suffering; He confronted it, or, as I may say, He breasted it, that every particular portion of it might make its due impression on Him. And as men are superior to brute animals, and are affected by pain more than they, by reason of the mind within them, which gives a substance to pain, such as it cannot have in the instance of brutes; so, in like manner, our Lord felt pain of the body, with an advertence and a consciousness, and therefore with a keenness and intensity, and with a unity of perception, which none of us can possibly fathom or compass, because His soul was so absolutely in His power, so simply free from the influence of distractions, so fully directed *upon* the pain, so utterly surrendered, so simply subjected to the suffering. And

thus He may truly be said to have suffered the whole of His passion in every moment of it.

Recollect that our Blessed Lord was in this respect different from us, that, though He was perfect man, yet there was a power in Him greater than His soul, which ruled His soul, for He was God. The soul of other men is subjected to its own wishes, feelings, impulses, passions, perturbations; His soul was subjected simply to His Eternal and Divine Personality. Nothing happened to His soul by chance, or on a sudden; He never was taken by surprise; nothing affected Him without His willing beforehand that it should affect Him. Never did He sorrow, or fear, or desire, or rejoice in spirit, but He first willed to be sorrowful, or afraid, or desirous, or joyful. When we suffer, it is because outward agents and the uncontrollable emotions of our minds bring suffering upon us. We are brought under the discipline of pain involuntarily, we suffer from it more or less acutely according to accidental circumstances, we find our patience more or less tried by it according to our state of mind, and we do our best to provide alleviations or remedies of it. We cannot anticipate beforehand how much of it will come upon us, or how far we shall be able to sustain it; nor can we say afterwards why we have felt just what we have felt, or why we did not bear the suffering better. It was otherwise with our Lord. His Divine Person was not subject, could not be exposed, to the influence of His own human affections and feelings, except so far as He chose. I repeat, when He chose to fear, He feared; when He chose to be angry, He was angry; when He chose to grieve, He was grieved. He was not open to emotion, but He

opened upon Himself voluntarily the impulse by which He was moved. Consequently, when He determined to suffer the pain of His vicarious passion, whatever He did, He did, as the Wise Man says, *instanter*, "earnestly," with His might; He did not do it by halves; He did not turn away His mind from the suffering as we do — (how should He, who came to suffer, who could not have suffered but of His own act?) no, He did not say and unsay, do and undo; He said and He did; He said, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God; sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, but a body hast Thou fitted to Me." He took a body in order that He might suffer; He became man, that He might suffer as man; and when His hour was come, that hour of Satan and of darkness, the hour when sin was to pour its full malignity upon Him, it followed that He offered Himself wholly, a holocaust, a whole burnt-offering; — as the whole of His body, stretched out upon the Cross, so the whole of His soul, His whole advertence, His whole consciousness, a mind awake, a sense acute, a living co-operation, a present, absolute intention, not a virtual permission, not a heartless submission, this did He present to His tormentors. His passion was an action; He lived most energetically, while He lay languishing, fainting, and dying. Nor did He die, except by an act of the will; for He bowed His head, in command as well as in resignation, and said, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit;" He gave the word, He surrendered His soul, He did not lose it.

Thus you see, my brethren, had our Lord only suffered in the body, and in it not so much as other men, still as regards the pain, He would have really suf-

fered indefinitely more, because pain is to be measured by the power of realising it. God was the sufferer; God suffered in His human nature: the sufferings belonged to God, and were drunk up, were drained out to the bottom of the chalice, because God drank them; not tasted or sipped, not flavoured, disguised by human medicaments, as man disposes of the cup of anguish. And what I have been saying will further serve to answer an objection, which I shall proceed to notice, and which perhaps exists latently in the minds of many, and leads them to overlook the part which our Lord's soul had in His gracious satisfaction for sin.

Our Lord said, when his agony was commencing, "My soul is sorrowful unto death;" now you may ask, my brethren, whether He had not certain consolations peculiar to Himself, impossible in any other, which diminished or impeded the distress of His soul, and caused Him to feel, not more, but less than an ordinary man. For instance, He had a sense of innocence which no other sufferer could have; even His persecutors, even the false apostle who betrayed Him, the judge who sentenced Him, and the soldiers who conducted the execution, testified His innocence. "I have condemned the innocent blood," said Judas; "I am clear from the blood of this just Person," said Pilate; "Truly this was a just Man," cried the centurion. And if even they, sinners, bore witness to His sinlessness, how much more did His own soul! And we know well that even in our own case, sinners as we are, on the consciousness of innocence or of guilt mainly turns our power of enduring opposition and calumny; how much more, you will say, in the case of

our Lord, did the sense of inward sanctity compensate for the suffering and annihilate the shame! Again, you may say that He knew that His sufferings would be short, and that their issue would be joyful, whereas uncertainty of the future is the keenest element of human distress; but He could not have anxiety, for He was not in suspense; nor despondency or despair, for He never was deserted. And in confirmation you may refer to St. Paul, who expressly tells us that "for the joy set before Him," our Lord "despised the shame." And certainly there is a marvellous calm and self-possession in all He does: consider His warning to the Apostles, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak;" or His words to Judas, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" and, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" or to Peter, "All that take the sword shall perish with the sword;" or to the man who struck Him, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou Me?" or to His Mother, "Woman, behold thy Son."

All this is true and much to be insisted on; but it quite agrees with, or rather illustrates, what I have been observing. My brethren, you have only said (to use a human phrase) that He was always Himself. His mind was its own centre, and was never in the slightest degree thrown off its heavenly and most perfect balance. What He suffered, He suffered because He put Himself under suffering, and that deliberately and calmly. As He said to the leper, "I will, be thou clean;" and to the paralytic, "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" and to the centurion, "I will come and heal him;" and of Lazarus, "I go to wake him out of

sleep;" so He said, "Now I will begin to suffer," and He did begin. His composure is but the proof how entirely He governed His own mind. He drew back, at the proper moment, the bolts and fastenings, and opened the gates, and the floods fell right upon His soul in all their fulness. That is what St. Mark tells us of him: and he is said to have written his Gospels from the very mouth of St. Peter, who was one of three witnesses present at the time. "They came," he says, "to the place which is called Gethsemani; and He saith to His disciples, Sit you here while I pray. And He taketh with Him Peter and James and John, and He *began to be* frightened and to be very heavy." You see how deliberately He acts; He comes to a certain spot; and then, giving the word of command, and withdrawing the support of the Godhead from His soul, distress, terror, and dejection at once rush in upon it. Thus He walks forth into a mental agony with as definite an action as if it were some bodily torture, the fire or the wheel.

This being the case, you will see at once, my brethren, that it is nothing to the purpose to say that He would be supported under His trial by the consciousness of innocence and the anticipation of triumph; for His trial consisted in the withdrawal, as of other causes of consolation, so of that very consciousness and anticipation. The same act of the will which admitted the influence upon His soul of any distress at all, admitted all distresses at once. It was not the contest between antagonist impulses and views, coming from without, but the operation of an inward resolution. As men of self-command can turn from one thought to another at their will, so much more

did He deliberately deny Himself the comfort, and satiate Himself with the woe. In that moment His soul thought not of the future, He thought only of the present burden which was upon Him, and which He had come upon earth to sustain.

And now, my brethren, what was it He had to bear, when He thus opened upon His soul the torrent of this predestinated pain? Alas! He had to bear what is well known to us, what is familiar to us, but what to Him was woe unutterable. He had to bear that which is so easy a thing to us, so natural, so welcome, that we cannot conceive of it as of a great endurance, but which to Him had the scent and the poison of death — He had, my dear brethren, to bear the weight of sin; He had to bear your sins; He had to bear the sins of the whole world. Sin is an easy thing to us; we think little of it; we do not understand how the Creator can think much of it; we cannot bring our imagination to believe that it deserves retribution, and, when even in this world punishments follow upon it, we explain them away or turn our minds from them. But consider what sin is in itself; it is rebellion against God; it is a traitor's act who aims at the overthrow and death of His sovereign; it is that, if I may use a strong expression, which, could the Divine Governor of the world cease to be, would be sufficient to bring it about. Sin is the mortal enemy of the All-holy, so that He and it cannot be together; and as the All-holy drives it from His presence into the outer darkness, so, if God could be less than God, it is sin that would have power to make Him less. And here observe, my brethren, that when once Almighty Love, by taking flesh, entered this created system, and

submitted Himself to its laws, then forthwith this antagonist of good and truth, taking advantage of the opportunity, flew at that flesh which He had taken, and fixed on it, and was its death. The envy of the Pharisees, the treachery of Judas, and the madness of the people, were but the instrument or the expression of the enmity which sin felt towards Eternal Purity as soon as, in infinite mercy towards men, He put Himself within its reach. Sin could not touch His Divine Majesty; but it could assail Him in that way in which He allowed Himself to be assailed, that is, through the medium of His humanity. And in the issue, in the death of God incarnate, you are but taught, my brethren, what sin is in itself, and what it was which then was falling, in its hour and in its strength, upon His human nature, when He allowed that nature to be so filled with horror and dismay at the very anticipation.

There, then, in that most awful hour, knelt the Saviour of the world, putting off the defences of His divinity, dismissing His reluctant Angels, who in myriads were ready at His call, and opening His arms, baring His breast, sinless as He was, to the assault of His foe, — of a foe whose breath was a pestilence, and whose embrace was an agony. There He knelt, motionless and still, while the vile and horrible fiend clad His spirit in a robe steeped in all that is hateful and heinous in human crime, which clung close round His heart, and filled His conscience, and found its way into every sense and pore of His mind, and spread over Him a moral leprosy, till He almost felt Himself to be that which He never could be, and which His foe would fain have made Him. Oh, the horror, when He

looked, and did not know Himself, and felt as a foul and loathsome sinner, from His vivid perception of that mass of corruption which poured over His head and ran down even to the skirts of His garments! Oh, the distraction, when He found His eyes, and hands, and feet, and lips, and heart, as if the members of the Evil One, and not of God! Are these the hands of the Immaculate Lamb of God, once innocent, but now red with ten thousand barbarous deeds of blood? are these His lips, not uttering prayer, and praise, and holy blessings, but as if defiled with oaths, and blasphemies, and doctrines of devils? or His eyes, profaned as they are by all the evil visions and idolatrous fascinations for which men have abandoned their adorable Creator? And His ears, they ring with sounds of revelry and of strife; and His heart is frozen with avarice, and cruelty, and unbelief; and His very memory is laden with every sin which has been committed since the fall, in all regions of the earth, with the pride of the old giants, and the lusts of the five cities, and the obduracy of Egypt, and the ambition of Babel, and the unthankfulness and scorn of Israel. Oh, who does not know the misery of a haunting thought which comes again and again, in spite of rejection, to annoy, if it cannot seduce? or of some odious and sickening imagination, in no sense one's own, but forced upon the mind from without? or of evil knowledge, gained with or without a man's fault, but which he would give a great price to be rid of at once and for ever? And adversaries such as these gather around Thee, Blessed Lord, in millions now; they come in troops more numerous than the locust or the palmer-worm, or the plagues of hail, and flies, and

frogs, which were sent against Pharaoh. Of the living and of the dead and of the as yet unborn, of the lost and of the saved, of Thy people and of strangers, of sinners and of saints, all sins are there. Thy dearest are there, Thy saints and Thy chosen are upon Thee; Thy three Apostles, Peter, James, and John; but not as comforters, but as accusers, like the friends of Job, "sprinkling dust towards heaven," and heaping curses on Thy head. All are there but one; one only is not there, one only; for she who had no part in sin, she only could console Thee, and therefore she is not nigh. She will be near Thee on the Cross, she is separated from Thee in the garden. She has been Thy companion and Thy confidant through Thy life, she interchanged with Thee the pure thoughts and holy meditations of thirty years; but her virgin ear may not take in, nor may her immaculate heart conceive, what now is in vision before Thee. None was equal to the weight but God; sometimes before Thy saints Thou hast brought the image of a single sin, as it appears in the light of Thy countenance, or of venial sins, not mortal; and they have told us that the sight did all but kill them, nay, would have killed them, had it not been instantly withdrawn. The Mother of God, for all her sanctity, nay, by reason of it, could not have borne even one brood of that innumerable progeny of Satan which now compasses Thee about. It is the long history of a world, and God alone can bear the load of it. Hopes blighted, vows broken, lights quenched, warnings scorned, opportunities lost; the innocent betrayed, the young hardened, the penitent relapsing, the just overcome, the aged failing; the sophistry of misbelief, the wilfulness of passion, the obduracy of pride, the tyranny of

habit, the canker of remorse, the wasting fever of care, the anguish of shame, the pining of disappointment, the sickness of despair; such cruel, such pitiable spectacles, such heartrending, revolting, detestable, maddening scenes; nay, the haggard faces, the convulsed lips, the flushed cheek, the dark brow of the willing slaves of evil, they are all before Him now; they are upon Him and in Him. They are with Him instead of that ineffable peace which has inhabited His soul since the moment of His conception. They are upon Him, they are all but His own; He cries to His Father as if He were the criminal, not the victim; His agony takes the form of guilt and compunction. He is doing penance, He is making confession, He is exercising contrition, with a reality and a virtue infinitely greater than that of all saints and penitents together; for He is the One Victim for us all, the sole Satisfaction, the real Penitent, all but the real sinner.

He rises languidly from the earth, and turns around to meet the traitor and his band, now quickly nearing the deep shade. He turns, and lo! there is blood upon His garment and in His footprints. Whence come these first-fruits of the passion of the Lamb? no soldier's scourge has touched His shoulders, nor the hangman's nails His hands and feet. My brethren, He has bled before His time; He has shed blood; yes, and it is His agonising soul which has broken up His framework of flesh and poured it forth. His passion has begun from within. That tormented Heart, the seat of tenderness and love, began at length to labour and to beat with vehemence beyond its nature; "the foundations of the great deep were broken up;" the red streams rushed forth so copious and fierce as to

overflow the veins, and bursting through the pores, they stood in a thick dew over His whole skin; then forming into drops, they rolled down full and heavy, and drenched the ground.

"My soul is sorrowful even unto death," He said. It has been said of that dreadful pestilence which now is upon us, that it begins with death: by which is meant that it has no stage or crisis, that hope is over when it comes, and that what looks like its course is but the death agony and the process of dissolution: and thus our Atoning Sacrifice, in a much higher sense, began with this passion of woe, and only did not die, because at His Omnipotent will His Heart did not break, nor Soul separate from Body, till He had suffered on the Cross.

No; He has not yet exhausted that full chalice, from which at first His natural infirmity shrank. The seizure and the arraignment, and the buffeting, and the prison, and the trial, and the mocking, and the passing to and fro, and the scourging, and the crown of thorns, and the slow march to Calvary, and the crucifixion, these are all to come. A night and a day, hour after hour, is slowly to run out before the end comes, and the satisfaction is completed.

And then, when the appointed moment arrived, and He gave the word, as His passion had begun with His soul, with the soul did it end. He did not die of bodily exhaustion, or of bodily pain; at His will His tormented Heart broke, and He commended His Spirit to the Father.

. . . . . .

"O Heart of Jesus, all Love, I offer Thee these humble prayers for myself, and for all those who unite

themselves with me in Spirit to adore Thee. O holiest Heart of Jesus most lovely, I intend to renew and to offer to Thee these acts of adoration and these prayers, for myself a wretched sinner, and for all those who are associated with me in Thy adoration, through all moments while I breathe, even to the end of my life. I recommend to Thee, O my Jesus, Holy Church, Thy dear spouse and our true Mother, all just souls and all poor sinners, the afflicted, the dying, and all mankind. Let not Thy Blood be shed for them in vain. Finally, deign to apply it in relief of the souls in Purgatory, of those in particular who have practised in the course of their life this holy devotion of adoring Thee."

PURITY AND LOVE

We find two especial manifestations of divine grace in the human heart, whether we turn to Scripture for instances of it, or to the history of the Church; whether we trace it in the case of Saints, or in persons of holy and religious life; and the two are even found among our Lord's Apostles, being represented by the two foremost of that favoured company, St. Peter and St. John. St. John is the Saint of purity, and St. Peter is the Saint of love. Not that love and purity can ever be separated; not as if a Saint had not all virtues in him at once; not as if St. Peter were not pure as well as loving, and St. John loving, for all he was so pure. The graces of the Spirit cannot be separated from each other; one implies the rest; what is love but a delight in God, a devotion to Him, a surren-

der of the whole self to Him? what is impurity, on the other hand, but the turning to something of this world, something sinful, as the object of our affections instead of God? What is it but a deliberate abandonment of the Creator for the creature, and seeking pleasure in the shadow of death, not in the all-blissful Presence of light and holiness? The impure then cannot love God; and those who are without love of God cannot really be pure. Purity prepares the soul for love and love confirms the soul in purity. The flame of love will not be bright unless the substance which feeds it be pure and unadulterate; and the most dazzling purity is but as iciness and desolation unless it draws its life from fervent love.

Yet, certain as this is, it is certain also that the spiritual works of God show differently from each other to our eyes, and that they display, in their character and their history, some of them this virtue more than other virtues, and some that. In other words, it pleases the Giver of grace to endue His Saints specially with certain gifts, for His glory, which light up and beautify one particular portion or department of their souls, so as to cast their other excellences into the shade. And then this special gift of grace becomes their characteristic, and we put it first in our thoughts of them, and consider what they have besides as included in it, or dependent upon it, and speak of them as if they had not the rest, though we know they really have them; and we give them some title or description taken from that particular grace which is so emphatically theirs. And in this way we may speak, as I intend to do in what I am going to say, of two chief classes of Saints, whose emblems

are the lily and the rose, who are bright with angelic purity or who burn with divine love.

The two St. Johns are the great instances of the Angelic life. Whom, my brethren, can we conceive to have such majestic and severe sanctity as the Holy Baptist? He had a privilege which reached near upon the prerogative of the Most Blessed Mother of God; for, if she was conceived without sin, at least without sin he was born. She was all-pure, all-holy, and sin had no part in her: but St. John was in the beginning of his existence a partaker of Adam's curse; he lay under God's wrath, deprived of that grace which Adam had received, and which is the life and strength of human nature. Yet, as soon as Christ, his Lord and Saviour, came to him, and Mary saluted his own mother, Elizabeth, forthwith the grace of God was given to him, and the original guilt was wiped away from his soul. And therefore it is that we celebrate the nativity of St. John; nothing unholy does the Church celebrate; not St. Peter's birth, nor St. Paul's, nor St. Augustine's, nor St. Gregory's, nor St. Bernard's, nor St. Aloysius's, nor the nativity of any other Saint, however glorious, because they were all born in sin. She celebrates their conversions, their prerogatives, their martyrdoms, their deaths, their translations, but not their birth, because in no case was it holy. Three nativities alone does she commemorate, our Lord's, His Mother's, and lastly, St. John's. What a special gift was this, my brethren, separating the Baptist off, and distinguishing him from all prophets and preachers, who ever lived, however holy, except perhaps the prophet Jeremias! And such as was his commencement, was the course of his life. He was carried away by the Spirit into the desert, and

there he lived on the simplest fare, in the rudest clothing, in the caves of wild beasts, apart from men, for thirty years, leading a life of mortification and of prayer, till he was called to preach penance, to proclaim the Christ, and to baptize Him; and then having done his work, and having left no act of sin on record, he was laid aside as an instrument which had lost its use, and languished in prison, till he was suddenly cut off by the sword of the executioner. Sanctity is the one idea of him impressed upon us from first to last; a most marvellous Saint, a hermit from his childhood, then a preacher to a fallen people, and then a Martyr. Surely such a life fulfils that expectation concerning him that follows on Mary's salutation of his mother before his birth.

Yet still more beautiful, and almost as majestic, is the image of his namesake, that great Apostle, Evangelist, and Prophet of the Church, who came so early into our Lord's chosen company, and lived so long after all his fellows. We can contemplate him in his youth and in his venerable age; and on his whole life, from first to last, as his special gift, is marked purity. He is the virgin Apostle, who on that account was so dear to his Lord, "the disciple whom Jesus loved," who lay on His Bosom, who received His Mother from Him when upon the Cross, who had the vision of all the wonders which were to come to pass in the world to the end of time. "Greatly to be honoured," says the Church, "is blessed John, who on the Lord's Breast lay at supper, to whom, a virgin, did Christ on the Cross commit his Virgin Mother. He was chosen a virgin by the Lord, and was more beloved than the rest. The special prerogative of chastity had made

him meet for his Lord's larger love, because, being chosen by Him a virgin, a virgin he remained unto the end." He it was who in his youth professed his readiness to drink Christ's chalice with Him ; who wore away a long life as a desolate stranger in a foreign land ; who was at length carried to Rome and plunged into the hot oil, and then was banished to a far island, till his days drew near their close.

O how impossible it is worthily to conceive of the sanctity of these two great servants of God, so different is their whole history, in their lives and in their deaths, yet agreeing together in their seclusion from the world, in their tranquillity, and in their all but sinlessness! Mortal sin had never touched them, and we may well believe that even from deliberate venial sin they were ever exempt; nay, that at particular seasons or on certain occasions they did not sin at all. The rebellion of the reason, the waywardness of the feelings, the disorder of the thoughts, the fever of passion, the treachery of the senses, these evils did the all-powerful grace of God subdue in them. They lived in a world of their own, uniform, serene, abiding ; in visions of peace, in communion with heaven, in anticipation of glory ; and, if they spoke to the world without, as preachers or as confessors, they spoke as from some sacred shrine, not mixing with men while they addressed them, as "a voice crying in the wilderness" or "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." And therefore it is we speak of them rather as patterns of sanctity than of love, because love regards an external object, runs towards it and labours for it, whereas such Saints came so close to the Object of their love, they were granted so to receive Him into their breasts,

and so to make themselves one with Him, that their hearts did not so much love heaven as were themselves a heaven, did not so much see light as were light; and they lived among men as those Angels in the old time, who came to the patriarchs and spake as though they were God, for God was in them, and spake by them. Thus these two were almost absorbed in the Godhead, living an angelical life, as far as man could lead one, so calm, so still, so raised above sorrow and fear, disappointment and regret, desire and aversion, as to be the most perfect images that earth has seen of the peace and immutability of God. Such too are the many virgin Saints whom history records for our veneration, St. Joseph, the great St. Antony, St. Cecilia who was waited on by Angels, St. Nicolas of Bari, St. Peter Celestine, St. Rose of Viterbo, St. Catharine of Sienna, and a host of others, and above all, the Virgin of Virgins, and Queen of Virgins, the Blessed Mary, who, though replete and overflowing with the grace of love, yet for the very reason that she was the "seat of wisdom," and the "ark of the covenant," is more commonly represented under the emblem of the lily than of the rose.

But now, my brethren, let us turn to the other class of Saints. I have been speaking of those who in a wonderful, sometimes in a miraculous way, have been defended from sin, and conducted from strength to strength, from youth till death; but now suppose it has been the will of God to shed the light and power of His Spirit upon those who have misused the talents, and quenched the grace already given them, and who therefore have a host of evils within them of which they are to be dispossessed; who are under the

dominion of obstinate habits, indulged passions, false opinions; who have served Satan, not as infants before their baptism, but with their will, with their reason, with their faculties responsible, and their hearts alive and conscious. Is He to draw these elect souls to Him without themselves, or by means of themselves? Is He to change them at His word, as He created them, as He will make them die, as He will raise them from the grave, or is He to enter into their souls, to address Himself to them, to persuade them, and so to win them? Doubtless He might have been urgent with them, and masterful; He might by a blessed violence have come upon them, and so turned them into Saints; He might have superseded any process of conversion, and out of the very stones have raised up children to Abraham. But He has willed otherwise; else, why did He manifest Himself on earth? Why did He surround Himself on His coming with so much that was touching and attractive and subduing? Why did He bid His angels proclaim that He was to be seen as a little infant, in a manger and in a Virgin's bosom, at Bethlehem? Why did He go about doing good? Why did He die in public, before the world, with His Mother and His beloved disciple by Him? Why does He now tell us how He is exalted in Heaven with a host of glorified Saints, who are our intercessors, about His throne? Why does He give us His own Mother Mary for our mother, the most perfect image after Himself of what is beautiful and tender, and gentle and soothing, in human nature? Why does He manifest Himself by an ineffable condescension on our Altars, still humbling Himself, though He reigns on high? What does all this show,

but that, when souls wander away from Him, He reclaims them by means of themselves, "by cords of Adam," or of human nature, as the prophet speaks, — conquering us indeed at His will, saving us in spite of ourselves, — and yet by ourselves, so that the very reason and affections of the old Adam, which have been made "the instruments of iniquity unto sin," should, under the power of His grace, become "the instruments of justice unto God"?

Yes, doubtless He draws us "by cords of Adam," and what are those cords, but, as the prophet speaks in the same verse, "the cords," or "the twine of love"? It is the manifestation of the glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ; it is that view of the attributes and perfections of Almighty God; it is the beauty of His sanctity, the sweetness of His mercy, the brightness of His heaven, the majesty of His law, the harmony of His providences, the thrilling music of His voice, which is the antagonist of the flesh, and the soul's champion against the world and the devil. "Thou hast seduced me, O Lord," says the prophet, "and I was seduced; Thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed:" Thou hast thrown Thy net skilfully, and its subtle threads are entwined round each affection of my heart, and its meshes have been a power of God, "bringing into captivity the whole intellect to the service of Christ." If the world has its fascinations, so surely has the Altar of the living God; if its pomps and vanities dazzle, so much more should the vision of Angels ascending and descending on the heavenly ladder; if sights of earth intoxicate, and its music is a spell upon the soul, behold Mary pleads with us, over against them, with her chaste eyes, and offers the

Eternal Child for our caress, while sounds of cherubim are heard all round singing from out the fulness of the Divine Glory. Has divine hope no emotion? Has divine charity no transport? "How dear are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" says the prophet; "my soul doth lust, and doth faint for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God. Better is one day in Thy courts above a thousand: I have chosen to be an abject in the house of my God, rather than to dwell in the tabernacles of sinners."

So is it, as a great Doctor and penitent has said, St. Augustine; "It is not enough to be drawn by the will; thou art also drawn by the sense of pleasure. What is to be drawn by pleasure? 'Delight thou in the Lord, and He will give thee the petitions of thy heart.' There is a certain pleasure of heart, when that heavenly Bread is sweet to a man. Moreover, if the poet saith, 'Every one is drawn by his own pleasure,' not by necessity, but by pleasure; not by obligation, but by delight; how much more boldly ought we to say, that man is drawn to Christ, when he is delighted with truth, delighted with bliss, delighted with justice, delighted with eternal life, all which is Christ? Have the bodily senses their pleasures, and is the mind without its own? If so, whence is it said, 'The sons of men shall hope under the covering of Thy wings; they shall be intoxicate with the richness of Thy house, and with the torrent of Thy pleasure shalt Thou give them to drink: for with Thee is the well of life, and in Thy light we shall see light'? 'He, whom the Father draweth, cometh to Me,'" he continues; "Whom hath the Father drawn? him who said,

'Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God.' You present a green branch to the sheep, and you draw it forward; fruits are offered to the child, and he is drawn; in that he runs, he is drawn, he is drawn by loving, drawn without bodily hurt, drawn by the bond of the heart. If then it be true that the sight of earthly delight draws on the lover, doth not Christ too draw us when revealed by the Father? For what doth the soul desire more strongly than truth?"

Such are the means which God has provided for the creation of the Saint out of the sinner; He takes him as he is, and uses him against himself: He turns his affections into another channel, and extinguishes a carnal love by infusing a heavenly charity. Not as if He used him as a mere irrational creature, who is impelled by instincts and governed by external incitements without any will of his own, and to whom one pleasure is the same as another, the same in kind, though different in degree. I have already said, it is the very triumph of His grace, that He enters into the heart of man, and persuades it, and prevails with it, while He changes it. He violates in nothing that original constitution of mind which He gave to man: He treats him as man; He leaves him the liberty of acting this way or that; He appeals to all his powers and faculties, to his reason, to his prudence, to his moral sense, to his conscience: He rouses his fears as well as his love; He instructs him in the depravity of sin, as well as in the mercy of God; but still, on the whole, the animating principle of the new life, by which it is both kindled and sustained, is the flame of charity. This only is strong enough to destroy the old Adam, to dissolve the tyranny of habit, to quench

the fires of concupiscence, and to burn up the strongholds of pride.

And hence it is that love is presented to us as the distinguishing grace of those who were sinners before they were Saints; not that love is not the life of all Saints, of those who have never needed a conversion, of the Most Blessed Virgin, of the two St. John's, and of those others, many in number, who are "first-fruits unto God and the Lamb;" but that, while in those who have never sinned gravely love is so contemplative as almost to resolve itself into the sanctity of God Himself; in those, on the contrary, in whom it dwells as a principle of recovery, it is so full of devotion, of zeal, of activity, and good works, that it gives a visible character to their history, and is ever associating itself with our thoughts of them.

Such was the great Apostle, on whom the Church is built, and whom I contrasted, when I began, with his fellow-Apostle St. John: whether we contemplate him after his first calling, or on his repentance, he who denied his Lord, out of all the Apostles, is the most conspicuous for his love of Him. It was for this love of Christ, flowing on, as it did, from its impetuosity and exuberance, into love of the brethren, that he was chosen to be the chief Pastor of the fold. "Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these?" was the trial put on him by his Lord; and the reward was, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." Wonderful to say, the Apostle whom Jesus loved, was yet surpassed in love for Jesus by a brother Apostle, not virginal as he; for it is not John of whom our Lord asked this question, and who was rewarded with this commission, but Peter.

Look back at an earlier passage of the same narrative; there, too, the two Apostles are similarly contrasted in their respective characters; for when they were in the boat, and their Lord spoke to them from the shore, and "they knew not that it was Jesus," first "that disciple, whom Jesus loved, said to Peter, It is the Lord," for "the clean of heart shall see God:" and then at once "Simon Peter," in the impetuosity of his love, "girt his tunic about him, and cast himself into the sea," to reach Him the quicker. St. John beholds and St. Peter acts.

Thus the very presence of Jesus enkindled Peter's heart, and at once drew him unto Him; also at a former time, when he saw his Lord walking on the sea, his very first impulse was, as in the passage to which I have been referring, to leave the vessel and hasten to His side: "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee upon the waters." And when he had been betrayed into his great sin, the very Eye of Jesus brought him to himself: "And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter; and Peter remembered the word of the Lord, and he went out and wept bitterly." Hence, on another occasion, when many of the disciples fell away, and "Jesus said to the twelve, Do you too wish to go away?" St. Peter answered, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life; and we have believed and have known that Thou art Christ, the Son of God."

Such, too, was that other great Apostle, who, in so many ways, is associated with St. Peter — the Doctor of the Gentiles. He indeed was converted miraculously, by our Lord's appearing to him, when he was on his way to carry death to the Christians of

Damascus: but how does he speak? "Whether we are beside ourselves," he says, "it is to God; or whether we be sober, it is for you: for the charity of Christ constraineth us. If, therefore, any be a new creature in Christ, old things have passed away, behold all things are made new." And so again: "With Christ am I nailed to the cross; but I live, yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." And again: "I am the least of the Apostles, who am not worthy to be called an Apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am; and His grace in me hath not been void, but I laboured more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God with me." And once more: "Whether we live, unto the Lord we live; whether we die, unto the Lord we die; whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's." You see, my brethren, the character of St. Paul's love; it was a love fervent, eager, energetic, active, full of great works, "strong as death," as the inspired Word says, a flame which "many waters could not quench, nor the streams drown," which lasted to the end, when he could say, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth is laid up for me the crown of justice, which the Lord will render to me at that day, the just Judge."

And there is a third, my brethren, there is an illustrious third in Scripture, whom we must associate with these two great Apostles, when we speak of the saints of penance and love. Who is it but the loving Magdalen? Who is it so fully instances what I am

showing, as "the woman who was a sinner," who watered the Lord's feet with her tears, and dried them with her hair, and anointed them with precious ointment? What a time for such an act! She, who had come into the room, as if for a festive purpose, to go about an act of penance! It was a formal banquet, given by a rich Pharisee, to honour, yet to try, our Lord. Magdalen came, young and beautiful, and "rejoicing in her youth," "walking in the ways of her heart and the gaze of her eyes:" she came as if to honour that feast, as women were wont to honour such festive doings, with her sweet odours and cool unguents for the forehead and hair of the guests. And he, the proud Pharisee, suffered her to come, so that she touched not him; let her come as we might suffer inferior animals to enter our apartments, without caring for them; perhaps suffered her as a necessary embellishment of the entertainment, yet as having no soul, or as destined to perdition, but anyhow as nothing to him. He, proud being, and his brethren like him, might "compass sea and land to make one proselyte;" but, as to looking into that proselyte's heart, pitying its sin, and trying to heal it, this did not enter into the circuit of his thoughts. No, he thought only of the necessities of his banquet, and he let her come to do her part, such as it was, careless what her life was, so that she did that part well, and confined herself to it. But, lo, a wondrous sight! was it a sudden inspiration, or a mature resolve? was it an act of the moment, or the result of a long conflict? — but behold, that poor, many-coloured child of guilt approaches to crown with her sweet ointment the head of Him to whom the feast was given; and see, she has stayed

her hand. She has looked, and she discerns the Immaculate, the Virgin's Son, "the brightness of the Eternal Light, and the spotless mirror of God's majesty." She looks, and she recognizes the Ancient of Days, the Lord of life and death, her Judge; and again she looks, and she sees in His face and in His mien a beauty, and a sweetness, awful, serene, majestic, more than that of the sons of men, which paled all the splendour of that festive room. Again she looks, timidly yet eagerly, and she discerns in His eye, and in His smile, the loving-kindness, the tenderness, the compassion, the mercy of the Saviour of man. She looks at herself, and oh! how vile, how hideous is she, who but now was so vain of her attractions! — how withered is that comeliness, of which the praises ran through the mouths of her admirers! — how loathsome has become the breath, which hitherto she thought so fragrant, savouring only of those seven bad spirits which dwell within her! And there she would have stayed, there she would have sunk on the earth, wrapped in her confusion and in her despair, had she not cast one glance again on that all-loving, all-forgiving Countenance. He is looking at her: it is the Shepherd looking at the lost sheep, and the lost sheep surrenders herself to Him. He speaks not, but He eyes her; and she draws nearer to Him. Rejoice, ye Angels, she draws near, seeing nothing but Him, and caring neither for the scorn of the proud, nor the jests of the profligate. She draws near, not knowing whether she shall be saved or not, not knowing whether she shall be received, or what will become of her; this only knowing that He is the Fount of holiness and truth, as of mercy, and to whom should she go, but to

Him who hath the words of eternal life? "Destruction is thine own, O Israel; in Me only is thy help. Return unto Me, and I will not turn away My face from thee: for I am holy, and will not be angry for ever." "Behold we come unto thee; for Thou art the Lord our God. Truly the hills are false, and the multitude of the mountains: Truly the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel." Wonderful meeting between what was most base and what is most pure! Those wanton hands, those polluted lips, have touched, have kissed the feet of the Eternal, and He shrank not from the homage. And as she hung over them, and as she moistened them from her full eyes, how did her love for One so great, yet so gentle, wax vehement within her, lighting up a flame which never was to die from that moment even for ever! and what excess did it reach, when He recorded before all men her forgiveness, and the cause of it! "Many sins are forgiven her, for she loved much; but to whom less is forgiven, the same loveth less. And He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven thee; thy faith hath made thee safe, go in peace."

Henceforth, my brethren, love was to her, as to St. Augustine and to St. Ignatius Loyola afterwards, (great penitents in their own time,) as a wound in the soul, so full of desire as to become anguish. She could not live out of the presence of Him in whom her joy lay: her spirit languished after Him, when she saw Him not; and waited on Him silently, reverently, wistfully, when she was in His blissful Presence. We read of her (if it was she) on one occasion, sitting at His feet to hear His words, and of His testifying that she had chosen that best part which

should not be taken away from her. And, after His resurrection, she, by her perseverance, merited to see Him even before the Apostles. She would not leave the sepulchre, when Peter and John retired, but stood without, weeping; and when the Lord appeared to her, and held her eyes that she should not know Him, she said piteously to the supposed keeper of the garden, "Tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." And when at length He made Himself known to her, she turned herself, and rushed impetuously to embrace His feet, as at the beginning, but He, as if to prove the dutifulness of her love, forbade her: "Touch Me not," He said, "for I have not yet ascended to My Father; but go to my brethren and say to them, I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." And so she was left to long for the time when she should see Him, and hear His voice, and enjoy His smile, and be allowed to minister to Him, for ever in heaven.

Such then is the second great class of Saints, as viewed in contrast with the first. Love is the life of both: but while the love of the innocent is calm and serene, the love of the penitent is ardent and impetuous, commonly engaged in contest with the world, and active in good works. And this is the love which you, my brethren, must have in your measure, if you would have a good hope of salvation. For you were once sinners; either by open and avowed contempt of religion, or by secret transgression, or by carelessness and coldness, or by some indulged bad habit, or by setting your heart on some object of this world, and doing your own will instead of God's, I think I may say you have needed, or now need, a reconciliation to

Him. You have needed, or you need, to be brought near to Him, and to have your sins washed away in His blood, and your pardon recorded in Heaven. And what will do this for you, but contrition? and what is contrition without love? I do not say that you must have the love which Saints have, in order to your forgiveness, the love of St. Peter or of St. Mary Magdalen; but still without your portion of that same heavenly grace, how can you be forgiven at all? If you would do works meet for penance, they must proceed from a living flame of charity. If you would secure perseverance to the end, you must gain it by continual loving prayer to the Author and Finisher of faith and obedience. If you would have a good prospect of His acceptance of you in your last moments, still it is love alone which secures His love, and blots out sin. My brethren, at that awful hour you may be unable to obtain the last Sacraments: death may come on you suddenly, or you may be at a distance from a Priest. You may be thrown on yourselves, simply on your own compunction of heart, your own repentance, your own resolutions of amendment. You may have been weeks and weeks at a distance from spiritual aid; you may have to meet your God without the safeguard, the compensation, the mediation of any holy rite; and oh! what will save you at such disadvantage, but the exercise of divine love "poured over your hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to you"? At that hour nothing but a firm habit of charity, which has kept you from mortal sins, or a powerful act of charity which blots them out, will be of any avail to you. Nothing but charity can enable you to live well or to die well. How can you bear to lie down at night, how

can you bear to go a journey, how can you bear the presence of pestilence, or the attack of ever so slight an indisposition, if you are ill provided in yourselves with divine love against that change, which will come on you some day, yet when and how you know not? Alas! how will you present yourselves before the judgment-seat of Christ, with the imperfect mixed feelings which now satisfy you, with a certain amount of faith, and trust, and fear of God's judgments, but with nothing of that real delight in Him, in His attributes, in His will, in His commandments, in His service, which Saints possess in such fulness, and which alone can give the soul a comfortable title to the merits of His death and passion?

How different is the feeling with which the loving soul, on its separation from the body, approaches the judgment-seat of its Redeemer! It knows how great a debt of punishment remains upon it, though it has for many years been reconciled to Him; it knows that purgatory lies before it, and that the best it can reasonably hope for is to be sent there. But to see His face, though for a moment! to hear His voice, to hear Him speak, though it be to punish! O Saviour of men, it says, I come to Thee, though it be in order to be at once remanded from Thee; I come to Thee who art my Life and my All; I come to Thee on the thought of whom I have lived all my life long. To Thee I gave myself when first I had to take a part in the world; I sought Thee for my chief good early, for early didst Thou teach me, that good elsewhere there was none. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? whom have I desired on earth, whom have I had on earth, but Thee? whom shall I have amid the sharp flame

but Thee? Yea, though I be now descending thither, into "a land desert, pathless and without water," I will fear no ill, for Thou art with me. I have seen Thee this day face to face, and it sufficeth; I have seen Thee, and that glance of Thine is sufficient for a century of sorrow, in the nether prison. I will live on that look of Thine, though I see Thee not, till I see Thee again, never to part from Thee. That eye of Thine shall be sunshine and comfort to my weary, longing soul; that voice of Thine shall be everlasting music in my ears. Nothing can harm me, nothing shall discompose me: I will bear the appointed years, till the end comes, bravely and sweetly. I will raise my voice, and chant a perpetual *Confiteor* to Thee and to Thy Saints in that dreary valley;—"to God Omnipotent, and to the Blessed Mary Ever-Virgin," (Thy Mother and mine, immaculate in her conception,) "and to blessed Michael Archangel," (created in his purity by the very hand of God,) and "to Blessed John Baptist," (sanctified even in his mother's womb;) and after these three, "to the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul," (penitents, who compassionate the sinner from their experience of sin;) "to all Saints," (whether they have lived in contemplation or in toil, during the days of their pilgrimage,) to all Saints will I address my supplication, that they may "remember me, since it is well with them, and do mercy by me, and make mention of me unto the King that He bring me out of prison." And then at length "God shall wipe away every tear from my eyes, and death shall be no longer, nor mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more, for the former things are passed away."

THE RELIGION OF THE PHARISEE, THE RELIGION OF MANKIND

(*Preached in the University Church, Dublin*)

EVANG. SEC. LUC., *c.* xviii, *v.* 13

Deus, propitius esto mihi peccatori.
O God, be merciful to me, a sinner.

THESE words set before us what may be called the characteristic mark of the Christian Religion, as contrasted with the various forms of worship and schools of belief, which in early or in later times have spread over the earth. They are a confession of sin and a prayer for mercy. Not indeed that the notion of transgression and of forgiveness was introduced by Christianity, and is unknown beyond its pale; on the contrary, most observable it is, the symbols of guilt and pollution, and rites of deprecation and expiation, are more or less common to them all; but what is peculiar to our divine faith, as to Judaism before it, is this, that confession of sin enters into the idea of its highest saintliness, and that its pattern worshippers and the very heroes of its history are only, and can only be, and cherish in their hearts the everlasting memory that they are, and carry with them into heaven the rapturous avowal of their being redeemed, restored transgressors. Such an avowal is not simply wrung from the lips of the neophyte, or of the lapsed; it is not the cry of the common run of men alone, who are buffeting with the surge of temptation in the wide world; it is the hymn of saints, it is the triumphant ode sounding from the heavenly harps of the Blessed

before the Throne, who sing to their Divine Redeemer, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God in Thy blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation."

And what is to the Saints above a theme of never-ending thankfulness, is, while they are yet on earth, the matter of their perpetual humiliation. Whatever be their advance in the spiritual life, they never rise from their knees, they never cease to beat their breasts, as if sin could possibly be strange to them while they were in the flesh. Even our Lord Himself, the very Son of God in human nature, and infinitely separate from sin,— even His Immaculate Mother, encompassed by His grace from the first beginnings of her existence, and without any part of the original stain,— even they, as descended from Adam, were subjected at least to death, the direct, emphatic punishment of sin. And much more, even the most favoured of that glorious company, whom He has washed clean in His Blood; they never forget what they were by birth: they confess, one and all, that they are children of Adam, and of the same nature as their brethren, and compassed with infirmities while in the flesh, whatever may be the grace given them and their own improvement of it. Others may look up to them, but they ever look up to God; others may speak of their merits, but they only speak of their defects. The young and unspotted, the aged and most mature, he who has sinned least, he who has repented most, the fresh innocent brow, and the hoary head, they unite in this one litany, "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner." So it was with St. Aloysius; so, on the other hand, was it with St. Ignatius; so was it with St. Rose, the youngest of the saints, who,

as a child, submitted her tender frame to the most amazing penances; so was it with St. Philip Neri, one of the most aged, who, when some one praised him, cried out, "Begone, I am a devil, and not a saint;" and when going to communicate, would protest before his Lord, that he "was good for nothing, but to do evil." Such utter self-prostration, I say, is the very badge and token of the servant of Christ; — and this indeed is conveyed in His own words, when He says, "I am not come to call the just, but sinners;" and it is solemnly recognized and inculcated by Him, in the words which follow the text, "Every one that exalteth himself, shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself, shall be exalted."

This, you see, my brethren, is very different from that merely general acknowledgment of human guilt, and of the need of expiation, contained in those old and popular religions, which have before now occupied, or still occupy, the world. In them, guilt is an attribute of individuals, or of particular places, or of particular acts of nations, of bodies politic or their rulers, for whom, in consequence, purification is necessary. Or it is the purification of the worshipper, not so much personal as ritual, before he makes his offering, and an act of introduction to his religious service. All such practices indeed are remnants of true religion, and tokens and witnesses of it, useful both in themselves and in their import; but they do not rise to the explicitness and the fulness of the Christian doctrine. "There is not any man just." "All have sinned, and do need the glory of God." "Not by the works of justice, which we have done, but according to His mercy." The disciples of other worships and other

philosophies thought and think, that the many indeed are bad, but the few are good. As their thoughts passed on from the ignorant and erring multitude to the select specimens of mankind, they left the notion of guilt behind, and they pictured for themselves an idea of truth and wisdom, perfect, indefectible, and self-sufficient. It was a sort of virtue without imperfection, which took pleasure in contemplating itself, which needed nothing, and which was, from its own internal excellence, sure of a reward. Their descriptions, their stories of good and religious men, are often beautiful, and admit of an instructive interpretation; but in themselves they have this great blot, that they make no mention of sin, and that they speak as if shame and humiliation were no properties of the virtuous. I will remind you, my brethren, of a very beautiful story, which you have read in a writer of antiquity; and the more beautiful it is, the more it is fitted for my present purpose, for the defect in it will come out the more strongly by the very contrast, viz. the defect that, though in some sense it teaches piety, humility it does not teach. I say, when the Psalmist would describe the happy man, he says, "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered; blessed is the man to whom the Lord hath not imputed sin." Such is the blessedness of the Gospel; but what is the blessedness of the religions of the world? A celebrated Greek sage once paid a visit to a prosperous king of Lydia, who, after showing him all his greatness and his glory, asked him whom he considered to have the happiest lot, of all men whom he had known. On this, the philosopher, passing by the monarch himself, named a countryman of his own,

as fulfilling his typical idea of human perfection. The most blessed of men, he said, was Tellus of Athens, for he lived in a flourishing city, and was prospered in his children, and in their families; and then at length when war ensued with a border state, he took his place in the battle, repelled the enemy, and died gloriously, being buried at the public expense where he fell, and receiving public honours. When the king asked who came next to him in Solon's judgment, the sage went on to name two brothers, conquerors at the games, who, when the oxen were not forthcoming, drew their mother, who was priestess, to the temple, to the great admiration of the assembled multitude; and who, on her praying for them the best of possible rewards, after sacrificing and feasting, lay down to sleep in the temple, and never rose again. No one can deny the beauty of these pictures; but it is for that reason I select them; they are the pictures of men who were not supposed to have any grave account to settle with heaven, who had easy duties, as they thought, and who fulfilled them.

Now perhaps you will ask me, my brethren, whether this heathen idea of religion be not really higher than that which I have called pre-eminently Christian; for surely to obey in simple tranquillity and unsolicitous confidence, is the noblest conceivable state of the creature, and the most acceptable worship he can pay to the Creator. Doubtless it is the noblest and most acceptable worship; such has ever been the worship of the angels; such is the worship now of the spirits of the just made perfect; such will be the worship of the whole company of the glorified after the general resurrection. But we are engaged in considering the

actual state of man, as found in this world ; and I say, considering what he is, any standard of duty, which does not convict him of real and multiplied sins, and of incapacity to please God of his own strength, is untrue ; and any rule of life, which leaves him contented with himself, without fear, without anxiety, without humiliation, is deceptive ; it is the blind leading the blind ; yet such, in one shape or other, is the religion of the whole earth, beyond the pale of the Church.

The natural conscience of man, if cultivated from within, if enlightened by those external aids which in varying degrees are given him in every place and time, would teach him much of his duty to God and man, and would lead him on, by the guidance both of Providence and grace, into the fulness of religious knowledge ; but, generally speaking, he is contented that it should tell him very little, and he makes no efforts to gain any juster views than he has at first, of his relations to the world around him and to his Creator. Thus he apprehends part, and part only, of the moral law ; has scarcely any idea at all of sanctity ; and, instead of tracing actions to their source, which is the motive, and judging them thereby, he measures them for the most part by their effects and their outward aspect. Such is the way with the multitude of men everywhere and at all times ; they do not see the Image of Almighty God before them, and ask themselves what He wishes : if once they did this, they would begin to see how much He requires, and they would earnestly come to Him, both to be pardoned for what they do wrong, and for the power to do better. And, for the same reason that they do not please Him, they succeed

in pleasing themselves. For that contracted, defective range of duties, which falls so short of God's law, is just what they can fulfil; or rather they choose it, and keep to it, *because* they can fulfil it. Hence, they become both self-satisfied and self-sufficient; — they think they know just what they ought to do, and that they do it all; and in consequence they are very well content with themselves, and rate their merit very high, and have no fear at all of any future scrutiny into their conduct, which may befall them, though their religion mainly lies in certain outward observances, and not a great number even of them.

So it was with the Pharisee in this day's gospel. He looked upon himself with great complacency, for the very reason that the standard was so low, and the range so narrow, which he assigned to his duties towards God and man. He used, or misused, the traditions in which he had been brought up, to the purpose of persuading himself that perfection lay in merely answering the demands of society. He professed, indeed, to pay thanks to God, but he hardly apprehended the existence of any direct duties on his part towards his Maker. He thought he did all that God required, if he satisfied public opinion. To be religious, in the Pharisee's sense, was to keep the peace towards others, to take his share in the burdens of the poor, to abstain from gross vice, and to set a good example. His alms and fastings were not done in penance, but because the world asked for them; penance would have implied the consciousness of sin; whereas it was only Publicans, and such as they, who had anything to be forgiven. And these indeed were the outcasts of society, and despicable; but no account lay against men of well-regulated minds such as his:

men who were well-behaved, decorous, consistent, and respectable. He thanked God he was a Pharisee, and not a penitent.

Such was the Jew in our Lord's day; and such the heathen was, and had been. Alas! I do not mean to affirm that it was common for the poor heathen to observe even any religious rule at all; but I am speaking of the few and of the better sort: and these, I say, commonly took up with a religion like the Pharisee's, more beautiful perhaps and more poetical, but not at all deeper or truer than his. They did not indeed fast, or give alms, or observe the ordinances of Judaism; they threw over their meagre observances a philosophical garb, and embellished them with the refinements of a cultivated intellect: still their notion of moral and religious duty was as shallow as that of the Pharisee, and the sense of sin, the habit of self-abasement, and the desire of contrition, just as absent from their minds as from his. They framed a code of morals which they could without trouble obey; and then they were content with it and with themselves. Virtue, according to Xenophon, one of the best principled and most religious of their writers, and one who had seen a great deal of the world, and had the opportunity of bringing together in one the highest thoughts of many schools and countries, — virtue, according to him, consists mainly in command of the appetites and passions, and in serving others in order that they may serve us. He says, in the well-known Fable, called The Choice of Hercules, that Vice has no real enjoyment even of those pleasures which it aims at; that it eats before it is hungry, and drinks before it is thirsty, and slumbers before it is wearied. It never hears, he says, that

sweetest of voices, its own praise; it never sees that greatest luxury among sights, its own good deeds. It enfeebles the bodily frame of the young, and the intellect of the old. Virtue, on the other hand, rewards young men with the praise of their elders, and it rewards the aged with the reverence of youth; it supplies them pleasant memories and present peace; it secures the favour of heaven, the love of friends, a country's thanks, and, when death comes, an everlasting renown. In all such descriptions, virtue is something external; it is not concerned with motives or intentions; it is occupied in deeds which bear upon society, and which gain the praise of men; it has little to do with conscience and the Lord of conscience; and knows nothing of shame, humiliation, and penance. It is in substance the Pharisee's religion, though it be more graceful and more interesting.

Now this age is as removed in distance, as in character, from that of the Greek philosopher; yet who will say that the religion which it acts upon is very different from the religion of the heathen? Of course I understand well, that it might know, and that it will say, a great many things foreign and contrary to heathenism. I am well aware that the theology of this age is very different from what it was two thousand years ago. I know men profess a great deal, and boast that they are Christians, and speak of Christianity as being a religion of the heart; but, when we put aside words and professions, and try to discover what their religion is, we shall find, I fear, that the great mass of men in fact get rid of all religion that is inward; that they lay no stress on acts of faith, hope, and charity, on simplicity of intention, purity of motive, or morti-

fication of the thoughts; that they confine themselves to two or three virtues, superficially practised; that they know not the words contrition, penance, and pardon; and that they think and argue that, after all, if a man does his duty in the world, according to his vocation, he cannot fail to go to heaven, however little he may do besides, nay, however much, in other matters, he may do that is undeniably unlawful. Thus a soldier's duty is loyalty, obedience, and valour, and he may let other matters take their chance; a trader's duty is honesty; an artisan's duty is industry and contentment; of a gentleman are required veracity, courteousness, and self-respect; of a public man, high-principled ambition; of a woman, the domestic virtues; of a minister of religion, decorum, benevolence, and some activity. Now, all these are instances of mere Pharisaical excellence; because there is no apprehension of Almighty God, no insight into His claims on us, no sense of the creature's shortcomings, no self-condemnation, confession, and deprecation, nothing of those deep and sacred feelings which ever characterize the religion of a Christian, and more and more, not less and less, as he mounts up from mere ordinary obedience to the perfection of a saint.

And such, I say, is the religion of the natural man in every age and place; — often very beautiful on the surface, but worthless in God's sight; good, as far as it goes, but worthless and hopeless, because it does not go further, because it is based on self-sufficiency, and results in self-satisfaction. I grant, it may be beautiful to look at, as in the instance of the young ruler whom our Lord looked at and loved, yet sent away sad; it may have all the delicacy, the amiable-

ness, the tenderness, the religious sentiment, the kindness, which is actually seen in many a father of a family, many a mother, many a daughter, in the length and breadth of these kingdoms, in a refined and polished age like this; but still it is rejected by the heart-searching God, because all such persons walk by their own light, not by the True Light of men, because self is their supreme teacher, and because they pace round and round in the small circle of their own thoughts and of their own judgments, careless to know what God says to them, and fearless of being condemned by Him, if only they stand approved in their own sight. And thus they incur the force of those terrible words, spoken not to a Jewish Ruler, nor to a heathen philosopher, but to a fallen Christian community, to the Christian Pharisees of Laodicea, — "Because thou sayest I am rich, and made wealthy, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; I counsel thee to buy of Me gold fire-tried, that thou mayest be made rich, and be clothed in white garments, that thy shame may not appear, and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see. Such as I love, I rebuke and chastise; be zealous, therefore, and do penance."

Yes, my brethren, it is the ignorance of our understanding, it is our spiritual blindness, it is our banishment from the presence of Him who is the source and the standard of all Truth, which is the cause of this meagre, heartless religion of which men are commonly so proud. Had we any proper insight into things as they are, had we any real apprehension of God as He is, of ourselves as we are, we should never dare to serve

Him without fear, or to rejoice unto Him without trembling. And it is the removal of this veil which is spread between our eyes and heaven, it is the pouring in upon the soul of the illuminating grace of the New Covenant, which makes the religion of the Christian so different from that of the various human rites and philosophies, which are spread over the earth. The Catholic saints alone confess sin, because the Catholic saints alone see God. That awful Creator Spirit, of whom the Epistle of this day speaks so much, He it is who brings into religion the true devotion, the true worship, and changes the self-satisfied Pharisee into the broken-hearted, self-abased Publican. It is the sight of God, revealed to the eye of faith, that makes us hideous to ourselves, from the contrast which we find ourselves to present to that great God at whom we look. It is the vision of Him in His infinite gloriousness, the All-holy, the All-beautiful, the All-perfect, which makes us sink into the earth with self-contempt and self-abhorrence. We are contented with ourselves till we contemplate Him. Why is it, I say, that the moral code of the world is so precise and well-defined? Why is the worship of reason so calm? Why was the religion of classic heathenism so joyous? Why is the framework of civilized society all so graceful and so correct? Why, on the other hand, is there so much of emotion, so much of conflicting and alternating feeling, so much that is high, so much that is abased, in the devotion of Christianity? It is because the Christian, and the Christian alone, has a revelation of God; it is because he has upon his mind, in his heart, on his conscience, the idea of one who is Self-dependent, who is from Everlasting, who is Incommunicable. He knows

that One alone is holy, and that His own creatures are so frail in comparison of Him, that they would dwindle and melt away in His presence, did He not uphold them by His power. He knows that there is One whose greatness and whose blessedness are not affected, the centre of whose stability is not moved, by the presence or the absence of the whole creation with its innumerable beings and portions; whom nothing can touch, nothing can increase or diminish; who was as mighty before He made the worlds as since, and as serene and blissful since He made them as before. He knows that there is just One Being, in whose hand lies his own happiness, his own sanctity, his own life, and hope, and salvation. He knows that there is One to whom he owes everything, and against whom he can have no plea or remedy. All things are nothing before Him; the highest beings do but worship Him the more; the holiest beings are such, only because they have a greater portion of Him.

Ah! what has he to pride in now, when he looks back upon himself? Where has fled all that comeliness which heretofore he thought embellished him? What is he but some vile reptile, which ought to shrink aside out of the light of day? This was the feeling of St. Peter, when he first gained a glimpse of the greatness of his Master, and cried out, almost beside himself, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" It was the feeling of holy Job, though he had served God for so many years, and had been so perfected in virtue, when the Almighty answered him from the whirlwind: "With the hearing of the ear I have heard Thee," he said; "but now my eye seeth Thee; therefore I reprove myself, and do penance in

dust and ashes." So was it with Isaias, when he saw the vision of the Seraphim, and said, "Woe is me . . . I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people that hath unclean lips, and I have seen with my eyes the King, the Lord of Hosts." So was it with Daniel, when, even at the sight of an Angel, sent from God, "there remained no strength in him, but the appearance of his countenance was changed in him, and he fainted away, and retained no strength." This then, my brethren, is the reason why every son of man, whatever be his degree of holiness, whether a returning prodigal or a matured saint, says with the Publican, "O God, be merciful to me:" it is because created natures, high and low, are all on a level in the sight and in comparison of the Creator, and so all of them have one speech, and one only, whether it be the thief on the cross, Magdalen at the feast, or St. Paul before his martyrdom: — not that one of them may not have what another has not, but that one and all have nothing but what comes from Him, and are as nothing before Him, who is all in all.

For us, my dear brethren, whose duties lie in this seat of learning and science, may we never be carried away by any undue fondness for any human branch of study, so as to be forgetful that our true wisdom, and nobility, and strength, consist in the knowledge of Almighty God. Nature and man are our studies, but God is higher than all. It is easy to lose Him in His works. It is easy to become over-attached to our own pursuit, to substitute it for religion, and to make it the fuel of pride. Our secular attainments will avail us nothing, if they be not subordinate to religion. The

knowledge of the sun, moon, and stars, of the earth and its three kingdoms, of the classics, or of history, will never bring us to heaven. We may "thank God" that we are not as the illiterate and the dull; and those whom we despise, if they do but know how to ask mercy of Him, know what is very much more to the purpose of getting to heaven than all our letters and all our science. Let this be the spirit in which we end our session. Let us thank Him for all that He has done for us, for what He is doing by us; but let nothing that we know or that we can do, keep us from a personal, individual adoption of the great Apostle's words, "Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief."

V

SELECTIONS FROM "HISTORICAL SKETCHES"

ABELARD

And, as it happens in kings' cabinets, that surmises arise, and rumours spread, of what is said in council, and is in course of preparation, and secrets perhaps get wind, true in substance or in direction, though distorted in detail; so too, before the Church speaks, one or other of her forward children speaks for her, and, while he does anticipate to a certain point what she is about to say or enjoin, he states it incorrectly, makes it error instead of truth, and risks his own faith in the process. Indeed, this is actually one source, or rather concomitant, of heresy, the presence of some misshapen, huge, and grotesque foreshadow of true statements which are to come. Speaking under correction, I would apply this remark to the heresy of Tertullian or of Sabellius, which may be considered a reaction from existing errors, and an attempt, presumptuous, and therefore unsuccessful, to meet them with those divinely appointed correctives which the Church alone can apply, and which she will actually apply, when the proper moment comes. The Gnostics boasted of their intellectual proficiency before the time of St. Irenaeus, St. Athanasius, and St. Augustine; yet, when these doctors made their appearance, I suppose they were examples of that knowledge, true and deep,

which the Gnostics professed. Apollinaris anticipated the work of St. Cyril and the Ephesine Council, and became an heresiarch in consequence; and, to come down to the present times, we may conceive that writers, who have impatiently fallen away from the Church, because she would not adopt their views, would have found, had they but trusted her, and waited, that she knew how to profit by them, though she never could have need to borrow her enunciations from them; for their writings contained, so to speak, truth *in the ore*, truth which they themselves had not the gift to disengage from its foreign concomitants, and safely use, which she alone could use, which she would use in her destined hour, and which became their stone of stumbling simply because she did not use it faster. Now, applying this principle to the subject before us, I observe, that, supposing Abelard to be the first master of scholastic philosophy, as many seem to hold, we shall have still no difficulty in condemning the author, while we honour the work. To him is only the glory of spoiling by his own self-will what would have been done well and surely under the teaching and guidance of Infallible Authority.

Nothing is more certain than that some ideas are consistent with one another, and others inconsistent; and again, that every truth must be consistent with every other truth; — hence, that all truths of whatever kind form into one large body of Truth, by virtue of the consistency between one truth and another, which is a connecting link running through them all. The science which discovers this connection is logic; and, as it discovers the connection when the truths are given, so, having one truth given and the connecting princi-

ple, it is able to go on to ascertain the other. Though all this is obvious, it was realized and acted on in the Middle Age with a distinctness unknown before; all subjects of knowledge were viewed as parts of one vast system, each with its own place in it, and from knowing one, another was inferred. Not indeed always rightly inferred, because the art might be less perfect than the science, the instrument than the theory and aim; but I am speaking of the principle of the scholastic method, of which Saints and Doctors were the teachers; — such I conceive it to be, and Abelard was the ill-fated logician who had a principal share in bringing it into operation.

Others will consider the great St. Anselm and the school of Bec as the proper source of Scholasticism; I am not going to discuss the question; anyhow, Abelard, and not St. Anselm, was the Professor at the University of Paris, and it is of Universities that I am speaking; anyhow, Abelard illustrates the strength and the weakness of the principle of advertising and communicating knowledge for its own sake, which I have called the University principle, whether he is, or is not, the first of scholastic philosophers or scholastic theologians. And, though I could not speak of him at all without mentioning the subject of his teaching, yet, after all, it is of him and of his teaching itself that I am going to speak, whatever that might be which he actually taught.

Since Charlemagne's time the schools of Paris had continued, with various fortunes, faithful, as far as the age admitted, to the old learning, as other schools elsewhere, when, in the eleventh century, the famous school of Bec began to develop the powers of logic in

forming a new philosophy. As the inductive method rose in Bacon, so did the logical in the mediaeval schoolmen; and Aristotle, the most comprehensive intellect of antiquity, as the one who had conceived the sublime idea of mapping the whole field of knowledge, and subjecting all things to one profound analysis, became the presiding master in their lecture halls. It was at the end of the eleventh century that William of Champeaux founded the celebrated Abbey of St. Victor under the shadow of Ste. Geneviève, and by the dialectic methods which he introduced into his teaching has a claim to have commenced the work of forming the University out of the Schools of Paris. For one at least, out of the two characteristics of a University, he prepared the way; for, though the schools were not public till after his day, so as to admit laymen as well as clerks, and foreigners as well as natives of the place, yet the logical principle of constructing all sciences into one system implied of course a recognition of all the sciences that are comprehended in it. Of this William of Champeaux, or de Campellis, Abelard was the pupil; he had studied the dialectic art elsewhere, before he offered himself for his instructions; and, in the course of two years, when as yet he had only reached the age of twenty-two, he made such progress as to be capable of quarrelling with his master, and setting up a school for himself.

This school of Abelard was first situated in the royal castle of Melun; then at Corbeil, which was nearer to Paris, and where he attracted to himself a considerable number of hearers. His labours had an injurious effect upon his health; and at length he withdrew for two years to his native Brittany. Whether

other causes co-operated in this withdrawal, I think, is not known; but, at the end of the two years, we find him returning to Paris, and renewing his attendance on the lectures of William, who was by this time a monk. Rhetoric was the subject of the lectures he now heard; and after a while the pupil repeated with greater force and success his former treatment of his teacher. He held a public disputation with him, got the victory, and reduced him to silence. The school of William was deserted, and its master himself became an instance of the vicissitudes incident to that gladiatorial wisdom (as I may style it) which was then eclipsing the old Benedictine method of the Seven Arts. After a time, Abelard found his reputation sufficient to warrant him in setting up a school himself on Mount Ste. Geneviève; whence he waged incessant war against the unwearied logician, who by this time had rallied his forces to repel the young and ungrateful adventurer who had raised his hand against him.

Great things are done by devotion to one idea; there is one class of geniuses, who would never be what they are, could they grasp a second. The calm philosophical mind, which contemplates parts without denying the whole, and the whole without confusing the parts, is notoriously indisposed to action; whereas single and simple views arrest the mind, and hurry it on to carry them out. Thus, men of one idea and nothing more, whatever their merit, must be to a certain extent narrow-minded: and it is not wonderful that Abelard's devotion to the new philosophy made him undervalue the Seven Arts out of which it had grown. He felt it impossible so to honour what was now to be added, as not to dishonour what existed before. He would not

suffer the Arts to have their own use, since he had found a new instrument for a new purpose. So he opposed the reading of the Classics. The monks had opposed them before him; but this is little to our present purpose; it was the duty of men, who abjured the gifts of this world on the principle of mortification, to deny themselves literature just as they would deny themselves particular friendships or figured music. The doctrine which Abelard introduced and represents was founded on a different basis. He did not recognize in the poets of antiquity any other merit than that of furnishing an assemblage of elegant phrases and figures; and accordingly he asks why they should not be banished from the city of God, since Plato banished them from his own commonwealth. The *animus* of this language is clear, when we turn to the pages of John of Salisbury and Peter of Blois, who were champions of the ancient learning. We find them complaining that the careful "getting up," as we now call it, "of books," was growing out of fashion. Youths once studied critically the text of poets or philosophers; they got them by heart; they analyzed their arguments; they noted down their fallacies; they were closely examined in the matters which had been brought before them in lecture; they composed. But now, another teaching was coming in; students were promised truth in a nutshell; they intended to get possession of the sum-total of philosophy in less than two or three years; and facts were apprehended, not in their substance and details, by means of living and, as it were, personal documents, but in dead abstracts and tables. Such were the reclamations to which the new Logic gave occasion.

These, however, are lesser matters; we have a graver quarrel with Abelard than that of his undervaluing the Classics. As I have said, my main object here is not what he taught, but why and how, and how he lived. Now it is certain, his activity was stimulated by nothing very high, but something very earthly and sordid. I grant there is nothing morally wrong in the mere desire to rise in the world, though Ambition and it are twin sisters. I should not blame Abelard merely for wishing to distinguish himself at the University; but when he makes the ecclesiastical state the instrument of his ambition, mixes up spiritual matters with temporal, and aims at a bishopric through the medium of his logic, he joins together things incompatible, and cannot complain of being censured. It is he himself who tells us, unless my memory plays me false, that the circumstance of William of Champeaux being promoted to the see of Chalons, was an incentive to him to pursue the same path with an eye to the same reward. Accordingly, we next hear of his attending the theological lectures of a certain master of William's, named Anselm, an old man, whose school was situated at Laon. This person had a great reputation in his day; John of Salisbury, speaking of him in the next generation, calls him the doctor of doctors; he had been attended by students from Italy and Germany; but the age had advanced since he was in his prime, and Abelard was disappointed in a teacher who had been good enough for William. He left Anselm, and began to lecture on the prophet Ezekiel on his own resources.

Now came the time of his great popularity, which was more than his head could bear; which dizzied

him, took him off his legs, and whirled him to his destruction. I spoke in my foregoing chapter of those three qualities of true wisdom, which a University, absolutely and nakedly considered, apart from the safeguards which constitute its integrity, is sure to compromise. Wisdom, says the inspired writer, is *desursum*, is *pudica*, is *pacifica*, "from above, chaste, peaceable." We have already seen enough of Abelard's career to understand that his wisdom, instead of being "pacifica," was ambitious and contentious. An Apostle speaks of the tongue both as a blessing and as a curse. It may be the beginning of a fire, he says, a "Universitas iniquitatis;" and alas! such did it become in the mouth of the gifted Abelard. His eloquence was wonderful; he dazzled his contemporaries, says Fulco, "by the brilliancy of his genius, the sweetness of his eloquence, the ready flow of his language, and the subtlety of his knowledge." People came to him from all quarters; — from Rome, in spite of mountains and robbers; from England, in spite of the sea; from Flanders and Germany; from Normandy, and the remote districts of France; from Angers and Poitiers; from Navarre by the Pyrenees, and from Spain, besides the students of Paris itself; and among those who sought his instructions now or afterwards were the great luminaries of the schools in the next generation. Such were Peter of Poitiers, Peter Lombard, John of Salisbury, Arnold of Brescia, Ivo, and Geoffrey of Auxerre. It was too much for a weak head and heart, weak in spite of intellectual power; for vanity will possess the head, and worldliness the heart, of the man, however gifted, whose wisdom is not an effluence of the Eternal Light.

True wisdom is not only "pacifica," it is "pudica;" chaste as well as peaceable. Alas for Abelard! a second disgrace, deeper than ambition, is his portion now. The strong man — the Samson of the schools in the wildness of his course, the Solomon in the fascination of his genius — shivers and falls before the temptation which overcame that mighty pair, the most excelling in body and in mind.

> Desire of wine, and all delicious drinks,
> Which many a famous warrior overturns,
> Thou couldst repress; nor did the dancing ruby
> Sparkling outpour'd, the flavour or the smell,
> Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,
> Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.
> But what avail'd this temperance, not complete,
> Against another object more enticing?
> What boots it at one gate to make defence,
> And at another to let in the foe,
> Effeminately vanquished?

In a time when colleges were unknown, and the young scholar was commonly thrown upon the dubious hospitality of a great city, Abelard might even be thought careful of his honour, that he went to lodge with an old ecclesiastic, had not his host's niece Eloisa lived with him. A more subtle snare was laid for him than beset the heroic champion or the all-accomplished monarch of Israel; for sensuality came upon him under the guise of intellect, and it was the high mental endowments of Eloisa, who became his pupil, speaking in her eyes, and thrilling on her tongue, which were the intoxication and the delirium of Abelard. . . .

He is judged, he is punished; — but he is not reclaimed. True wisdom is not only "pacifica," not only "pudica;" it is "desursum" too. It is a revelation

from above; it knows heresy as little as it knows strife or licence. But Abelard, who had run the career of earthly wisdom in two of its phases, now is destined to represent its third.

It is at the famous Abbey of St. Denis that we find him languidly rising from his dream of sin, and the suffering that followed. The bad dream is cleared away; clerks come to him and the Abbot, — begging him to lecture still, for love now, as for gain before. Once more his school is thronged by the curious and the studious; but at length a rumour spreads, that Abelard is exploring the way to some novel view on the subject of the Most Holy Trinity. Wherefore is hardly clear, but about the same time the monks drive him away from the place of refuge he had gained. He betakes himself to a cell, and thither his pupils follow him. "I betook myself to a certain cell," he says, "wishing to give myself to the schools, as was my custom. Thither so great a multitude of scholars flocked, that there was neither room to house them, nor fruits of the earth to feed them," such was the enthusiasm of the student, such the attraction of the teacher, when knowledge was advertised freely, and its market opened.

Next he is in Champagne, in a delightful solitude, near Nogent in the diocese of Troyes. Here the same phenomenon presents itself, which is so frequent in his history. "When the scholars knew it," he says, "they began to crowd thither from all parts; and, leaving other cities and strongholds, they were content to dwell in the wilderness. For spacious houses they framed for themselves small tabernacles, and for delicate food they put up with wild herbs. Secretly did they whisper

among themselves: 'Behold, the whole world is gone out after him!' When, however, my Oratory could not hold even a moderate portion of them, then they were forced to enlarge it, and to build it up with wood and stone." He called the place his Paraclete, because it had been his consolation.

I do not know why I need follow his life further. I have said enough to illustrate the course of one, who may be called the founder, or at least the first great name, of the Parisian schools. After the events I have mentioned he is found in Lower Brittany; then, being about forty-eight years of age, in the Abbey of St. Gildas; then with Ste. Geneviève again. He had to sustain the fiery eloquence of a Saint, directed against his novelties; he had to present himself before two Councils; he had to burn the book which had given offence to pious ears. His last two years were spent at Clugni on his way to Rome. The home of the weary, the hospital of the sick, the school of the erring, the tribunal of the penitent, is the city of St. Peter. He did not reach it; but he is said to have retracted what had given scandal in his writings, and to have made an edifying end. He died at the age of sixty-two, in the year of grace 1142.

In reviewing his career, the career of so great an intellect so miserably thrown away, we are reminded of the famous words of the dying scholar and jurist, which are a lesson to us all: "Heu, vitam perdidi, operose nihil agendo." A happier lot be ours!

THE PEOPLES OF THE PLAINS

To eat bread in the sweat of his brow is the original punishment of mankind; the indolence of the savage shrinks from the obligation, and looks out for methods of escaping it. Corn, wine, and oil have no charms for him at such a price; he turns to the brute animals which are his aboriginal companions, the horse, the cow, and the sheep; he chooses to be a grazier rather than to till the ground. He feeds his horses, flocks, and herds on its spontaneous vegetation, and then in turn he feeds himself on their flesh. He remains on one spot while the natural crop yields them sustenance; when it is exhausted, he migrates to another. He adopts what is called the life of a *nomad*. In maritime countries indeed he must have recourse to other expedients; he fishes in the stream, or among the rocks of the beach. In the woods he betakes himself to roots and wild honey; or he has a resource in the chase, an occupation, ever ready at hand, exciting, and demanding no perseverance. But when the savage finds himself enclosed in the continent and the wilderness, he draws the domestic animals about him, and constitutes himself the head of a sort of brute polity. He becomes a king and father of the beasts, and by the economical arrangements which this pretension involves, advances a first step, though a low one, in civilization, which the hunter or the fisher does not attain.

And here, beyond other animals, the horse is the instrument of that civilization. It enables him to govern and to guide his sheep and cattle; it carries him to the chase, when he is tempted to it; it transports him

and his from place to place ; while his very locomotion and shifting location and independence of the soil define the idea, and secure the existence, both of a household and of personal property. Nor is this all which the horse does for him; it is food both in its life and in its death ; — when dead, it nourishes him with its flesh, and, while alive, it supplies its milk for an intoxicating liquor which, under the name of *koumiss*, has from time immemorial served the Tartar instead of wine or spirits. The horse then is his friend under all circumstances, and inseparable from him ; he may be even said to live on horseback, he eats and sleeps without dismounting, till the fable has been current that he has a centaur's nature, half man and half beast. Hence it was that the ancient Saxons had a horse for their ensign in war ; thus it is that the Ottoman ordinances are, I believe, to this day dated from "the imperial stirrup," and the display of horsetails at the gate of the palace is the Ottoman signal of war. Thus too, as the Catholic ritual measures intervals by "a Miserere," and St. Ignatius in his *Exercises* by "a Pater Noster," so the Turcomans and the Usbeks speak familiarly of the time of a gallop. But as to houses, on the other hand, the Tartars contemptuously called them the sepulchres of the living, and, when abroad, could hardly be persuaded to cross a threshold. Their women, indeed, and children could not live on horseback; them some kind of locomotive dwelling must receive, and a less noble animal must draw. The old historians and poets of Greece and Rome describe it, and the travellers of the Middle Ages repeat and enlarge the Classical description of it. The strangers from Europe gazed with astonishment on huge wattled

houses set on wheels, and drawn by no less than twenty-two oxen.

From the age of Job, the horse has been the emblem of battle; a mounted shepherd is but one remove from a knight-errant, except in the object of his excursions; and the discipline of a pastoral station, from the nature of the case, is not very different from that of a camp. There can be no community without order, and a community in motion demands a special kind of organization. Provision must be made for the separation, the protection, and the sustenance of men, women, and children, horses, flocks, and cattle. To march without straggling, to halt without confusion, to make good their ground, to reconnoitre neighbourhoods, to ascertain the character and capabilities of places in the distance, and to determine their future route, is to be versed in some of the most important duties of the military art. Such pastoral tribes are already an army in the field, if not as yet against any human foe, at least against the elements. They have to subdue, or to check, or to circumvent, or to endure the opposition of earth, water, and wind, in their pursuits of the mere necessaries of life. The war with wild beasts naturally follows, and then the war on their own kind. Thus when they are at length provoked or allured to direct their fury against the inhabitants of other regions, they are ready-made soldiers. They have a soldier's qualifications in their independence of soil, freedom from local ties, and practice in discipline; nay, in one respect they are superior to any troops which civilized countries can produce. One of the problems of warfare is how to feed the vast masses which its operations

require; and hence it is commonly said that a well-managed commissariat is a chief condition of victory. Few people can fight without eating: — Englishmen as little as any. I have heard of a work of a foreign officer, who took a survey of the European armies previously to the revolutionary war; in which he praised our troops highly, but said they would not be effective till they were supported by a better commissariat. Moreover, one commonly hears that the supply of this deficiency is one of the very merits of the great Duke of Wellington. So it is with civilized races; but the Tartars, as is evident from what I have already observed, have in their wars no need of any commissariat at all; and that not merely from the unscrupulousness of their foraging, but because they find in the instruments of their conquests the staple of their food. "Corn is a bulky and perishable commodity," says an historian; "and the large magazines, which are indispensably necessary for the subsistence of civilized troops, are difficult and slow of transport." But, not to say that even their flocks and herds were fitted for rapid movement, like the nimble sheep of Wales and the wild cattle of North Britain, the Tartars could even dispense with these altogether. If straitened for provisions, they ate the chargers which carried them to battle; indeed they seemed to account their flesh a delicacy, above the reach of the poor, and in consequence were enjoying a banquet in circumstances when civilized troops would be staving off starvation. And with a view to such accidents, they have been accustomed to carry with them in their expeditions a number of supernumerary horses, which they might either ride or eat, according to the occasion. It was an additional

advantage to them in their warlike movements that they were little particular whether their food had been killed for the purpose, or had died of disease. Nor is this all: their horses' hides were made into tents and clothing, perhaps into bottles and coracles; and their intestines into bowstrings.[1]

Trained, then, as they are, to habits which in themselves invite to war, the inclemency of their native climate has been a constant motive for them to seek out settlements and places of sojournment elsewhere. The spacious plains, over which they roam, are either monotonous grazing-lands, or inhospitable deserts, relieved with green valleys or recesses. The cold is intense in a degree of which we have no experience in England, though we lie to the north of them.[2] This arises in a measure from their distance from the sea, and again from their elevation of level, and further from the saltpetre with which their soil or their atmosphere is impregnated. The sole influence, then, of their fatherland, if I may apply to it such a term, is to drive its inhabitants from it to the west or to the south.

I have said that the geographical features of their country carry them forward in those two directions, the south and the west; not to say that the ocean forbids them going eastward, and the north does but hold out to them a climate more inclement than their own. Leaving the district of Mongolia in the furthermost east, high above the north of China, and passing through the long and broad valleys which I spoke of just now, the emigrants at length would arrive at

[1] Caldecott's *Baber*.

[2] *Vide* Mitford's *Greece*, vol. viii, p. 86.

the edge of that elevated plateau which constitutes Tartary proper. They would pass over the high region of Pamer, where are the sources of the Oxus, they would descend the terrace of the Bolor, and the steeps of Badakshan, and gradually reach a vast region, flat on the whole as the expanse they had left, but as strangely depressed below the level of the sea as Tartary is lifted above it.[1] This is the country, forming the two basins of the Aral and the Caspian, which terminates the immense Asiatic plain, and may be vaguely designated by the name of Turkistan. Hitherto the necessity of their route would force them on, in one multitudinous emigration, but now they may diverge, and have diverged. If they were to cross the Jaxartes and the Oxus, and then to proceed southward, they would come to Khorasan, the ancient Bactriana, and so to Affghanistan and to Hindostan on the east, or to Persia on the west. But if, instead, they continued their westward course, then they would skirt the north coast of the Aral and the Caspian, cross the Volga, and there would have a second opportunity, if they chose to avail themselves of it, of descending southwards, by Georgia and Armenia, either to Syria or to Asia Minor. Refusing this diversion, and persevering onwards to the west, at length they would pass the Don, and descend upon Europe across the Ukraine, Bessarabia, and the Danube.

Such are the three routes — across the Oxus, across the Caucasus, and across the Danube — which the pastoral nations have variously pursued at various times, when their roving habits, their warlike propensities, and their discomforts at home, have combined to

[1] Pritchard's *Researches*.

precipitate them on the industry, the civilization, and the luxury of the West and of the South. And at such times, as might be inferred from what has been already said, their invasions have been rather irruptions, inroads, or what are called raids, than a proper conquest and occupation of the countries which have been their victims. They would go forward, 200,000 of them at once, at the rate of a hundred miles a day, swimming the rivers, galloping over the plains, intoxicated with the excitement of air and speed, as if it were a fox-chase, or full of pride and fury at the reverses which set them in motion; seeking indeed their fortunes, but seeking them on no plan; like a flight of locusts, or a swarm of angry wasps smoked out of their nest. They would seek for immediate gratification, and let the future take its course. They would be bloodthirsty and rapacious, and would inflict ruin and misery to any extent; and they would do tenfold more harm to the invaded than benefit to themselves. They would be powerful to break down; helpless to build up. They would in a day undo the labour and skill, the prosperity of years; but they would not know how to construct a polity, how to conduct a government, how to organize a system of slavery, or to digest a code of laws. Rather, they would despise the sciences of politics, law, and finance; and if they honoured any profession or vocation, it would be such as bore immediately and personally on themselves. Thus we find them treating the priest and the physician with respect, when they found such among their captives; but they could not endure the presence of a lawyer. How could it be otherwise with those who may be called the outlaws of the human race? They did but justify the

seeming paradox of the traveller's exclamation, who, when at length, after a dreary passage through the wilderness, he came in sight of a gibbet, returned thanks that he had now arrived at a civilized country. "The pastoral tribes," says the writer I have already quoted, "who were ignorant of the distinction of landed property, must have disregarded the use, as well as the abuse, of civil jurisprudence ; and the skill of an eloquent lawyer would excite only their contempt or their abhorrence." And he refers to an outrage on the part of a barbarian of the North, who, not satisfied with cutting out a lawyer's tongue, sewed up his mouth, in order, as he said, that the viper might no longer hiss. The well-known story of the Czar Peter, himself a Tartar, is here in point. When told there were some thousands of lawyers at Westminster, he is said to have observed that there had been only two in his own dominions, and he had hung one of them.

Now I have thrown the various inhabitants of the Asiatic plain together, under one description, not as if I overlooked, or undervalued, the distinction of races, but because I have no intention of committing myself to any statements on so intricate and interminable a subject as ethnology. In spite of the controversy about skulls, and skins, and languages, by means of which man is to be traced up to his primitive condition, I consider place and climate to be a sufficiently real aspect under which he may be regarded, and with this I shall content myself. I am speaking of the inhabitants of those extended plains, whether Scythians, Massagetae, Sarmatians, Huns, Moguls, Tartars, Turks,

or anything else; and whether or no any of them or all of them are identical with each other in their pedigree and antiquities. Position and climate create habits; and since the country is called Tartary, I shall call them Tartar habits, and the populations which have inhabited it and exhibited them, Tartars, for convenience' sake, whatever be their family descent. From the circumstances of their situation, these populations have in all ages been shepherds, mounted on horseback, roaming through trackless spaces, easily incited to war, easily formed into masses, easily dissolved again into their component parts, suddenly sweeping across continents, suddenly descending on the South or West, suddenly extinguishing the civilization of ages, suddenly forming empires, suddenly vanishing, no one knows how, into their native North.

Such is the fearful provision for havoc and devastation, when the Divine Word goes forth for judgment upon the civilized world, which the North has ever had in store; and the regions on which it has principally expended its fury are those whose fatal beauty, or richness of soil, or perfection of cultivation, or exquisiteness of produce, or amenity of climate, makes them objects of desire to the barbarian. Such are China, Hindostan, Persia, Syria, and Anatolia, or the Levant, in Asia; Greece, Italy, Sicily, and Spain, in Europe; and the northern coast of Africa.

These regions, on the contrary, have neither the inducement nor the means to retaliate upon their ferocious invaders. The relative position of the combatants must always be the same while the combat lasts. The South has nothing to win, the North nothing to lose; the North nothing to offer, the South nothing to

covet. Nor is this all: the North, as in an impregnable fortress, defies the attack of the South. Immense trackless solitudes; no cities, no tillage, no roads; deserts, forests, marshes; bleak table-lands, snowy mountains; unlocated, flitting, receding populations; no capitals, or marts, or strong places, or fruitful vales, to hold as hostages for submission; fearful winters and many months of them; — nature herself fights and conquers for the barbarian. What madness shall tempt the South to undergo extreme risks without the prospect or chance of a return? True it is, ambition, whose very life is a fever, has now and then ventured on the reckless expedition; but from the first page of history to the last, from Cyrus to Napoleon, what has the Northern war done for the greatest warriors but destroy the flower of their armies and the *prestige* of their name? Our maps, in placing the North at the top, and the South at the bottom of the sheet, impress us, by what may seem a sophistical analogy, with the imagination that Huns or Moguls, Kalmucks or Cossacks, have been a superincumbent mass, descending by a sort of gravitation upon the fair territories which lie below them. Yet this is substantially true; — though the attraction towards the South is of a moral, not of a physical nature, yet an attraction there is, and a huge conglomeration of destructive elements hangs over us, and from time to time rushes down with an awful irresistible momentum. Barbarism is ever impending over the civilized world. Never, since history began, has there been so long a cessation of this law of human society as in the period in which we live. The descent of the Turks on Europe was the last instance of it, and that was completed four hun-

dred years ago. They are now themselves in the position of those races, whom they themselves formerly came down upon.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

The Orations which he is known to have composed amount in all to about eighty, of which fifty-nine, either entire or in part, are preserved. Of these, some are deliberative, others judicial, others descriptive; some delivered from the rostrum, or in the senate; others in the forum, or before Caesar; and, as might be anticipated from the character already given of his talents, he is much more successful in pleading or in panegyric than in debate or invective. In deliberative oratory, indeed, great part of the effect of the composition depends on its creating in the hearer a high opinion of the speaker; and though Cicero takes considerable pains to interest the audience in his favour, yet his style is not simple and grave enough, he is too ingenious, too declamatory, discovers too much personal feeling, to elicit that confidence in him, without which argument has little influence. His invectives, again, however grand and imposing, yet, compared with his calmer and more familiar productions, have a forced and unnatural air. Splendid as is the eloquence of his Catilinarians and Philippics, it is often the language of abuse rather than of indignation; and even his attack on Piso, the most brilliant and imaginative of its kind, becomes wearisome from want of ease and relief. His laudatory orations, on the other hand, are among his happiest efforts. Nothing can exceed the taste and beauty of those for the Manilian Law, for Marcellus,

for Ligarius, for Archias, and the ninth Philippic, which is principally in praise of Servius Sulpicius. But it is in judicial eloquence, particularly on subjects of a lively cast, as in his speeches for Caelius and Muraena, and against Caecilius, that his talents are displayed to the best advantage. In both these departments of oratory the grace and amiableness of his genius are manifested in their full lustre, though none of his orations are without tokens of those characteristic excellences. Historical allusions, philosophical sentiments, descriptions full of life and nature, and polite raillery, succeed each other in the most agreeable manner, without appearance of artifice or effort. Such are his pictures of the confusion of the Catilinarian conspirators on detection ;[1] of the death of Metellus ;[2] of Sulpicius undertaking the embassy to Antony ;[3] the character he draws of Catiline ;[4] and his fine sketch of old Appius, frowning on his degenerate descendant Clodia.[5]

These, however, are but incidental and occasional artifices to divert and refresh the mind, since his Orations are generally laid out according to the plan proposed in rhetorical works; the introduction, containing the ethical proof, the body of the speech, the argument, and the peroration addressing itself to the passions of the judges. In opening his case, he commonly makes a profession of timidity and diffidence, with a view to conciliate the favour of his audience ; the eloquence, for instance, of Hortensius, is so powerful,[6] or so much prejudice has been excited against his client,[7] or it is

[1] *In Catil.* iii, 3–5. [2] *Pro Cael.* 24. [3] *Philipp* ix, 3.
[4] *Pro Cael.* 6. [5] *Ibid.* 14.
[6] *Pro Quinct.* 1, and *In Verr.* Act i, 13. [7] *Pro Cluent.* 1.

his first appearance in the rostrum,[1] or he is unused to speak in an armed assembly,[2] or to plead in a private apartment.[3] He proceeds to entreat the patience of his judges; drops out some generous or popular sentiment, or contrives to excite prejudice against his opponent. He then states the circumstances of his case, and the intended plan of his oration; and here he is particularly clear. But it is when he comes actually to prove his point that his oratorical powers begin to have their full play. He accounts for everything so naturally, makes trivial circumstances tell so happily, so adroitly converts apparent objections into confirmations of his argument, connects independent facts with such ease and plausibility, that it becomes impossible to entertain a question on the truth of his statement. This is particularly observable in his defence of Cluentius, where prejudices, suspicions, and difficulties are encountered with the most triumphant ingenuity; in the antecedent probabilities of his *Pro Milone;*[4] in his apology for Muraena's public,[5] and Caelius's private life,[6] and his disparagement of Verres's military services in Sicily;[7] it is observable too in the address with which the Agrarian Law of Rullus,[8] and the accusation of Rabirius,[9] both popular measures, are represented to be hostile to public liberty; with which Milo's impolitic unconcern is made a touching incident;[10] and Cato's attack upon the crowd of clients which accompanied the candidate for office, a tyrannical disregard for the

[1] *Pro Leg. Manil.* 1.
[2] *Pro Milon.* 1.
[3] *Pro Deiotar.* 2.
[4] *Pro Milon.* 14, etc.
[5] *Pro Muraen.* 9.
[6] *Pro Cael.* 7, etc.
[7] *In Verr.* vi, 2, etc.
[8] *Contra Rull.* ii, 6, 7.
[9] *Pro Rabir.* 4.
[10] *Pro Milon. init. et alibi.*

feelings of the poor.[1] So great indeed is his talent that he even hurts a good cause by an excess of plausibility.

But it is not enough to have barely proved his point; he proceeds, either immediately, or towards the conclusion of his speech, to heighten the effect by amplification.[2] Here he goes (as it were) round and round his object; surveys it in every light; examines it in all its parts; retires, and then advances: turns and returns it; compares and contrasts it; illustrates, confirms, enforces his view of the question, till at last the hearer feels ashamed of doubting a position which seems built on a foundation so strictly argumentative. Of this nature is his justification of Rabirius in taking up arms against Saturninus;[3] his account of the imprisonment of the Roman citizens by Verres, and of the crucifixion of Gavius;[4] his comparison of Antony with Tarquin;[5] and the contrast he draws of Verres with Fabius, Scipio, and Marius.[6]

And now, having established his case, he opens upon his opponent a discharge of raillery, so delicate and good-natured, that it is impossible for the latter to maintain his ground against it. Or where the subject is too grave to admit this, he colours his exaggeration with all the bitterness of irony or vehemence of passion. Such are his frequent delineations of Gabinius, Piso, Clodius, and Antony:[7] particularly his vivid and almost humorous contrast of the two consuls, who

[1] *Pro Muraen.* 34.
[2] *De Orat. Partit.* 8, 16, 17.
[3] *Pro Rabir.* 8.
[4] *In Verr.* v, 56, etc., and 64, etc.
[5] *Philipp.* iii, 4.
[6] *In Verr.* vi, 10.
[7] *Post Redit. in Senat.* i, 4–8; *Pro Dom.* 9, 39, etc.; *In Pis.* 10, 11; *Philipp.* ii, 18, etc.

sanctioned his banishment, in his oration for Sextius.[1] Such the celebrated account (already referred to) of the crucifixion of Gavius by Verres, which it is difficult to read, even at the present day, without having our feelings roused against the merciless Praetor. But the appeal to the gentler emotions of the soul is reserved (perhaps with somewhat of sameness) for the close of his oration; as in his defence of Cluentius, Muraena, Caelius, Milo, Sylla, Flaccus, and Rabirius Postumus; the most striking instances of which are the poetical burst of feeling with which he addresses his client Plancus,[2] and his picture of the desolate condition of the Vestal Fonteia, should her brother be condemned.[3] At other times his peroration contains more heroic and elevated sentiments; as in his invocation of the Alban groves and altars in the peroration of the *Pro Milone*, the panegyric on patriotism, and the love of glory in his defence of Sextius, and that on liberty at the close of the third and tenth Philippics.[4]

But it is by the invention of a style which adapts itself with singular felicity to every class of subjects, whether lofty or familiar, philosophical or forensic, that Cicero answers even more exactly to his own definition of a perfect orator[5] than by his plausibility, pathos, and brilliancy. It is not, however, here intended to enter upon the consideration of a subject so ample and so familiar to all scholars as Cicero's diction, much

[1] *Pro Sext.* 8–10. [2] *Pro Planc.* 41, 43. [3] *Pro Fonteia*, 17.

[4] *Vide* his ideal description of an orator, in *Orat.* 40. *Vide* also *De Clar. Orat.* 93, his negative panegyric on his own oratorical attainments.

[5] *Orat.* 29.

less to take an extended view of it through the range of his philosophical writings and familiar correspondence. Among many excellences, the greatest is its suitableness to the genius of the Latin language; though the diffuseness thence necessarily resulting has exposed it, both in his own days and since his time, to the criticisms of those who have affected to condemn its Asiatic character, in comparison with the simplicity of Attic writers, and the strength of Demosthenes.[1] Greek, however, is celebrated for its copiousness in vocabulary, for its perspicuity, and its reproductive power; and its consequent facility of expressing the most novel or abstruse ideas with precision and elegance. Hence the Attic style of eloquence was plain and simple, because simplicity and plainness were not incompatible with clearness, energy, and harmony. But it was a singular want of judgment, an ignorance of the very principles of composition, which induced Brutus, Calvus, Sallust, and others to imitate this terse and severe beauty in their own defective language, and even to pronounce the opposite kind of diction deficient in taste and purity. In Greek, indeed, the words fall, as it were, naturally, into a distinct and harmonious order; and, from the exuberant richness of the materials, less is left to the ingenuity of the artist. But the Latin language is comparatively weak, scanty, and unmusical: and requires considerable skill and management to render it expressive and graceful. Simplicity in Latin is scarcely separable from baldness; and justly as Terence is celebrated for chaste and unadorned diction, yet, even he, compared with Attic writers, is flat and heavy.[2] Again, the perfection of strength is clear-

[1] *Tusc. Quaest.* i, 1; *De Clar. Orat.* 82, etc.; *De Opt. Gen. Dicendi.*

[2] *Quinct.* x. 1

ness united to brevity; but to this combination Latin is utterly unequal. From the vagueness and uncertainty of meaning which characterises its separate words, to be perspicuous it must be full. What Livy, and much more Tacitus, have gained in energy, they have lost in lucidity and elegance; the correspondence of Brutus with Cicero is forcible, indeed, but harsh and abrupt. Latin, in short, is not a philosophical language, not a language in which a deep thinker is likely to express himself with purity or neatness. Cicero found it barren and dissonant, and as such he had to deal with it. His good sense enabled him to perceive what could be done, and what it was in vain to attempt; and happily his talents answered precisely to the purpose required. He may be compared to a clever landscape-gardener, who gives depth and richness to narrow and confined premises by ingenuity and skill in the disposition of his trees and walks. Terence and Lucretius had cultivated simplicity; Cotta, Brutus, and Calvus had attempted strength; but Cicero rather made a language than a style; yet not so much by the invention as by the combination of words. Some terms, indeed, his philosophical subjects obliged him to coin;[1] but his great art lies in the application of existing materials, in converting the very disadvantages of the language into beauties,[2] in enriching it with circumlocutions and metaphors, in pruning it of harsh and uncouth expressions, in systematizing the structure of a sentence.[3] This is that *copia*

[1] *De Fin.* iii, 1 and 4; *Lucull.* 6; Plutarch, *In Vita.*

[2] This, which is analogous to his address in pleading, is nowhere more observable than in his rendering the recurrence of the same word, to which he is forced by the barrenness or vagueness of the language, an elegance.

[3] It is remarkable that some authors attempted to account for

dicendi which gained Cicero the high testimony of Caesar to his inventive powers,[1] and which, we may add, constitutes him the greatest master of composition that the world has seen.

Such, then, are the principal characteristics of Cicero's oratory; on a review of which we may, with some reason, conclude that Roman eloquence stands scarcely less indebted to his works than Roman philosophy. For, though in his *De Claris Oratoribus* he begins his review from the age of Junius Brutus, yet, soberly speaking (and as he seems to allow in the opening of the *De Oratore*), we cannot assign an earlier date to the rise of eloquence among his countrymen than that of the same Athenian embassy which introduced the study of philosophy. To aim, indeed, at persuasion by appeals to the reason or passions is so natural that no country, whether refined or barbarous, is without its orators. If, however, eloquence be the mere power of persuading, it is but a relative term, limited to time and place, connected with a particular audience, and leaving to posterity no test of its merits but the report of those whom it has been successful in influencing; but we are speaking of it as the subject-matter of an art.[2]

the *invention* of the Asiatic style, on the same principle we have here adduced to account for Cicero's *adoption* of it in Latin; viz. that the Asiatics had a defective knowledge of Greek, and devised phrases, etc., to make up for the imperfection of their scanty vocabulary. See *Quinct.* xii, 10.

[1] *De Clar. Orat.* 72.

[2] "Vulgus interdum," says Cicero, "non probandum oratorem probat, sed probat sine comparatione, cum a mediocri aut etiam a malo delectatur; eo est contentus: esse melius sentit: illud quod est, qualecunque est, probat." — *De Clar. Orat.* 52.

The eloquence of Carneades and his associates had made (to use a familiar term) a great sensation among the Roman orators, who soon split into two parties, — the one adhering to the rough, unpolished manners of their forefathers, the other favouring the artificial graces which distinguished the Grecian rhetoricians. In the former class were Cato and Laelius,[1] both men of cultivated minds, particularly Cato, whose opposition to Greek literature was founded solely on political considerations. But, as might have been expected, the Athenian cause had prevailed; and Carbo and the two Gracchi, who are the principal orators of the next generation, are praised as masters of an oratory learned, majestic, and harmonious in its character.[2] These were succeeded by Antonius, Crassus, Cotta, Sulpicius, and Hortensius; who, adopting greater liveliness and variety of manner, form a middle age in the history of Roman eloquence. But it was in that which immediately followed that the art was adorned by an assemblage of orators which even Greece will find it difficult to match. Of these Caesar, Cicero, Curio, Brutus, Caelius, Calvus, and Callidius are the most celebrated. The talents, indeed, of Caesar were not more conspicuous in arms than in his style, which was noted for its force and purity.[3] Caelius, whom Cicero brought forward into public life, excelled in natural quickness, loftiness of sentiment, and politeness in attack;[4] Brutus in philosophical gravity, though he sometimes indulged himself in a warmer and bolder style.[5] Callidius was delicate and harmonious; Curio,

[1] *De Clar. Orat.* 72; *Quinct.* xii, 10.
[2] *De Clar. Orat.* 25, 27; *Pro Harusp. Resp.* 19.
[3] *Quinct.* x, 1 and 2; *De Clar. Orat.* 75.
[4] *De Clar. Orat.* 75. [5] *Ibid.* and *Ad Atticum,* xiv, 1.

bold and flowing; Calvus, from studied opposition to Cicero's peculiarities, cold, cautious, and accurate.[1] Brutus and Calvus have been before noticed as the advocates of the dry, sententious mode of speaking, which they dignified by the name of Attic; a kind of eloquence which seems to have been popular from the comparative facility with which it was attained.

In the Ciceronian age the general character of the oratory was dignified and graceful. The popular nature of the government gave opportunities for effective appeals to the passions; and, Greek literature being as yet a novelty, philosophical sentiments were introduced with corresponding success. The republican orators were long in their introductions, diffuse in their statements, ample in their divisions, frequent in their digressions, gradual and sedate in their perorations.[2] Under the Emperors, however, the people were less consulted in state affairs; and the judges, instead of possessing an almost independent authority, being but delegates of the executive, from interested politicians became men of business; literature, too, was now familiar to all classes; and taste began sensibly to decline. The national appetite felt a craving for stronger and more stimulating compositions. Impatience was manifested at the tedious majesty and formal graces, the parade of arguments, grave sayings, and shreds of philosophy,[3] which characterized their

[1] *De Clar. Orat.* 75.

[2] *Dialog. de Orat.* 20 *apud Tacit.* and 22; *Quinct.* x, 2.

[3] "It is not uncommon for those who have grown wise by the labour of others, to add a little of their own, and overlook their master."—*Johnson.* We have before compared Cicero to Addison as regards the purpose of inspiring their respective country.

fathers; and a smarter and more sparkling kind of oratory succeeded,[1] just as in our own country the minuet of the last century has been supplanted by the quadrille, and the stately movements of Giardini have given way to Rossini's brisker and more artificial melodies. Corvinus, even before the time of Augustus, had shown himself more elaborate and fastidious in his choice of expressions.[2] Cassius Severus, the first who openly deviated from the old style of oratory, introduced an acrimonious and virulent mode of pleading.[3] It now became the fashion to decry Cicero as inflated, languid, tame, and even deficient in ornament;[4] Maecenas and Gallio followed in the career of degeneracy; till flippancy of attack, prettiness of expression, and glitter of decoration prevailed over the bold and manly eloquence of free Rome.

ST. PHILIP AND SAVONAROLA

One of the first things told us of him (St. Philip) in his very childhood is, that "he never spoke lightly, as boys do, of becoming a priest or a religious; he concealed the wish of his heart, and from childhood upwards he eschewed display, of which he ever had a special hatred." Things which other saints have allowed in themselves, or rather have felt a duty, he could not abide. He did not ask to be opposed, to be maligned, to be persecuted, but simply to be overlooked, to be despised. Neglect was the badge which

men with literary taste. They resembled each other in the return they experienced.

[1] *Dialog.* 18. [2] *Dialog.* 18. [3] *Dialog.* 19.

[4] *Dialog.* 18 and 22; *Quinct.* xii, 10.

he desired for himself and for his own. "To despise the whole world," he said, "to despise no member of it, to despise one's self, *to despise being despised*." He took great pleasure in being undervalued and made little of, according to the Apostle's sentiment, "If any man among you seem to be wise, let him become a fool, that he may be wise." And hence, you know, when he became so famous in his old age, and every one was thinking of him mysteriously, and looking at him with awe, and solemnly repeating Father Philip's words and rehearsing Father Philip's deeds, and bringing strangers to see him, it was the most cruel of penances to him, and he was ever behaving himself ridiculously on purpose, and putting them out, from his intense hatred and impatience of being turned into a show. "He was always trying," says his biographer, "either by gestures, or motions, or words, or some facetious levity, to hide his great devotion; and when he had done any virtuous action, he would do something simple to cover it."

This being the disposition of St. Philip, you will understand how it was that while he wished to do the very work which Savonarola intended, he set about it, not on principle merely, but on instinctive feeling, in so different a way. Here, as in other cases, the slowest way was the surest, and the most quiet the most effectual; and he rather would not have attempted that work at all than have sacrificed his humility and modesty to the doing of it. Accordingly he, whose mission was to Popes, Cardinals, and nobles, to philosophers, authors, and artists, began with teaching the poor who are found about the doors of the Roman churches. This was his occupation for years; soon he added to

it another undertaking of the same kind. He used to go about the squares, shops, warehouses, schools, and shop-counters, "talking with all sorts of persons in a most engaging way about spiritual things, and saying, 'Well, my brothers, when are we to set about serving God, and doing good?'" and he began to make some great conversions.

Rome was at that time in a very different state from what it was when Savonarola had discharged his threats upon it. A most heavy judgment had come upon it a few years before Philip arrived there, and that judgment had come in mercy upon the city of God's choice. The Germans and Spaniards had besieged, taken, and sacked it, with excesses and outrages so horrible that it is thought to have suffered less from the Goths and Huns than from troops nominally Christian. Its external splendour has never been recovered down to this day; its churches were spoiled and defaced; its convents plundered; its cardinals, bishops, monks, and nuns treated with the most extreme indignities, and many of them murdered; and sacrileges committed innumerable. People thought what happened was the fulfilment of the predictions of Savonarola; but amid these miseries the grace of God spoke, and the guilty population was softened. First St. Cajetan, who was himself tortured by the ruffianly soldiers, had already begun to call to prayer and repentance; St. Ignatius followed, preaching. Then came St. Philip, but in his own quiet way, like "the whispering of a gentle air," "his speech trickling like dew, as a shower upon the herb, and as drops upon the grass."

He began, as I have said, with the poor; then he

went among shopmen, warehousemen, clerks in banks, and loungers in public places. Encouraged by these successes, he addressed himself to men, not merely of careless, but of the worst kind of lives, and them also he gained for God. His charity brought him into various situations of trial; but when attempts were made upon his virtue, his zeal and devotion brought him through them. All this time he was visiting the hospitals, and attending to the necessities, both bodily and spiritual, of the sick.

This had been his life, in some degree, before he left his retreat in the basilicas and cemeteries; and it lasted altogether ten years. At the end of them he joined a small community of pious people, in number fifteen, "simple and poor," we are told, "but full of spirit and devotion," and "inflaming one another, by words and by example, with the desire of Christian perfection." Philip, though still a layman, preached: and, because he was doing an unusual thing, dissolute youths came to make game of him: but it was dangerous for such to come near him; on one occasion he converted thirty of them by a single sermon. He and his associates made it their duty to attend on the pilgrims, and on the sick who had left the hospitals, convalescent, but not recovered. Thus his work gradually extended; for these pilgrims and sick were from all countries, and many of them were Jews or heretics, whom he brought into the fold of the Church.

He had been fifteen years in Rome before he was ordained; and then at length, on his receiving faculties for hearing confessions, he began, at the age of thirty-five, his real mission, — that long course of ministry, which, carried on for years three times fifteen,

down almost to the hour of his death, has gained for him the title of Apostle of Rome.

You know, my brethren, what is commonly meant by an Apostle of a country. It means one who converts its heathen inhabitants to the Christian faith, such as St. Augustine of England; accordingly, his proper function is Baptism. Hence you find St. Augustine, St. Patrick, St. Boniface, or St. Francis baptizing their hundreds and thousands. This was the office to which St. Philip wished to minister in India; but it was his zeal and charity that urged him, not his mature judgment; for the fierce conflicts, and the pastoral cares, and the rude publicity of such exalted duties were unsuited to his nature: so he was kept at home for a different work. He was kept at home, in the very heart of Christendom, not to evangelize, but to recover; and his instrument of conversion was, not Baptism, but Penance. The Confessional was the seat and seal of his peculiar Apostolate. Hence, as St. Francis Xavier baptized his tens of thousands, Philip was, every day and almost every hour, for forty-five years, restoring, teaching, encouraging, and guiding penitents along the narrow way of salvation.

We are told in his Life that "he abandoned every other care, and gave himself to hearing confessions." Not content with the day, he gave up a considerable portion of the night to it also. Before dawn he had generally confessed a good number. When he retired to his room, he still confessed every one who came; though at prayers, though at meals, he broke off instantly, and attended to the call. When the church was opened at daybreak, he went down to the Confessional, and remained in it till noon, when he said Mass.

When no penitents came, he remained near his Confessional; he never intermitted hearing confessions for any illness. "On the day of his death he began to hear confessions very early in the morning;" after Mass "again he went into the Confessional;" in the afternoon, and "during the rest of the day down to supper time," he heard confessions. After supper, "he heard the confessions of those Fathers who were to say the first Masses on the following morning," when he himself was no longer to be on earth. It was this extraordinary persevering service in so trying, so wearing a duty, for forty-five years, that enabled him to be the new Apostle of the Sacred City. Thus it was, as the lesson in his Office says, that "he bore innumerable children to Christ." He was ever suffering their miseries, and fighting with their sins, and travailing with their good resolves, year after year, whatever their state of life, their calling, their circumstances, if so be that he might bring them safe to heaven, with a superhuman, heroic patience, of which we see so few traces in the fiery preacher at Florence.

Savonarola, in spite of his personal sanctity, in spite of his protests against a mere external sanctity in Catholics, after all, began with an external reform; he burned lutes and guitars, looking-glasses and masks, books and pictures, in the public square: but Philip bore with every outside extravagance in those whom he addressed, as far as it was not directly sinful, knowing well that if the heart was once set right, the appropriate demeanour would follow. You recollect how a youth came to his Exercises one day, dressed out "in a most singular and whimsical fashion;" and how Philip did but fix his eyes on him, and proceed with

the discourses and devotions of the Oratory, and how, by the time that they were at an end, the poor sinner had become quite another man; his nature was changed all at once, and he became one of the Saint's most fervent penitents. A rich ecclesiastic came to him in coloured clothes, like a layman: Philip talked with him for a fortnight, without saying a word about his dress. At the end of the time he put it off of his own accord, and made a general confession. His biographer says: "He was very much against stiffness and off-hand prohibitions about wearing fine clothes, collars, swords, and such-like things, saying that if only a little devotion gained admittance into their hearts, you might leave them to themselves." If he spoke of them, it was good-naturedly and playfully. You recollect he said to a lady, who asked if it was a sin to wear slippers with very high heels, according to an excessive fashion of the day, "Take care they do not trip you up." And to a youth, who wore one of those large, stiff frills, which we see in pictures, he remarked, "I should caress you much more, if your collar did not hurt me."

Savonarola is associated in our minds with the pulpit rather than the Confessional: his vehemence converted many, but frightened or irritated more. The consequences came back upon himself and his penitents. Some of his convert artists were assassinated, others were driven into exile, others gave up their profession altogether in disgust or despair. Philip had no vocation, and little affection, for the pulpit; he was jealous of what the world calls eloquence, and he mortified his disciples when they aspired to it. One he interrupted and sent down; another he made preach his sermons six times over: he discoursed and con-

versed rather than preached. And "he could not endure harsh rebukes," says the writer of his life, "or anything like rigour. He allured men to the service of God so dexterously, and with such a holy, winning art, that those who saw it cried out, astonished: 'Father Philip draws souls as the magnet draws iron.' He so accommodated himself to the temper of each, as, in the words of the Apostle, to become 'all things to all men, that he might gain all.'" And his love of them individually was so tender and ardent that, even in extreme old age, he was anxious to suffer for their sins; and "for this end he inflicted on himself severe disciplines, and he reckoned their misdeeds as his own, and wept for them as such." I do not read that Savonarola acted thus towards Pope Alexander the Sixth, whom he so violently denounced.

It is not surprising that, with this tenderness, with this prudence, and with the zeal and charity to which both were subordinate, his influence increased year by year till he gained a place in the heart of the Roman population which he has never lost. There are those whose greatest works are their earliest; there are others, who, at first scarcely distinguishable from a whole class who look the same, distance them in the long run, and do more and more wonderful works the longer they live. Philip was thirty-five before he was ordained; forty, before he began his exercises in his room; fifty, before he had a church; sixty, before he formed his disciples into a congregation; near seventy, before he put himself at the head of it. As the Blessed Virgin's name has by a majestic growth expanded and extended itself through the Church, "taking root in an honourable people, and resting in

the Holy City," so the influence of Philip was, at the end of many years, paramount in that place which he had so long dwelt in as an obscure, disregarded stranger. Sharp eyes and holy sympathies indeed had detected "Philip Neri, as a saint living in caves," when he was a youth; but it required half a century to develop this truth to the intelligence of the multitude of men. At length there was no possibility of mistaking it. Visitors to Rome discerned the presence of one who was greater than Pope and Cardinals, holy, venerable, and vigilant as the rulers of the Church then were. "Among all the wonderful things which I saw in Rome," says one of them, writing when Philip was turned fifty, "I took the chief pleasure in beholding the multitude of devout and spiritual persons who frequented the Oratory. Amid the monuments of antiquity, the superb palaces and courts of so many illustrious lords, it appeared to me that the glory of this exemplar shone forth with surpassing light." "I go," says another visitor, ten years later, "to the Oratory, where they deliver every day most beautiful discourses on the gospel, or on the virtues and vices, or ecclesiastical history, or the lives of the Saints. Persons of distinction go to hear them, bishops, prelates, and the like. They who deliver them are in holy orders, and of most exemplary life. Their superior is a certain Reverend Father Philip, an old man of sixty, who, they say, is an oracle, not only in Rome, but in the far-off parts of Italy, and of France and Spain, so that many come to him for counsel; indeed he is another Thomas à Kempis, or Tauler."

But it required to live in Rome to understand what his influence really was. Nothing was too high for

him, nothing too low. He taught poor begging women to use mental prayer; he took out boys to play; he protected orphans; he acted as novice-master to the children of St. Dominic. He was the teacher and director of artisans, mechanics, cashiers in banks, merchants, workers in gold, artists, men of science. He was consulted by monks, canons, lawyers, physicians, courtiers; ladies of the highest rank, convicts going to execution, engaged in their turn his solicitude and prayers. Cardinals hung about his room, and Popes asked for his miraculous aid in disease, and his ministrations in death. It was his mission to save men, not from, but in, the world. To break the haughtiness of rank, and the fastidiousness of fashion, he gave his penitents public mortifications; to draw the young from the theatres, he opened his Oratory of Sacred Music; to rescue the careless from the Carnival and its excesses, he set out in pilgrimage to the Seven Basilicas. For those who loved reading, he substituted, for the works of chivalry or the hurtful novels of the day, the true romance and the celestial poetry of the Lives of the Saints. He set one of his disciples to write history against the heretics of that age; another, to treat of the Notes of the Church; a third, to undertake the Martyrs and Christian Antiquities; — for, while in the discourses and devotions of the Oratory he prescribed the simplicity of the primitive monks, he wished his children, individually and in private, to cultivate all their gifts to the full. He, however, was, after all and in all, their true model, — the humble priest, shrinking from every kind of dignity, or post, or office, and living the greater part of day and night in prayer, in his room or upon the housetop.

And when he died, a continued stream of people, says his biographer, came to see his body, during the two days that it remained in the church, kissing his bier, touching him with their rosaries or their rings, or taking away portions of his hair, or the flowers which were strewed over him; and, among the crowd, persons of every rank and condition were heard lamenting and extolling one who was so lowly, yet so great; who had been so variously endowed, and had been the pupil of so many saintly masters; who had the breadth of view of St. Dominic, the poetry of St. Benedict, the wisdom of St. Ignatius, and all recommended by an unassuming grace and a winning tenderness which were his own.

Would that we, his children of this Oratory, were able — I do not say individually, but even collectively, nor in some one generation, but even in that whole period during which it is destined to continue here — would that we were able to do a work such as his! At least we may take what he was for our pattern, whatever be the standard of our powers and the measure of our success. And certainly it is a consolation that thus much we can say in our own behalf, — that we have gone about his work in the way most likely to gain his blessing upon us, because most like his own. We have not chosen for ourselves any scene of exertion where we might make a noise, but have willingly taken that humble place of service which our Superiors chose for us. The desire of our hearts and our duty went together here. We have deliberately set ourselves down in a populous district, unknown to the great world, and have commenced, as St. Philip did, by ministering chiefly to the poor and lowly. We have gone where

we could get no reward from society for our deeds, nor admiration from the acute or learned for our words. We have determined, through God's mercy, not to have the praise or the popularity that the world can give, but, according to our Father's own precept, "to love to be unknown."

May this spirit ever rule us more and more! For me, my dear Fathers of the Oratory, did you ask me, and were I able, to gain some boon for you from St. Philip, which might distinguish you and your successors for the time to come, persecution I would not dare to supplicate for you, as holy men have sometimes supplicated; for the work of the Oratory is a tranquil work, and requires peace and security to do it well. Nor would I ask for you calumny and reproach, for to be slandered is to be talked about, and to some minds notoriety itself is a gratification and a snare. But I would beg for you this privilege, that the public world might never know you for praise or for blame, that you should do a good deal of hard work in your generation, and prosecute many useful labours, and effect a number of religious purposes, and send many souls to heaven, and take men by surprise, how much you were really doing, when they happened to come near enough to see it; but that by the world you should be overlooked, that you should not be known out of your place, that you should work for God alone with a pure heart and single eye, without the distractions of human applause, and should make Him your sole hope, and His eternal heaven your sole aim, and have your reward, not partly here, but fully and entirely hereafter.

Blessed shall you and I be, my dear Fathers, if we learn to live now in the presence of Saints and Angels,

who are to be our everlasting companions hereafter. Blessed are we, if we converse habitually with Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, — with the Apostles, Martyrs, and great Fathers of the early Church, — with Sebastian, Laurence, and Cecilia, — with Athanasius, Ambrose, and Augustine, — with Philip, whose children we are, — with our guardian angels and our patron saints, careless what men think about us, so that their scorn of us involves no injury to our community, and their misconception of us is no hindrance to their own conversion. — From *Sermons Preached on Various Occasions.*

VI

SELECTIONS FROM "CALLISTA"

THE POSSESSION OF JUBA

In the bosom of the woods which stretched for many miles from the immediate environs of Sicca, and placed on a gravel slope which reached down to a brook, which ran in a bottom close by, was a small, rude hut, of a kind peculiar to Africa, and commonly ascribed to the wandering tribes, who neither cared, nor had leisure, for a more stable habitation. Some might have called it a tent, from the goat's-hair cloth with which it was covered; but it looked, as to shape, like nothing else than an inverted boat, or the roof of a house set upon the ground. Inside it was seen to be constructed of the branches of trees, twisted together or wattled, the interstices, or rather the whole surface, being covered with clay. Being thus stoutly built, lined, and covered, it was proof against the tremendous rains, to which the climate, for which it was made, was subject. Along the centre ridge or backbone, which varied in height from six to ten feet from the ground, it was supported by three posts or pillars; at one end it rose conically to an open aperture, which served for chimney, for window, and for the purposes of ventilation. Hooks were suspended from the roof for baskets, articles of clothing, weapons, and implements of various kinds; and a second cone, excavated in the ground with the vertex downward, served as a storehouse for grain. The door was so low that an ordinary person must bend double to pass through it.

However, it was in the winter months only, when the rains were profuse, that the owner of this respectable mansion condescended to creep into it. In summer she had a drawing-room, as it may be called, of nature's own creation, in which she lived, and in one quarter of which she had her lair. Close above the hut was a high plot of level turf, surrounded by old oaks, and fringed beneath with thick underwood. In the centre of this green rose a yew-tree of primaeval character. Indeed, the whole forest spoke of the very beginnings of the world, as if it had been the immediate creation of that Voice which bade the earth clothe itself with green life. But the place no longer spoke exclusively of its Maker. Upon the trees hung the emblems and objects of idolatry, and the turf was traced with magical characters. Littered about were human bones, horns of wild animals, wax figures, spermaceti taken from vaults, large nails, to which portions of flesh adhered, as if they had had to do with malefactors, metal plates engraved with strange characters, bottled blood, hair of young persons, and old rags. The reader must not suppose any incantation is about to follow, or that the place we are describing will have a prominent place in what remains of our tale; but even if it be the scene of only one conversation, and one event, there is no harm in describing it, as it appeared on that occasion.

The old crone, who was seated in this bower of delight, had an expression of countenance in keeping, not with the place, but with the furniture with which it was adorned: that furniture told her trade. Whether the root of superstition might be traced deeper still, and the woman and her traps were really and directly

connected with the powers beneath the earth, it is impossible to determine: it is certain she had the will, it is certain that that will was from their inspiration; nay, it is certain that she thought she really possessed the communications which she desired; it is certain, too, she so far deceived herself as to fancy that what she learned by mere natural means came to her from a diabolical source. She kept up an active correspondence with Sicca. She was consulted by numbers: she was up with the public news, the social gossip, and the private and secret transactions of the hour; and had, before now, even interfered in matters of state, and had been courted by rival political parties. But in the high cares and occupations of this interesting person, we are not here concerned; but with a conversation which took place between her and Juba, about the same hour of the evening as that of Caecilius's escape, but on the day after it, while the sun was gleaming almost horizontally through the tall trunks of the trees of the forest.

"Well, my precious boy," said the old woman, "the choicest gifts of great Cham be your portion! You had excellent sport yesterday, I'll warrant. The rats squeaked, eh? and you beat the life out of them. That scoundrel sacristan, I suppose, has taken up his quarters below."

"You may say it," answered Juba. "The reptile! he turned right about, and would have made himself an honest fellow, when it could n't be helped."

"Good, good!" returned Gurta, as if she had got something very pleasant in her mouth; "ah! that is good! but he did not escape on that score, I do trust."

"They pulled him to pieces all the more cheerfully," said Juba.

"Pulled him to pieces, limb by limb, joint by joint, eh?" answered Gurta. "Did they skin him? — did they do anything to his eyes, or his tongue? Anyhow, it was too quickly, Juba. Slowly, leisurely, gradually. Yes, it 's like a glutton to be quick about it. Taste him, handle him, play with him, — that 's luxury! but to bolt him, faugh!"

"Caeso's slave made a good end," said Juba: "he stood up for his views, and died like a man."

"The gods smite him! but he has gone up, — up:" and she laughed. "Up to what they call bliss and glory; — such glory! but he 's out of their domain, you know. But he did not die easy?"

"The boys worried him a good deal," answered Juba: "but it 's not quite in my line, mother, all this. I think you drink a pint of blood morning and evening, and thrive on it, old woman. It makes you merry; but it 's too much for my stomach."

"Ha, ha, my boy!" cried Gurta; "you 'll improve in time, though you make wry faces, now that you 're young. Well, and have you brought me any news from the capitol? Is any one getting a rise in the world, or a downfall? How blows the wind? Are there changes in the camp? This Decius, I suspect, will not last long."

"They all seem desperately frightened," said Juba, "lest they should not smite your friends hard enough, Gurta. Root and branch is the word. They 'll have to make a few Christians for the occasion, in order to kill them: and I almost think they 're about it," he added thoughtfully. "They have to show that they

are not surpassed by the rabble. 'T is a pity Christians are so few, is n't it, mother?"

"Yes, yes," she said; "but we must crush them, grind them, many or few: and we shall, we shall! Callista 's to come."

"I don't see they are worse than other people," said Juba; "not at all, except that they are commonly sneaks. If Callista turns, why should not I turn too, mother, to keep her company, and keep your hand in?"

"No, no, my boy," returned the witch; "you must serve *my* master. You are having your fling just now, but you will buckle to in good time. You must one day take some work with my merry men. Come here, child," said the fond mother, "and let me kiss you."

"Keep your kisses for your monkeys, and goats, and cats," answered Juba: "they 're not to my taste, old dame. Master! my master! I won't have a master! I 'll be nobody's servant. I 'll never stand to be hired, nor cringe to a bully, nor quake before a rod. Please yourself, Gurta: I 'm a free man. You 're my mother by courtesy only."

Gurta looked at him savagely. "Why, you 're not going to be pious and virtuous, Juba? A choice saint you 'll make! You shall be drawn for a picture."

"Why should n't I, if I choose?" said Juba. "If I must take service, willynilly, I 'd any day prefer the other's to that of your friend. I 've not left the master to take the man."

"Blaspheme not the great gods," she answered, "or they 'll do you a mischief yet."

"I say again," insisted Juba, "if I must lick the earth, it shall not be where your friend has trod. It

shall be in my brother's fashion, rather than in yours, Gurta."

"Agellius!" she shrieked out with such disgust that it is wonderful she uttered the name at all. "Ah! you have not told me about him, boy. Well, is he safe in the pit, or in the stomach of an hyena?"

"He 's alive," said Juba; "but he has not got it in him to be a Christian. Yes, he 's safe with his uncle."

"Ah! Jucundus must ruin him, debauch him, and then we must make away with him. We must not be in a hurry," said Gurta; "it must be body and soul."

"No one shall touch him, craven as he is," answered Juba. "I despise him, but let him alone."

"Don't come across me," said Gurta sullenly; "I 'll have my way. Why, you know I could smite you to the dust, as well as him, if I chose."

"But you have not asked me about Callista," answered Juba. "It is really a capital joke, but she has got into prison for certain, for being a Christian. Fancy it! they caught her in the streets, and put her in the guard-house, and have had her up for examination. You see they want a Christian for the nonce: it would not do to have none such in prison; so they will flourish with her till Decius bolts from the scene."

"The furies have her!" cried Gurta; "she *is* a Christian, my boy; I told you so, long ago."

"Callista a Christian!" answered Juba, "ha! ha! She and Agellius are going to make a match of it, of some sort or other. They 're thinking of other things than paradise."

"She and the old priest, more likely, more likely," said Gurta. "He 's in prison with her, — in the pit, as I trust."

"Your master has cheated you for once, old woman," said Juba.

Gurta looked at him fiercely, and seemed waiting for his explanation. He began singing: —

"She wheedled and coaxed, but he was no fool;
He 'd be his own master; he 'd not be her tool;
Not the little black moor should send him to school.

"She foamed and she cursed, — 't was the same thing to him;
She laid well her trap; but he carried his whim: —
The priest scuffled off, safe in life and in limb."

Gurta was almost suffocated with passion. "Cyprianus has not escaped, boy?" she asked at length.

"I got him off," said Juba undauntedly.

A shade, as of Erebus, passed over the witch's face; but she remained quite silent.

"Mother, I am my own master," he continued. "I must break your assumption of superiority. I 'm not a boy, though you call me so. I 'll have my own way. Yes, I saved Cyprianus. You 're a blood-thirsty old hag! Yes, *I 've* seen your secret doings. Did not I catch you, the other day, practising on that little child? You had nailed him up by hands and feet against the tree, and were cutting him to pieces at your leisure, as he quivered and shrieked the while. You were examining or using his liver for some of your black purposes. It 's not in my line; but you gloated over it; and when he wailed, you wailed in mimicry. You were panting with pleasure."

Gurta was still silent, and had an expression on her face, awful from the intensity of its malignity. She had uttered a low piercing whistle.

"Yes!" continued Juba, "you revelled in it. You chattered to the poor babe, when it screamed, as a

nurse to an infant. You called it pretty names, and squeaked out your satisfaction each time you stuck it. You old hag! I'm not of your breed, though they say I am of your blood. *I* don't fear you," he said, observing the expression of her countenance, "I don't fear the immortal devil!" And he continued his song: —

> "She beckoned the moon, and the moon came down;
> The green earth shrivelled beneath her frown;
> But a man's strong will can keep his own."

While he was talking and singing, her call had been answered from the hut. An animal of some wonderful species had crept out of it, and proceeded to creep and crawl, moeing and twisting as it went, along the trees and shrubs which rounded the grass plot. When it came up to the old woman, it crouched at her feet, and then rose up upon its hind legs and begged. She took hold of the uncouth beast and began to fondle it in her arms, muttering something in its ear. At length, when Juba stopped for a moment in his song, she suddenly flung it right at him, with great force, saying, "Take that!" She then gave utterance to a low inward laugh, and leaned herself back against the trunk of the tree under which she was sitting, with her knees drawn up almost to her chin.

The blow seemed to act on Juba as a shock on his nervous system, both from its violence and its strangeness. He stood still for a moment, and then, without saying a word, he turned away, and walked slowly down the hill, as if in a maze. Then he sat down. . . .

In an instant up he started again with a great cry, and began running at the top of his speed. He thought he heard a voice speaking in him; and, however fast he ran, the voice, or whatever it was, kept up with

him. He rushed through the underwood, trampling and crushing it under his feet, and scaring the birds and small game which lodged there. At last, exhausted, he stood still for breath, when he heard it say loudly and deeply, as if speaking with his own organs, "You cannot escape from yourself!" Then a terror seized him; he fell down and fainted away.

When his senses returned, his first impression was of something in him not of himself. He felt it in his breathing; he tasted it in his mouth. The brook which ran by Gurta's encampment had by this time become a streamlet, though still shallow. He plunged into it; a feeling came upon him as if he ought to drown himself, had it been deeper. He rolled about in it, in spite of its flinty and rocky bed. When he came out of it, his tunic sticking to him, he tore it off his shoulders, and let it hang round his girdle in shreds, as it might. The shock of the water, however, acted as a sedative upon him, and the coolness of the night refreshed him. He walked on for a while in silence.

Suddenly the power within him began uttering, by means of his organs of speech, the most fearful blasphemies, words embodying conceptions which, had they come into his mind, he might indeed have borne with patience before this, or uttered in bravado, but which now filled him with inexpressible loathing, and a terror to which he had hitherto been quite a stranger. He had always in his heart believed in a God, but he now believed with a reality and intensity utterly new to him. He felt it as if he saw Him; he felt there was a world of good and evil beings. He did not love the good, or hate the evil; but he shrank from the one, and he was terrified at the other; and he felt himself

carried away, against his will, as the prey of some dreadful, mysterious power, which tyrannized over him.

The day had closed — the moon had risen. He plunged into the thickest wood, and the trees seemed to him to make way for him. Still they seemed to moan and to creak as they moved out of their place. Soon he began to see that they were looking at him, and exulting over his misery. They, of an inferior nature, had had no gift to abuse and lose ; and they remained in that honour and perfection in which they were created. Birds of the night flew out of them, reptiles slunk away ; yet soon he began to be surrounded, wherever he went, by a circle of owls, bats, ravens, crows, snakes, wildcats, and apes, which were always looking at him, but somehow made way, retreating before him, and yet forming again, and in order, as he marched along.

He had passed through the wing of the forest which he entered, and penetrated into the more mountainous country. He ascended the heights ; he was a taller, stronger man than he had been ; he went forward with a preternatural vigour, and flourished his arms with the excitement of some vinous or gaseous intoxication. He heard the roar of the wild beasts echoed along the woody ravines which were cut into the solid mountain rock, with a reckless feeling, as if he could cope with them. As he passed the dens of the lion, leopard, hyena, jackal, wild boar, and wolf, there he saw them sitting at the entrance, or stopping suddenly as they prowled along, and eyeing him, but not daring to approach. He strode along from rock to rock, and over precipices, with the certainty and ease of some giant in Eastern fable. Suddenly a beast of prey came across

him; in a moment he had torn up by the roots the stump of a wild vine plant, which was near him, had thrown himself upon his foe before it could act on the aggressive, had flung it upon its back, forced the weapon into its mouth, and was stamping on its chest. He knocked the life out of the furious animal; and crying "Take that," tore its flesh, and, applying his mouth to the wound, sucked a draught of its blood.

He has passed over the mountain, and has descended its side. Bristling shrubs, swamps, precipitous banks, rushing torrents, are no obstacle to his course. He has reached the brow of a hill, with a deep placid river at the foot of it, just as the dawn begins to break. It is a lovely prospect, which every step he takes is becoming more definite and more various in the daylight. Masses of oleander, of great beauty, with their red blossoms, fringed the river, and tracked out its course into the distance. The bank of the hill below him, and on the right and left, was a maze of fruit-trees, about which nature, if it were not the hand of man, had had no thought except that they should be all together there. The wild olive, the pomegranate, the citron, the date, the mulberry, the peach, the apple, and the walnut, formed a sort of spontaneous orchard. Across the water groves of palm-trees waved their long and graceful branches in the morning breeze. The stately and solemn ilex, marshalled into long avenues, showed the way to substantial granges or luxurious villas. The green turf or grass was spread out beneath, and here and there flocks and herds were emerging out of the twilight and growing distinct upon the eye. Elsewhere the ground rose up into sudden eminences crowned with chestnut woods, or

with plantations of cedar and acacia, or wildernesses of the cork-tree, the turpentine, the carooba, the white poplar, and the Phoenician juniper, while overhead ascended the clinging tendrils of the hop, and an underwood of myrtle clothed their stems and roots. A profusion of wild flowers carpeted the ground far and near.

Juba stood and gazed till the sun rose opposite to him, envying, repining, hating, like Satan looking in upon Paradise. The wild mountains, or the locust-smitten tract would have better suited the tumult of his mind. It would have been a relief to him to have retreated from so fair a scene, and to have retraced his steps, but he was not his own master, and was hurried on. Sorely against his determined strong resolve and will, crying out and protesting and shuddering, the youth was forced along into the fulness of beauty and blessing with which he was so little in tune. With rage and terror he recognized that he had no part in his own movements, but was a mere slave. In spite of himself he must go forward and behold a peace and sweetness which witnessed against him. He dashed down through the thick grass, plunged into the water, and without rest or respite began a second course of aimless toil and travail through the day.

The savage dogs of the villages howled and fled from him as he passed by; beasts of burden, on their way to market, which he overtook or met, stood still, foamed and trembled; the bright birds, the blue jay and golden oriole, hid themselves under the leaves and grass; the storks, a religious and domestic bird, stopped their sharp clattering note from the high tree or farmhouse turret, where they had placed their nests;

the very reptiles skulked away from his shadow, as if it were poisonous. The boors, who were at their labour in the fields, suspended it to look at one whom the Furies were lashing and whirling on. Hour passed after hour, the sun attained its zenith, and then declined, but this dreadful compulsory race continued. Oh what would he have given for one five minutes of oblivion, of slumber, of relief from the burning thirst which now consumed him! but the master within him ruled his muscles and his joints, and the intense pain of weariness had no concomitant of prostration of strength. Suddenly he began to laugh hideously; and he went forward dancing and singing loud and playing antics. He entered a hovel, made faces at the children, till one of them fell into convulsions, and he ran away with another; and, when some country people pursued him, he flung the child in their faces, saying, "Take that," and said he was Pentheus, King of Thebes, of whom he had never heard, about to solemnize the orgies of Bacchus, and he began to spout a chorus of Greek, a language he had never learnt or heard spoken.

Now it is evening again, and he has come up to a village grove, where the rustics were holding a feast in honour of Pan. The hideous brutal god, with yawning mouth, horned head, and goat's feet, was placed in a rude shed, and a slaughtered lamb, decked with flowers, lay at his feet. The peasants were frisking before him, boys and women, when they were startled by the sight of a gaunt, wild, mysterious figure, which began to dance too. He flung and capered about with such vigour that they ceased their sport to look on, half with awe and half as a diversion. Suddenly he began

to groan and to shriek, as if contending with himself, and willing and not willing some new act; and the struggle ended in his falling on his hands and knees, and crawling like a quadruped towards the idol. When he got near, his attitude was still more servile; still groaning and shuddering, he laid himself flat on the ground, and wriggled to the idol as a worm, and lapped up with his tongue the mingled blood and dust which lay about the sacrifice. And then again, as if nature had successfully asserted her own dignity, he jumped up high in the air, and, falling on the god, broke him to pieces, and scampered away out of pursuit, before the lookers-on recovered from the surprise.

Another restless, fearful night amid the open country; . . . but it seemed as if the worst had passed, and, though still under the heavy chastisement of his pride, there was more in Juba of human action and of effectual will. The day broke and he found himself on the road to Sicca. The beautiful outline of the city was right before him. He passed his brother's cottage and garden: it was a wreck. The trees torn up, the fences broken down, and the room pillaged of the little that could be found there. He went on to the city, crying out "Agellius:" the gate was open, and he entered. He went on to the Forum; he crossed to the house of Jucundus; few people as yet were stirring in the place. He looked up at the wall. Suddenly, by the help of projections and other irregularities of the brick-work, he mounted up upon the flat roof, and dropped down, among the tiles, through the *impluvium* into the middle of the house. He went softly into Agellius's closet, where he was asleep, he roused him

with the name of Callista, threw his tunic upon him, which was by his side, put his boots into his hands, and silently beckoned him to follow him. When he hesitated, he still whispered to him "Callista," and at length seized him and led him on. He unbarred the street door, and with a movement of his arm, more like a blow than a farewell, thrust him into the street. Then he barred again the door upon him, and lay down himself upon the bed which Agellius had left. His good angel, we may suppose, had gained a point in his favour, for he lay quiet and fell into a heavy sleep.

THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS

The plague of locusts, one of the most awful visitations to which the countries included in the Roman Empire were exposed, extended from the Atlantic to Ethiopia, from Arabia to India, and from the Nile and Red Sea to Greece and the north of Asia Minor. Instances are recorded in history of clouds of the devastating insect crossing the Black Sea to Poland, and the Mediterranean to Lombardy. It is as numerous in its species as it is wide in its range of territory. Brood follows brood, with a sort of family likeness, yet with distinct attributes as we read in the prophets of the Old Testament, from whom Bochart tells us it is possible to enumerate as many as ten kinds. It wakens into existence and activity as early as the month of March: but instances are not wanting, as in our present history, of its appearance as late as June. Even one flight comprises myriads upon myriads, passing imagination, to which the drops of rain or the sands of the sea are the only fit compar-

ison; and hence it is almost a proverbial mode of expression in the East (as may be illustrated by the sacred pages to which we just now referred), by way of describing a vast invading army, to liken it to the locusts. So dense are they, when upon the wing, that it is no exaggeration to say that they hide the sun, from which circumstance indeed their name in Arabic is derived. And so ubiquitous are they when they have alighted on the earth that they simply cover or clothe its surface.

This last characteristic is stated in the sacred account of the plagues of Egypt, where their faculty of devastation is also mentioned. The corrupting fly and the bruising and prostrating hail preceded them in the series of visitations, but *they* came to do the work of ruin more thoroughly. For not only the crops and fruits, but the foliage of the forest itself, nay the small twigs and the bark of the trees are the victims of their curious and energetic rapacity. They have been known even to gnaw the door-posts of the houses. Nor do they execute their task in so slovenly a way that, as they have succeeded other plagues, so they may have successors themselves. They take pains to spoil what they leave. Like the Harpies, they smear everything that they touch with a miserable slime, which has the effect of a virus in corroding, or, as some say, in scorching and burning. And then, perhaps, as if all this were little, when they can do nothing else, they die; as if out of sheer malevolence to man, for the poisonous elements of their nature are then let loose and dispersed abroad, and create a pestilence; and they manage to destroy many more by their death than in their life.

Such are the locusts, — whose existence the ancient heretics brought forward as their palmary proof that there was an evil creator, and of whom an Arabian writer shows his national horror, when he says that they have the head of a horse, the eyes of an elephant, the neck of a bull, the horns of a stag, the breast of a lion, the belly of a scorpion, the wings of an eagle, the legs of a camel, the feet of an ostrich, and the tail of a serpent.

And now they are rushing upon a considerable tract of that beautiful region of which we have spoken with such admiration. The swarm to which Juba pointed grew and grew till it became a compact body, as much as a furlong square; yet it was but the vanguard of a series of similar hosts, formed one after another out of the hot mould or sand, rising into the air like clouds, enlarging into a dusky canopy, and then discharged against the fruitful plain. At length the huge innumerous mass was put into motion, and began its career, darkening the face of day. As became an instrument of divine power, it seemed to have no volition of its own; it was set off, it drifted with the wind, and thus made northwards, straight for Sicca. Thus they advanced, host after host, for a time wafted on the air, and gradually declining to the earth, while fresh broods were carried over the first, and neared the earth, after a longer flight, in their turn. For twelve miles did they extend from front to rear, and their whizzing and hissing could be heard for six miles on every side of them. The bright sun, though hidden by them, illumined their bodies, and was reflected from their quivering wings; and as they heavily fell earthward they seemed like the innumerable flakes of a

yellow-coloured snow. And like snow did they descend, a living carpet, or rather pall, upon fields, crops, gardens, copses, groves, orchards, vineyards, olive-woods, orangeries, palm plantations, and the deep forests, sparing nothing within their reach, and, where there was nothing to devour, lying helpless in drifts, or crawling forward obstinately, as they best might, with the hope of prey. They could spare their hundred thousand soldiers twice or thrice over, and not miss them; their masses filled the bottoms of the ravines and hollow ways, impeding the traveller as he rode forward on his journey, and trampled by thousands under his horse-hoofs. In vain was all this overthrow and waste by the roadside; in vain their loss in river, pool, and watercourse. The poor peasants hastily dug pits and trenches as their enemy came on; in vain they filled them from the wells or with lighted stubble. Heavily and thickly did the locusts fall; they were lavish of their lives; they choked the flame and the water, which destroyed them the while, and the vast living hostile armament still moved on.

They moved right on like soldiers in their ranks, stopping at nothing, and straggling for nothing; they carried a broad furrow or wheal all across the country, black and loathsome, while it was as green and smiling on each side of them and in front as it had been before they came. Before them, in the language of prophets, was a paradise, and behind them a desert. They are daunted by nothing; they surmount walls and hedges, and enter enclosed gardens or inhabited houses. A rare and experimental vineyard has been planted in a sheltered grove. The high winds of Africa will not commonly allow the light trellice or the slim

pole; but here the lofty poplar of Campania has been possible, on which the vine plant mounts so many yards into the air that the poor grape-gatherers bargain for a funeral pile and a tomb as one of the conditions of their engagement. The locusts have done what the winds and lightning could not do, and the whole promise of the vintage, leaves and all, is gone, and the slender stems are left bare. There is another yard, less uncommon, but still tended with more than common care; each plant is kept within due bounds by a circular trench round it, and by upright canes on which it is to trail; in an hour the solicitude and long toil of the vine-dresser are lost, and his pride humbled. There is a smiling farm; another sort of vine, of remarkable character, is found against the farm-house. This vine springs from one root, and has clothed and matted with its many branches the four walls. The whole of it is covered thick with long clusters, which another month will ripen. On every grape and leaf there is a locust. Into the dry caves and pits, carefully strewed with straw, the harvest-men have (safely, as they thought just now) been lodging the far-famed African wheat. One grain or root shoots up into ten, twenty, fifty, eighty, nay, three or four hundred stalks; sometimes the stalks have two ears apiece, and these shoot off into a number of lesser ones. These stores are intended for the Roman populace, but the locusts have been beforehand with them. The small patches of ground belonging to the poor peasants up and down the country, for raising the turnips, garlick, barley, watermelons, on which they live, are the prey of these glutton invaders as much as the choicest vines and olives. Nor have they any reverence for the villa

of the civic decurion or the Roman official. The neatly arranged kitchen garden, with its cherries, plums, peaches, and apricots, is a waste; as the slaves sit round, in the kitchen in the first court, at their coarse evening meal, the room is filled with the invading force, and news comes to them that the enemy has fallen upon the apples and pears in the basement, and is at the same time plundering and sacking the preserves of quince and pomegranate, and revelling in the jars of precious oil of Cyprus and Mendes in the storerooms.

They come up to the walls of Sicca, and are flung against them into the ditch. Not a moment's hesitation or delay; they recover their footing, they climb up the wood or stucco, they surmount the parapet, or they have entered in at the windows, filling the apartments, and the most private and luxurious chambers, not one or two, like stragglers at forage or rioters after a victory, but in order of battle, and with the array of an army. Choice plants or flowers about the *impluvia* and *xysti*, for ornament or refreshment, myrtles, oranges, pomegranates, the rose and the carnation, have disappeared. They dim the bright marbles of the walls and the gilding of the ceilings. They enter the triclinium in the midst of the banquet; they crawl over the viands and spoil what they do not devour. Unrelaxed by success and by enjoyment, onward they go; a secret mysterious instinct keeps them together, as if they had a king over them. They move along the floor in so strange an order that they seem to be a tessellated pavement themselves, and to be the artificial embellishment of the place; so true are their lines, and so perfect is the pattern they describe. Onward

they go, to the market, to the temple sacrifices, to the baker's stores, to the cookshops, to the confectioners, to the druggists; nothing comes amiss to them; wherever man has aught to eat or drink, there are they, reckless of death, strong of appetite, certain of conquest.

They have passed on; the men of Sicca sadly congratulate themselves, and begin to look about them, and to sum up their losses. Being the proprietors of the neighbouring districts, and the purchasers of its produce, they lament over the devastation, not because the fair country is disfigured, but because income is becoming scanty, and prices are becoming high. How is a population of many thousands to be fed? where is the grain, where the melons, the figs, the dates, the gourds, the beans, the grapes, to sustain and solace the multitudes in their lanes, caverns, and garrets? This is another weighty consideration for the class well-to-do in the world. The taxes, too, and contributions, the capitation tax, the percentage upon corn, the various articles of revenues due to Rome, how are they to be paid? How are cattle to be provided for the sacrifices and the tables of the wealthy? One half, at least, of the supply of Sicca is cut off. No longer slaves are seen coming into the city from the country in troops with their baskets on their shoulders, or beating forward the horse, or mule, or ox, overladen with its burden, or driving in the dangerous cow or the unresisting sheep. The animation of the place is gone; a gloom hangs over the Forum; and if its frequenters are still merry, there is something of sullenness and recklessness in their mirth. The gods have given the city up; something or other has angered them. Locusts, indeed, are no uncommon visitation, but at an earlier

season. Perhaps some temple has been polluted, or some unholy rite practised, or some secret conspiracy has spread.

Another and a still worse calamity. The invaders, as we have already hinted, could be more terrible still in their overthrow than in their ravages. The inhabitants of the country had attempted, where they could, to destroy them by fire and water. It would seem as if the malignant animals had resolved that the sufferers should have the benefit of this policy to the full; for they had not got more than twenty miles beyond Sicca when they suddenly sickened and died. When they thus had done all the mischief they could by their living, when they thus had made their foul maws the grave of every living thing, next they died themselves, and made the desolated land their own grave. They took from it its hundred forms and varieties of beautiful life, and left it their own fetid and poisonous carcases in payment. It was a sudden catastrophe; they seemed making for the Mediterranean, as if, like other great conquerors, they had other worlds to subdue beyond it; but, whether they were overgorged or struck by some atmospheric change, or that their time was come and they paid the debt of nature, so it was that suddenly they fell, and their glory came to nought, and all was vanity to them as to others, and "their stench rose up, and their corruption rose up, because they had done proudly."

The hideous swarms lay dead in the moist steaming underwoods, in the green swamps, in the sheltered valleys, in the ditches and furrows of the fields, amid the monuments of their own prowess, the ruined crops and the dishonoured vineyards. A poisonous element,

issuing from their remains, mingled with the atmosphere, and corrupted it. The dismayed peasant found that a plague had begun; a new visitation, not confined to the territory which the enemy had made its own, but extending far and wide, as the atmosphere extends, in all directions. Their daily toil, no longer claimed by the fruits of the earth, which have ceased to exist, is now devoted to the object of ridding themselves of the deadly legacy which they have received in their stead. In vain; it is their last toil; they are digging pits, they are raising piles, for their own corpses as well as for the bodies of their enemies. Invader and victim lie in the same grave, burn in the same heap; they sicken while they work, and the pestilence spreads. A new invasion is menacing Sicca in the shape of companies of peasants and slaves, with their employers and overseers, nay, the farmers themselves and proprietors, the panic having broken the bonds of discipline, rushing thither from famine and infection as to a place of safety. The inhabitants of the city are as frightened as they, and more energetic. They determine to keep them at a distance; the gates are closed; a strict *cordon* is drawn; however, by the continued pressure, numbers contrive to make an entrance, as water into a vessel, or light through the closed shutters, and anyhow the air cannot be put in quarantine; so the pestilence has the better of it, and at last appears in the alleys and in the cellars of Sicca.

LOSS AND GAIN

PART I, CHAPTER XII

CHARLES was an affectionate son, and the Long Vacation passed very happily at home. He was up early, and read steadily till luncheon, and then he was at the service of his father, mother, and sisters for the rest of the day. He loved the calm, quiet country; he loved the monotonous flow of time, when each day is like the other; and, after the excitement of Oxford, the secluded parsonage was like a haven beyond the waves. The whirl of opinions and perplexities which had encircled him at Oxford, now were like the distant sound of the ocean — they reminded him of his present security. The undulating meadows, the green lanes, the open heath, the common with its wide-spreading dusky elms, the high timber which fringed the level path from village to village, ever and anon broken and thrown into groups, or losing itself in copses — even the gate, and the stile, and the turnpike road had the charm, not of novelty, but of long familiar use; they had the poetry of many recollections. Nor was the dilapidated deformed church, with its outside staircases, its unsightly galleries, its wide-intruded windows, its uncouth pews, its low nunting table, its forlorn vestry, and its damp earthy smell, without its pleasant associations to the inner man; for there it was that, for many a year, Sunday after Sunday, he had heard his dear father read and preach; there were the old monuments, with Latin inscriptions and strange devices, the black boards with white letters, the Resurgams and grinning skulls, the fire-

buckets, the faded militia-colours, and, almost as much a fixture, the old clerk, with a Welsh wig over his ears, shouting the responses out of place — which had arrested his imagination, and awed him when a child. And then, there was his home itself; its well-known rooms, its pleasant routine, its order, and its comfort — an old and true friend, the dearer to him because he had made new ones.

"Where I shall be in time to come, I know not," he said to himself; "I am but a boy; many things which I have not a dream of, which my imagination cannot compass, may come on me before I die — if I live; but here at least, and now, I am happy, and I will enjoy my happiness. Some say that school is the pleasantest time of one's life; this does not exclude college. I suppose care is what makes life so wearing. At present I have no care, no responsibility; I suppose I shall feel a little when I go up for my degree. Care is a terrible thing; I have had a little of it at times at school. What a strange thing to fancy, I shall be one day twenty-five or thirty! How the weeks are flying by — the Vacation will soon be over! Oh, I am so happy, it quite makes me afraid. Yet I shall have strength for my day."

Sometimes, however, his thoughts took a sadder turn, and he anticipated the future more vividly than he enjoyed the present. Mr. Malcolm had come to see them, after an absence from the parsonage for some years; his visit was a great pleasure to Mr. Reding, and not much less to himself, to whom a green home and a family circle were agreeable sights, after his bachelor-life at college. He had been a great favourite with Charles and his sisters as children, though now

his popularity with them for the most part rested on the memory of the past. When he told them amusing stories, or allowed them to climb his knee and take off his spectacles, he did all that was necessary to gain their childish hearts; more is necessary to conciliate the affection of young men and women; and thus it is not surprising that he lived in their minds principally by prescription. He neither knew this, nor would have thought much about it, if he had; for, like many persons of advancing years, he made himself very much his own centre, did not care to enter into the minds of others, did not consult for them, or find his happiness in them. He was kind and friendly to the young people, as he would be kind to a canary-bird or a lap-dog; it was a sort of external love; and though they got on capitally with him, they did not miss him when gone, nor would have been much troubled to know that he was never to come again. Charles drove him about the country, stamped his letters, secured him his newspapers from the neighbouring town, and listened to his stories about Oxford and Oxford men. He really liked him, and wished to please him: but, as to consulting him in any serious matter, or going to him for comfort in affliction, he would as soon have thought of betaking him to Dan the pedlar, or old Isaac who played the Sunday bassoon.

"How have your peaches been this year, Malcolm?" said Mr. Reding one day after dinner to his guest.

"You ought to know that we have no peaches in Oxford," answered Mr. Malcolm.

"My memory plays me false, then; I had a vision of, at least, October peaches on one occasion, and fine ones, too."

"Ah, you mean at old Tom Spindle's, the jockey's," answered Mr. Malcolm; "it 's true, he had a bit of brick wall, and was proud of it. But peaches come when there is no one in Oxford to eat them; so either the tree, or at least the fruit, is a great rarity there. Oxford was n't so empty once; you have old mulberry-trees there in record of better days."

"At that time, too," said Charles, "I suppose, the more expensive fruits were not cultivated. Mulberries are the witness, not only of a full college, but of simple tastes."

"Charles is secretly cutting at our hothouse here," said Mr. Reding; "as if our first father did not prefer fruits and flowers to beef and mutton."

"No, indeed," said Charles, "I think peaches capital things; and as to flowers, I am even too fond of scents."

"Charles has some theory, then, about scents, I 'll be bound," said his father; "I never knew a boy who so placed his likings and dislikings on fancies. He began to eat olives directly he read the *Œdipus* of Sophocles: and I verily believe, will soon give up oranges from his dislike to King William."

"Every one does so," said Charles: "who would not be in the fashion? There 's Aunt Kitty, she calls a bonnet 'a sweet' one year, which makes her 'a perfect fright' the next."

"You 're right, Papa, in this instance," said his mother; "I know he has some good reason, though I never can recollect it, why he smells a rose or distils lavender. What is it, my dear Mary?"

"'Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,'" said she.

"Why, sir, that was precisely your own reason just now," said Charles to his father.

"There 's more than that," said Mr. Reding, "if I knew what it was."

"He thinks the scent more intellectual than the other senses," said Mary, smiling.

"Such a boy for paradoxes!" said his mother.

"Well, so it is in a certain way," said Charles; "but I can't explain. Sounds and scents are more ethereal, less material; they have no shape — like the angels."

Mr. Malcolm laughed.

"Well, I grant it, Charles," he said; "they are length without breadth!"

"Did you ever hear the like!" said Mrs. Reding, laughing too; "don't encourage him, Mr. Malcolm; you are worse than he. Angels length without breadth!"

"They pass from place to place, they come, they go," continued Mr. Malcolm.

"They conjure up the past so vividly," said Charles.

"But sounds surely more than scents," said Mr. Malcolm.

"Pardon me; the reverse, as *I* think," answered Charles.

"That *is* a paradox, Charles," said Mr. Malcolm; "the smell of roast-beef never went further than to remind a man of dinner; but sounds are pathetic and inspiring."

"Well, sir, but think of this," said Charles; "scents are complete in themselves, yet do not consist of parts. Think how very distinct the smell of a rose is from a pink, a pink from a sweet-pea, a sweet-pea from a stock, a stock from lilac, lilac from lavender, lavender from jasmine, jasmine from honeysuckle, honey-

suckle from hawthorn, hawthorn from hyacinth, hyacinth—"

"Spare us," interrupted Mr. Malcolm; "you are going through the index of Loudon?"

"And these are only the scents of flowers; how different flowers smell from fruits, fruits from spices, spices from roast-beef or pork-cutlets, and so on. Now, what I was coming to is this — these scents are perfectly distinct from each other, and *sui generis;* they never can be confused; yet each is communicated to the apprehension in an instant. Sights take up a great space, a tune is a succession of sound; but scents are at once specific and complete, yet indivisible. Who can halve a scent? they need neither time nor space; thus they are immaterial or spiritual."

"Charles has n't been to Oxford for nothing," said his mother, laughing, and looking at Mary; "this is what I call chopping logic!"

"Well done, Charles!" cried Mr. Malcolm; "and now, since you have such clear notions of the power of smells, you ought, like the man in the story, to be satisfied with smelling at your dinner, and grow fat upon it. It 's a shame you sit down to table."

"Well, sir," answered Charles, "some people *do* seem to thrive on snuff at least."

"For shame, Charles!" said Mr. Malcolm; "you have seen me use the common-room snuff-box to keep myself awake after dinner; but nothing more. I keep a box in my pocket merely as a bauble; it was a present. You should have lived when I was young. There was old Dr. Troughton of Nun's Hall, he carried his snuff loose in his pocket; and old Mrs. Vice-Principal Daffy used to lay a train along her arm, and

fire it with her nose. Doctors of medicine took it as a preservative against infection, and doctors of divinity against drowsiness in church."

"They take wine against infection now," said Mr. Reding; "it 's a much surer protective."

"Wine?" cried Mr. Malcolm; "oh, they did n't take less wine then, as you and I know. On certain solemn occasions they made a point of getting drunk, the whole college, from the Vice-Principal or Sub-Warden down to the scouts. Heads of houses were kept in order by their wives; but I assure you the jolly god came *very* near Mr. Vice-Chancellor himself. There was old Dr. Sturdy of St. Michael's, a great martinet in his time. One day the King passed through Oxford; Sturdy, a tall, upright, iron-faced man, had to meet him in procession at Magdalen Bridge, and walked down with his pokers before him, gold and silver, vergers, cocked hats, and the rest. There was n't one of them that was n't in liquor. Think of the good old man's horror, Majesty in the distance, and his own people swaying to and fro under his very nose, and promising to leave him for the gutter before the march was ended."

"No one can get tipsy with snuff, I grant," said Mr. Reding; "but if wine has done some men harm, it has done others a deal of good."

"Hair powder is as bad as snuff," said Mary, preferring the former subject; "there 's old Mr. Butler of Cooling; his wig is so large and full of powder that when he nods his head I am sure to sneeze."

"Ah, but all these are accidents, young lady," said Mr. Malcolm, put out by this block to the conversation, and running off somewhat testily in another

direction; "accidents after all. Old people are always the same; so are young. Each age has its own fashion; if Mr. Butler wore no wig, still there would be something about him odd and strange to young eyes. Charles, don't you be an old bachelor. No one cares for old people. Marry, my dear boy; look out betimes for a virtuous young woman, who will make you an attentive wife."

Charles slightly coloured, and his sister laughed as if there was some understanding between them. Mr. Malcolm continued: "Don't wait till you want some one to buy flannel for your rheumatism or gout; marry betimes."

"You will let me take my degree first, sir?" said Charles.

"Certainly, take your M.A.'s, if you will; but don't become an old Fellow. Don't wait till forty. People make the strangest mistakes."

"Dear Charles will make a kind and affectionate husband, I am sure," said his mother, "when the time comes; and come it will, though not just yet. Yes, my dear boy," she added, nodding at him, "you will not be able to escape your destiny, when it comes."

"Charles, you must know," said Mr. Reding to his guest, "is romantic in his notions just now. I believe it is, that he thinks no one good enough for him. Oh, my dear Charlie, don't let me pain you, I meant nothing serious; but somehow he has not hit it off very well with some young ladies here, who expected more attention than he cared to give."

"I am sure," said Mary, "Charles is most attentive whenever there is occasion, and always has his

eyes about him to do a service; only he 's a bad hand at small talk."

"All will come in time, my dear," said his mother; "a good son makes a good husband."

"And a very loving papa," said Mr. Malcolm.

"Oh, spare me, sir," said poor Charles; "how have I deserved this?"

"Well," proceeded Mr. Malcolm, "and young ladies ought to marry betimes too."

"Come, Mary, *your* turn is coming," cried Charles; and taking his sister's hand, he threw up the sash, and escaped with her into the garden.

They crossed the lawn, and took refuge in a shrubbery.

"How strange it is!" said Mary, as they strolled along the winding walk; "we used to like Mr. Malcolm so, as children; but now, I like him *still*, but he is not the same."

"We are older," said her brother; "different things take us now."

"He used to be so kind," continued she; "when he was coming, the day was looked out for; and Mamma said, 'Take care you be good when Mr. Malcolm comes.' And he was sure to bring a twelfth-cake, or a Noah's ark, or something of the sort. And then he romped with us, and let us make fun of him."

"Indeed it is n't he that is changed," said Charles, "but we; we are in the time of life to change; we have changed already, and shall change still."

"What a mercy it is," said his sister, "that we are so happy among ourselves as a family! If we change, we shall change together, as apples of one stock; if

one fails, the other does. Thus we are always the same to each other."

"It is a mercy, indeed," said Charles; "we are so blessed that I am sometimes quite frightened." His sister looked earnestly at him. He laughed a little, to turn off the edge of his seriousness. "You would know what I mean, dear Mary, if you had read Herodotus. A Greek tyrant feared his own excessive prosperity, and therefore made a sacrifice to fortune. I mean, he gave up something which he held most precious; he took a ring from his finger, and cast it into the sea, lest the Deity should afflict him, if he did not afflict himself."

"My dear Charles, if we do but enjoy God's gifts thankfully, and take care not to set our hearts on them, or to abuse them, we need not fear for their continuance."

"Well," said Charles, "there 's one text which has ever dwelt on my mind, 'Rejoice with trembling.' I can't take full, unrestrained pleasure in anything."

"Why not, if you look at it as God's gift?" asked Mary.

"I don't defend it," he replied: "it 's my way; it may be a selfish prudence, for what I know; but I am sure that, did I give my heart to any creature, I should be withdrawing it from God. How easily could I idolize these sweet walks, which we have known for so many years!"

They walked on in silence. "Well," said Mary, "whatever we lose, no change can affect us as a family. While we are we, we are to each other what nothing external can be to us, whether as given or as taken away." Charles made no answer. "What has

come to you, dear Charles?" she said, stopping and looking at him; then, gently removing his hair and smoothing his forehead, she said, "You are so sad to-day."

"Dearest Mary," he made answer, "nothing 's the matter, indeed. I think it is Mr. Malcolm who has put me out. It 's so stupid to talk of the prospects of a boy like me. Don't look so, I mean nothing; only it annoys me." Mary smiled. "What I mean is," continued Charles, "that we can rely on nothing here, and are fools if we build on the future."

"We can rely on each other," she repeated.

"Ah, dear Mary, don't say so; it frightens me." She looked round at him surprised, and almost frightened herself. "Dearest," he continued, "I mean nothing; only everything is so uncertain here below."

"We are sure of each other, Charles."

"Yes, Mary," and he kissed her affectionately, "it is true, most true;" then he added, "All I meant was that it seems presumptuous to say so. David and Jonathan were parted; St. Paul and St. Barnabas." Tears stood in Mary's eyes. "Oh, what an ass I am," he said, "for thus teasing you about nothing; no, I only mean that there is One *only* who cannot die, who never changes, only one. It can't be wrong to remember this. Do you recollect Cowper's beautiful lines? I know them without having learned them — they struck me so much the first time I read them;" — and he repeated them: —

> "Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
> Their only point of rest, Eternal Word.
> From Thee departing, they are lost, and rove
> At random, without honour, hope, or peace.

From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But oh, Thou Sovereign Giver of all good,
Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown;
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what thou wilt away."

POEMS

MY LADY NATURE AND HER DAUGHTERS

Ladies, well I deem, delight
In comely tire to move;
Soft, and delicate, and bright,
Are the robes they love.
Silks, where hues alternate play,
Shawls, and scarfs, and mantles gay,
Gold, and gems, and crispèd hair,
Fling their light o'er lady fair.
'T is not waste, nor sinful pride,—
Name them not, nor fault beside,—
But her very cheerfulness
Prompts and weaves the curious dress
While her holy thoughts still roam
'Mid birth-friends and scenes of home.
Pleased to please whose praise is dear,
Glitters she? she glitters there;—
And she has a pattern found her
In Nature's glowing world around her.

Nature loves, as lady bright,
In gayest guise to shine,
All forms of grace, all tints of light,
Fringe her robe divine.
Sun-lit heaven, and rain-bow cloud,
Changeful main, and mountain proud,
Branching tree, and meadow green,
All are deck'd in broider'd sheen.
Not a bird on bough-propp'd tower,

Insect slim, nor tiny flower,
Stone, nor spar, nor shell of sea,
But is fair in its degree.
'T is not pride, this vaunt of beauty;
Well she 'quits her trust of duty;
And, amid her gorgeous state,
Bright, and bland, and delicate,
Ever beaming from her face
Praise of a Father's love we trace.

Ladies, shrinking from the view
Of the prying day,
In tranquil diligence pursue
Their heaven-appointed way.
Noiseless duties, silent cares,
Mercies lighting unawares,
Modest influence working good,
Gifts, by the keen heart understood,
Such as viewless spirits might give,
These they love, in these they live. —
Mighty Nature speeds her through
Her daily toils in silence too:
Calmly rolls her giant spheres,
Sheds by stealth her dew's kind tears;
Cheating sage's vex'd pursuit,
Churns the sap, matures the fruit,
And, her deft hand still congealing,
Kindles motion, life, and feeling.

Ladies love to laugh and sing,
To rouse the chord's full sound,
Or to join the festive ring
Where dancers gather round.

Not a sight so fair on earth,
As a lady's graceful mirth;
Not a sound so chasing pain,
As a lady's thrilling strain. —
Nor is Nature left behind
In her lighter moods of mind;
Calm her duties to fulfil,
In her glee a prattler still.
Bird and beast of every sort
Hath its antic and its sport;
Chattering brook, and dancing gnat,
Subtle cry of evening bat,
Moss uncouth, and twigs grotesque,
These are Nature's picturesque.

Where the birth of Poesy?
Its fancy and its fire?
Nature's earth, and sea, and sky,
Fervid thoughts inspire.
Where do wealth and power find rest,
When hopes have fail'd, or toil oppress'd?
Parks, and lawns, and deer, and trees,
Nature's work, restore them ease. —
Rare the rich, the gifted rare, —
Where shall work-day souls repair,
Unennobled, unrefined,
From the rude world and unkind?
Who shall friend their lowly lot?
High-born Nature answers not.
Leave her in her starry dome,
Seek we lady-lighted home.
Nature 'mid the spheres bears sway,
Ladies rule where hearts obey.

Oxford, February 4, 1829.

SENSITIVENESS

TIME was, I shrank from what was right
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led,
Men count my haltings o'er;—
I know them; yet though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

Lazaret, Malta, January 13, 1833.

HUMILIATION

I HAVE been honour'd and obey'd,
I have met scorn and slight;
And my heart loves earth's sober shade,
More than her laughing light.

For what is rule but a sad weight
Of duty and a snare?

What meanness, but with happier fate
The Saviour's Cross to share?

This my hid choice, if not from heaven,
Moves on the heavenward line;
Cleanse it, good Lord, from earthly leaven,
And make it simply Thine.

Lazaret, Malta, January 16, 1833.

THE QUEEN OF SEASONS

(A Song for an inclement May)

ALL is divine
which the Highest has made,
Through the days that He wrought,
till the day when He stay'd;
Above and below,
within and around,
From the centre of space,
to its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing
the Universe smiled,
On the morn of its birth,
like an innocent child.
Or like the rich bloom
of some delicate flower;
And the Father rejoiced
in the work of His power.

Yet worlds brighter still,
and a brighter than those,

And a brighter again,
He had made, had He chose;
And you never could name
that conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources
the Maker possess'd.

But I know of one work
of His Infinite Hand,
Which special and singular
ever must stand;
So perfect, so pure,
and of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May,
and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July
in its passionate noon,
Munificent August,
September serene,
Are together no match
for my glorious Queen.

O Mary, all months
and all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness,
when they are gone;
And we give to thee May,
not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
and is pledge of the rest.

The Oratory, 1850.

VALENTINE TO A LITTLE GIRL

Little maiden, dost thou pine
For a faithful Valentine?
Art thou scanning timidly
Every face that meets thine eye?
Art thou fancying there may be
Fairer face than thou dost see?
Little maiden, scholar mine,
Wouldst thou have a Valentine?

Go and ask, my little child,
Ask the Mother undefiled:
Ask, for she will draw thee near,
And will whisper in thine ear: —
"Valentine! the name is good;
For it comes of lineage high,
And a famous family:
And it tells of gentle blood,
Noble blood, — and nobler still,
For its owner freely pour'd
Every drop there was to spill
In the quarrel of his Lord.
Valentine! I know the name,
Many martyrs bear the same;
And they stand in glittering ring
Round their warrior God and King, —
Who before and for them bled, —
With their robes of ruby red,
And their swords of cherub flame."

Yes! there is a plenty there,
Knights without reproach or fear, —

Such St. Denys, such St. George,
Martin, Maurice, Theodore,
And a hundred thousand more;
Guerdon gain'd and warfare o'er,
By that sea without a surge,
And beneath the eternal sky,
And the beatific Sun,
In Jerusalem above,
Valentine is every one;
Choose from out that company
Whom to serve, and whom to love.

The Oratory, 1850.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Oh that thy creed were sound![1]
For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.
I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,
But the wide porch invites to still retreats,
Where passion's thirst is calm'd, and care's unthankful gloom.

There, on a foreign shore,
The home-sick solitary finds a friend:
Thoughts, prison'd long for lack of speech, outpour
Their tears; and doubts in resignation end.
I almost fainted from the long delay
That tangles me within this languid bay,
When comes a foe, my wounds with oil and wine to tend.

Palermo, June 13, 1833.

[1] Of course this is the exclamation of one who, when so writing, was not in the Catholic Communion.

WAITING FOR THE MORNING

"Quoddam quasi pratum, in quo animae nihil patiebantur, sed manebant, nondum idoneae Visioni Beatae." — *Bedae Hist.* v.

THEY are at rest:
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,
Or selfish plaint for those
Who in the mountain grots of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river, as it hurries by.

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale;
But they at eddying pool or current deep
Shall nevermore grow pale;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

And soothing sounds
Blend with the neighbouring waters as they glide;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds
Angelic forms abide,
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove,
The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above.

Oxford, 1835.

HORA NOVISSIMA

WHENE'ER goes forth Thy dread command,
And my last hour is nigh,
Lord, grant me in a Christian land,
As I was born, to die.

I pray not, Lord, that friends may be,
Or kindred, standing by, —
Choice blessing! which I leave to Thee
To grant me or deny.

But let my failing limbs beneath
My Mother's smile recline;
And prayers sustain my labouring breath
From out her sacred shrine.

And let the cross beside my bed
In its dread Presence rest:
And let the absolving words be said,
To ease a laden breast.

Thou, Lord, where'er we lie, canst aid;
But He who taught His own
To live as one, will not upbraid
The dread to die alone.

At Sea, June 22, 1833.

LUCIS CREATOR OPTIME

(VESPERS — SUNDAY)

FATHER of Lights, by whom each day
Is kindled out of night,
Who, when the heavens were made, didst lay
Their rudiments in light;
Thou who didst bind and blend in one
The glistening morn and evening pale,
Hear Thou our plaint, when light is gone,
And lawlessness and strife prevail.

Hear, lest the whelming weight of crime
Wreck us with life in view;
Lest thoughts and schemes of sense and time
Earn us a sinner's due.
So may we knock at Heaven's door,
And strive the immortal prize to win,
Continually and evermore
Guarded without and pure within.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

At Sea, June 16, 1833.

TWO LYRICS FROM "THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS"

SOUL

I go before my Judge. Ah! . .

ANGEL

. . . Praise to His Name
The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorch'd, and shrivell'd it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quicken'd, by the glance of God.

SOUL

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn, —

There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possest
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love: —
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

ANGEL

Now let the golden prison ope its gates,
Making sweet music, as each fold revolves
Upon its ready hinge. And ye, great powers,
Angels of Purgatory, receive from me
My charge, a precious soul, until the day,
When, from all bond and forfeiture released,
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

. . . . . .

ANGEL

Softly and gently, dearly-ransom'd soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;
And masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

The Oratory, January, 1865.

HOME

Where'er I roam in this fair, English land,
The vision of a temple meets my eyes:
Modest without: within all glorious rise
Its love-enclustered columns, and expand
Their slender arms. Like olive plants they stand
Each answering each in home's soft sympathies.
Sisters and brothers. At the altar sighs
Parental fondness, and with anxious hand
Tenders its offering of young vows and prayers,
The same and not the same. Go where I will
The vision beams! ten thousand shrines all one.
Dear, fertile soil! What foreign culture bears
Such fruit? That I through distant climes may run
My weary round, yet miss thy likeness still!

Oxford, November 16, 1832.

NOTES

SELECTIONS FROM "APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA"

PAGE

1 **Dr. Isaac Watts** (1674–1748). In his time one of the most popular of the serious prose writers, but best known now by his hymns.

2 **émigré.** This term was almost Anglicized after the French Revolution, so great was the number of refugees from France who went into England to earn a living. English literature of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries has many sympathetic allusions to them. Mrs. Mitford's *Our Village* has a delightful sketch of an exiled abbé. Miss Burney, the author of *Evelina*, married an émigré, and the émigrés of Thackeray are classical.

When I was at Littlemore. "The reality of conversion, as cutting at the root of doubt, providing a chain between God and the soul, that is, with every link complete; I know I am right. How do you know it? I know, I know." — MS. Book: 1817. Mrs. Mozley, in *Letters and Correspondence*, says that on reading this and similar passages in later life, Dr. Newman wrote: "The unpleasant style in which it is written arises from my habit as a boy to compose. I seldom wrote without an eye to style, and since my taste was bad my style was bad. I wrote in prose as another might write in verse, or sing instead of speaking, or dance instead of walking. Also my Evangelical tone contributed to its bad taste." Letter to his nephew, Mr. J. R. Mozley, March, 1884: "For myself now at the end of a long life, I say from a full heart that God has never failed me, never disappointed me, has ever turned evil into good for me. When I was young I used to say, (and I trust it was not presumption to say it,) that Our Lord ever answered my prayers. And what He has been to me, who has deserved His love so little, such will He be, I believe, to every one who does not repel Him, and turn from His pleading."

3 **Mrs. Radcliffe's or Miss Porter's.** Mrs. Radcliffe, author of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, who with Beckford and Maturin formed the School of Terror. Miss Jane Porter, whose *Thaddeus of Warsaw* is claimed by some to be the first historical novel.

Paine's Tracts against the Old Testament. Thomas Paine (1737–1809), author of *The Age of Reason*.

David Hume (1711–1776). Philosopher and historian. His treatise on miracles has been superseded by Newman's. He in his philosophic system attempted "to introduce the

PAGE

experimental method into moral subjects." He is best known by his *History of England.*

Voltaire (1694–1778). See note on p. 129.

4 **Rev. Walter Mayers** (1790–1828). Minister at Old Brentford, 1814. He was stationed successively at Brampton, and Over-worton. *Life and Sermons:* London. 1831.

Romaine, William (1714–1795). His ideas on the spiritual life are perhaps best shown in *The Life of Faith,* 1763; *The Walk of Faith,* 1771; and *The Triumph of Faith,* 1795. He was an extremist on the doctrine of election and justification by faith. He was an ardent follower of Whitefield, an enthusiast who hated the formalism of the Anglican Church, and was called by John Wesley "a truly sympathizing spirit." He was a great favorite with the poor, but no favorite with his aristocratic parishioners in Hanover Square. He was a clergyman of the Church of England to the end of his life, though his apparently immoderate enthusiasm disgusted many of his brethren. His scholarship is attested by his edition of the Hebrew Concordance of Marius de Calasio. He looked on Wesley's opinions on free will and perfection as savoring of the Roman Catholic doctrine that works are necessary to faith. He held Calvin's views on predestination. He was accused of leading to antinomianism.

5 **Thomas Scott** (1747–1821). "A few torn Latin books" gave him his impetus towards scholarship. *The Force of Truth,* edited for its style by the poet Cowper, is a most interesting autobiography of a spiritual progress. It is a progenitor of the *Apologia,* and Newman confesses his indebtedness to Scott. It shows Scott's evolution from Unitarianism to extreme fervor. He himself was greatly influenced by his friend, John Newton. His great work is the commentary on the Bible, to which Newman also alludes. In contrast to Romaine, Scott was a forceful opponent to antinomianism.

Daniel Wilson (1778–1858). He was bigoted, ardent, and enthusiastic. Long after he had preached the sermons that Newman admired, he wrote bitterly against the Oxford Movement. Some reader of *The Vicar of Wakefield* called him "a Doctor Primrose in a Mitre." His son, not he, wrote *Our Protestant Faith in Danger,* in 1850. This was quite in line with the Bishop's hatred of the Catholic revival.

Jones of Nayland, William Jones (1726–1780), was a native of Northamptonshire, but as he was appointed to the curacy of Nayland in 1777, he is known as Jones of Nayland. Among his important works — he was one of the most important Anglican theologians of his time — were the *Catholic Doctrine of the Trinity Proved from Scripture,* and *A Letter to the Common People in Answer to Some Popular Arguments against the Trinity.*

PAGE

Athanasian Creed. By this name is commonly called the confession of faith in the breviary, which is said on Sunday at prime. Its proper designation would seem to be "Fides Catholica," but in the Council of Autun it was called the faith of the holy prelate Athanasius.

Antinomianism. The belief that faith alone is necessary to saivation. Agricola, one of Luther's disciples, carried it to a great extreme. Melanchthon was especially opposed to it. The tendency of the antinomians has always been to ignore the ten commandments, and to look on Moses, the law-giver, as some of the Greeks looked on Socrates before they poisoned him with hemlock. St. James's "Faith without works is dead" is to them a maxim of horror.

6 **William Law** (1686–1761). Anglican divine, devoted to the Stuarts. He was a great admirer of Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ* and of many other Catholic mystical works. His attack on the theatres of his time was furious and bitter. His *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life, adapted to the State and Condition of All Orders of Christians*, 1728, influenced Dr. Johnson's religious opinions; it is very well written, and presents ideas of daily living very simply and deeply. The characters, Miranda and Flora, were drawn from Gibbon's aunts. "Many of his portraits," Gibbon says, "are not unworthy of La Bruyère."

7 **Joseph Milner** (1744–1797) was an Anglican divine with a tendency toward ardor and zeal which was looked on as Methodistical. His *History of the Church of Christ* was an attempt to show that the history of the Church was not merely a narrative of theological dispute, as writers, following Gibbon, had made it. This work was continued by his brother Isaac and the Reverend John Scott. Samuel Maitland, the author of the famous *Dark Ages*, pointed out some errors in the Waldensian part of it.

St. Augustine. See note on p. 201.

St. Ambrose (340–397). Bishop of Milan; friend of St. Augustine. He braved the Emperor Theodosius for the sake of humanity.

Thomas Newton (1704–1782). Bishop of Bristol. Editor of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. In 1754 he published *Dissertations on the Prophecies, which have been remarkably fulfilled, and are at this time fulfilling in the world.*

8 **Richard Whately** (1787–1863). Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. Dr. Whately's *Logic* is well known for its style and careful structure; but historically it is weak, and its treatment of the schoolmen and the scientific method is very intolerant. His theological opinions tended towards agnosticism, — before that word was invented. He denied the logical necessity of the death of our Lord and the resurrection of the body. (See *Dict. Nat. Biography.*) He

PAGE

neither avowed nor disavowed the *Letters on the Church by an Episcopalian*, written in his admirable style.

Dr. Edward Hawkins (1789–1882) was a fellow and provost of Oriel College for over sixty years. His sermon preached on May 31, 1818, on the *Use and Importance of Un-authoritative Tradition* made a most serious impression on Newman (*Apologia*, p. 372). He opposed the Tractarian Movement, and was appointed to draw up the condemnation of *Tract Ninety*.

9 **The Reverend John Bird Sumner** (1780–1862) was named Archbishop of Canterbury by Lord John Russell in 1848. He was liked and assisted by the Duke of Wellington, and although not sympathetic with the demands of Catholics in England, — his appointment by Lord John Russell shows this, — he voted for the amelioration of many stringent laws. He concurred in the judgment of the Privy Council that a clergyman of the Church of England need not believe in baptismal regeneration. The best known of his theological works is *Apostolical Preaching, Considered in an Examination of St. Paul's Epistles*, of which ten editions have been printed.

Joseph Blanco White (1775–1841). Descended from an Irish family, settled in Spain and entered the priesthood. He became an unbeliever, left Spain for England, and entered the Anglican Church. He was a "Protestant champion." At Oxford he became one of the circle of Whately, Hurrell Froude, and Newman, who sympathized with his musical tastes. The conflict in his mind between Catholicity and the Anglican opinion sent him into Unitarianism. As a literary man he is best known by his sonnets. "This gentleman, who had been called Blanco in Spain, — which was a translation of his family name White, and who afterward wrote an excellent English book of entertaining letters on the Peninsula, under the Graeco-Spanish appellation of Don Leucadio Doblardo (White Doubled), — was author of a sonnet (*Night*) which Coleridge pronounced to be the best in the English language. I know not what Mr. Wordsworth said to this judgment. Perhaps he wrote fifty sonnets on the spot to disprove it. Indeed it was a bold sentence, and probably spoken out of a kindly though unconscious spirit of exaggeration. The sonnet, nevertheless, is truly beautiful." — *Autobiography*, Leigh Hunt. The sonnet begins: "Mysterious night, when the first man but knew."

10 **Butler's Analogy.** Joseph Butler (1692–1752) in 1725 became Vicar of Stanhope, and devoted himself to the preparation of the famous *Analogy* published in 1736. Butler's expressed liking for the externals of religion, — see *A Serious Inquiry into the Use and Importance of External Religion*, — and the erection of a cross over his palace at

PAGE

Bristol, induced the rumor that he became a Catholic before his death. There is nothing to support this rumor. Mr. Gladstone in his preface to the *Analogy* speaks of the works of Butler as "classics in the philosophic theology of England." By some writers the *Analogy* is regarded as a help to unbelief.

13 **anti-Erastian.** Thomas Erastus (1524–1583). A physician and Protestant theologian. He denied the right of the Church to excommunicate or to inflict penalties. His name has been given to the party in the English Church that believes in state supremacy in ecclesiastical matters.

Hurrell Froude (1803–1836). The elder brother of James Anthony Froude, the historian. A clergyman of the Anglican Church. He was threatened with consumption and went abroad accompanied by Newman His contributions to the *Lyra Apostolica* are signed "B." He wrote three of the *Tracts for the Times*. In his *Remains* Froude says (p. 404), "We are Catholics without Popery, and Church of England men without Protestantism." He died before Newman's conversion. The *Remains* seem to show that he was on the road to the Catholic Church.

14 **Arianizing.** The most startling declarations of Arius were that the Son of God was not the same substance as the Father, that he had not always existed, and that he was not impeccable.

Bishop (George) Bull (1634–1709). *Defensio Fidei Nicaenae, ex scriptis quae extant Catholicorum Doctorum*, etc.

15 **Reverend Conyers Middleton** (1683–1750). Anglican clergyman of Trinity College, Cambridge. Author of *A Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers of the Christian Church.*

Liberalism. Newman fought a skilful and persistent fight against Liberalism as being nothing else than the egregious doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion and that one creed is as good as another. See vol. i, p. 65, Morley's *Life of Gladstone*. In 1875 Newman wrote to Gladstone: "It has been a great grief to me to have to write against one whose career I have followed from the first with so much loyal interest and admiration. I do not think," he concluded, "that I ever can be sorry for what I have done, but I can never cease to be sorry for the necessity of doing it." On Newman's death, Gladstone wrote, "He was a wonderful man, a holy man, a very refined man, and, to me, a most kindly man." *The Arians of the Fourth Century, their Doctrine, Temper and Conduct, chiefly as Exhibited in the Councils of the Church between* A.D. 325 *and* A.D. 381, 1833.

Lord Grey (1764–1845). A Whig statesman, believer in popular liberty. He supported the Catholic claims. See Sir Frederick Grey's *Life*.

16 **Blomfield, Charles James** (1786–1857), Bishop of London.

PAGE

His reputation for scholarship rests chiefly on his editions of *Callimachus* and of several of the dramas of Æschylus.

Non-jurors. Primarily, the four hundred clergymen and nine Bishops of the Church of England who refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, upon the ground that they were already bound by their oath to James II. In consequence of their refusal, the bishops were deprived, in 1691, by act of Parliament, of their ecclesiastical sees.

Evangelicals. The party in the Anglican Church which stood for enthusiasm, fervor, and zeal not hindered by conventionality. The phrase which best expresses "evangelical" is the term "Methodist Episcopalian." Milner and Scott were evangelical.

"Incessu patuit Dea." That she is a goddess is manifested by her step. Virgil, *Aeneid*, I, 405.

18 **Wiseman.** Nicholas Patrick Stephen, Cardinal Wiseman (1802–1865), Archbishop of Westminster, was born in Seville, Spain. Mr. Charles Kent, in the *Dict. Nat. Biography*, says that he was conspicuous for "the general justice of his mind."

19 **Dr. Thomas Arnold** (1795–1842). Head Master of the famous public school, Rugby. Was looked on by Anglicans as "liberal and un-sectarian." He stood against the "Tractarians" later, and finally became tolerant.

20 **"Exoriare aliquis."** Let some one rise up. Virgil, *Aeneid*, IV, 625.

Southey's Thalaba. Robert Southey (1774–1843). On the death of Pye in 1813 Southey was appointed Poet Laureate. His most important works are *Thalaba the Destroyer* and *The Curse of Kehama*. His claim to be numbered among the foremost men of English letters rests more perhaps on his *Life of Nelson* than on his poetry. The *Thalaba* is probably the finest of Southey's poems; the subject-matter is taken from wild Arabian legends.

21 **John Keble** (1792–1866). Anglican divine and poet. He was a fellow of Oriel College and showed the highest scholarship. He was disgusted with the condition of the English Church. His *Christian Year* has great spirituality, a power of picturing and intense simplicity, but needs careful metrical revision. Newman held that Keble was the real author of the Oxford Movement.

22 **Clement of Alexandria** (150–214). Christian author and Head of Catechetical School in Alexandria.

26 **St. Alfonso Liguori** (1696–1787). In 1732 he founded the order of the Redemptorists. His works embrace almost every department of theological learning; his correspondence also is voluminous. His *Theologia Moralis* has been reprinted numberless times, as have many of his ascetic works.

PAGE

Jeremy Taylor (1613–1667). One of the greatest names of the English Church. He was sometimes called the modern Chrysostom on account of his golden eloquence. His writings are very numerous and characterized by an excellent style and deep thought. The most famous of these is the *Liberty of Prophesying*, and the *Ductor Dubitantium*, the most learned, subtle, and curious of all Taylor's works.

Milton (1608–1674). See note on p. 123.

William Paley (1743–1805). See note on p. 38.

Dr. Johnson (1709–1784). Newman was strangely attached to Dr. Johnson, and it may be interesting to those who have observed the attraction to note some extracts from Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. These seem to show quite clearly the lexicographer's attitude toward certain doctrines of the Catholic Church:

Boswell: "Confession?"

Johnson: "Why, I don't know but that is a good thing. The scripture says 'Confess your faults one to another,' and the priests confess as well as the laity. Thus it must be considered that their absolution is only upon repentance, and often upon penance also. You think your sins may be forgiven without penance, upon repentance alone." . . .

In the afternoon the gentlewoman talked violently against Roman Catholics, and of all the horrors of the Inquisition. To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but myself, who knew that he could talk on any side of a question, he defended the Inquisition, and maintained that "false doctrine should be checked on its first appearance; that the civil power should unite with the church in punishing those who dare to attack the established religion, and that such only were punished by the Inquisition." . . .

"What do you think, Sir," says Boswell, "of Purgatory as believed by the Roman Catholics?"

Johnson: "Why, Sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of the opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of the blessed spirits; and therefore think God is graciously pleased to admit a middle state where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see, Sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this."

Boswell: "But then, Sir, their Masses for the dead?"

Johnson: "Why, Sir, if it be once established that there are souls in Purgatory, it is proper to pray for them, as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life."

Boswell: "The idolatry of the Mass?"

Johnson: "Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass. They believe God to be there and they adore him."

Boswell: "The worship of the saints?"

Johnson: "They do not worship saints, they invoke them;

PAGE

they only ask their prayers. I am talking all this time of the doctrines of the Church of Rome."

Boswell says of another occasion: "On Friday, April 18 (being Good Friday), I found him at breakfast, in his usual manner upon that day, drinking tea without milk and eating a cross bun to prevent faintness; we went to St. Clement's Church as formerly."

Mr. Charles T. Waters, in the *Irish Monthly*, recently quoted this passage: "Our conversation ran very much upon religious opinions, chiefly those of Roman Catholics. He took the part of the Jesuits and I declared myself a Jansenist. He was very angry because I quoted Boileau's bon-mot on the Jesuits, that they had lengthened the Creed, but shortened the Decalogue; but I continued sturdily to vindicate my old friends at Port Royal."

"When we were at Rouen [says Mrs. Piozzi] he took a great fancy to the Abbé Roffette, with whom he conversed about the destruction of the Order of the Jesuits, and condemned it loudly as a blow to the general power of the Church, and likely to be followed with many dangerous innovations, which might at length become fatal to religion itself, and shake even the foundation of Christianity."

27 **Scavini, Peter.** An Italian author of the last century. His principal work was a *Theologia Moralis* in which he followed the teaching of St. Alphonsus.

Hey, John (1734–1815). Anglican clergyman. He was a rationalist. He held that there was little difference between the Church of England and the Unitarians. Nevertheless, he defended subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles, the foundation of the theology of the Church of England.

Burnet, Gilbert (1643–1715). Author of *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*. He is best known by his *History of the Reformation*.

30 **Caravita, Niccolò** (1647–1717). Professor of Law at Naples. He was the most important preceptor of St. Alfonso.

32 **Cardinal Gerdil, Hyacinthe Sigismond** (1718–1802). Writer on philosophical and theological subjects. His works were published in twenty quarto volumes in Rome, 1809.

Natalis Alexander (1639–1724). He entered the Dominican order in 1665. He was professor of Theology in the Dominican convent of Paris, and at the request of the statesman Colbert he became one of the circle of learned men whose conferences determined the method of education of Colbert's son, afterwards the famous bishop of Rouen. He contemplated a work which would embrace the entire history of the Church, and completed thirty volumes, but on account of the Gallicanism of the author Pope Innocent XI issued an order forbidding any one to read them. In addition to his second great work *Theologia Dogmatica et Moralis* in five books, Alexander wrote a large number

PAGE

of smaller dissertations and engaged in many controversies with the Jesuits on questions regarding the conduct of the missionaries in China.

36 **The Birmingham Oratory.** The old Oratory will soon be a thing of the past. In 1905 the foundation of a new Oratory was laid. The plan is based on that of San Martino di Monte at Rome. A recent writer, evidently well-informed, says: "This has been chosen as a model, because the Cardinal had always intended that such a church should be erected at Edgbaston, and with this object in view, caused an exact ground plan and elevation of San Martino to be made for him as far back as 1850. Hoping, moreover, to have been able to begin the building of the church at once, Viollet-le-Duc even executed plans for it, and these are still in possession of the fathers of the Oratory. But in consequence of the generosity of the public in defraying the expenses of the Achilli trial, funds to carry out the work were not asked for, and so what was then a temporary church has had with alterations and additions to do duty for the last fifty years."

Ambrose St. John (1816–1875). Entered the Catholic Church in 1845. Author of *The True Infallibility of the Pope.*

REVEALED RELIGION

38 **William Paley** (1743–1805). Anglican archdeacon of Carlisle, author of the *Evidences of Christianity* and the *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy.* Paley was utilitarian in his views and leaned towards Unitarianism. His definition of virtue was "to do good to mankind in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness."

39 **Sir Archibald Alison** (1792–1867). The author of the *History of Europe,* in ten volumes. The work was begun in June, 1842. Alison was most friendly to the South during the American Civil War, and a devoted Protestant. His history is a direct and commonplace summary of European events.

Sir Henry Spelman (1562–1641). He was knighted by James I. Most of his life was devoted to antiquarian research, the result of which was the *Glossarium Archaeologicum, A Treatise concerning Tithes,* and *The History of Sacrilege.*

46 **Book of Deuteronomy.** Cf. xxxi, 16.

THE GROUND OF THE PROTESTANT VIEW

55 **Alfred the Great** (849–901). King of England and a ruler whose energy and wisdom have made him respected by all generations of Englishmen.

58 **Jean Froissart** (1337–1410). A French historian and poet; author of the famous *Chronique de France, d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse, et d'Espagne.*

PAGE

Sully, Maximilien de Béthune, Duc de (1560–1641). Author of *Mémoires des sages et royales Économies de Henri le Grand.*

Doddington, George Bubb (1691–1762).

Walpole, Horace (1717–1797), whose *Letters* have made him famous in the literary world.

Hume, David (1711–1776). See note on p. 3.

Sharon Turner (1768–1847). An English historian of some repute, and author of *A History of the Anglo-Saxons.*

Macaulay, Thomas Babington (1800–1859). Author of the *History of England.*

59 **St. Januarius.** Bishop of Benevento, beheaded for the Faith near Puteoli in the persecution of Diocletian. His relics after a time were removed to Naples together with some of his blood which had been caught from his wounds. In the cathedral at Naples where his head and the blood are preserved, the celebrated standing miracle of the liquefaction is performed, and it has amazed persons of integrity of all creeds. When the congealed and dried-up blood in the phials is brought near the head it is usually seen to become liquid and to bubble.

WHO'S TO BLAME

63 **"Britannia, rule the waves,"** etc. From Thomson's Ode in the masque of *Alfred.*

64 **Philip and Demosthenes.** One by one Philip subjugated the Greek states, while Demosthenes pleaded with the Athenians to join their neighbors in war against him. Olynthus was the starting-point and Athens the aim of Philip.

65 **Pericles** (fifth century B.C.). The most accomplished statesman of ancient Greece. To Pericles, a most liberal patron of all fine arts, Athens owed the Parthenon, Propylaea, Odeum, and many other masterpieces of architecture.

66 **Socrates** (469–399 B.C.). A celebrated Greek philosopher whose system of imparting information by means of the direct interrogation is called the Socratic method.

Xenophon (*c.* 430–351 B.C.). The retreat after Cunaxa, of which he gives a thrilling account in the *Anabasis.* Cyrus is the prince referred to here.

Miltiades (*d. c.* 489 B.C.). The renowned general of the Athenians who commanded at Marathon. Later, being placed in command against the Persians, he made an attack on the island of Paros to satisfy a private enmity.

Themistocles (*d. c.* 460 B.C.). On the night before the battle of Salamis he sent a faithful slave to Xerxes, the commander of the Persians, saying that, unless he attacked the next day, the Greek fleet would retire and the chance of a battle be lost.

Hannibal (247–185 B.C.). The famous son of Hamilcar Barca; his greatest military failure was his refusal to

PAGE

march into Rome when he had captured almost all Italy.

Pylos. An ancient town in Messenia at which the Athenians under Demosthenes, the elder, defeated the Spartans in 425 B.C.

69 "Optat ephippia bos." Horace, *Ep.* I, 14, 43. The slow ox longs for the horse's harness.

71 Scott's "Two Drovers." The character alluded to here is Harry Wakefield.

77 "Deus ex machinâ." Some man of the moment.

80 **Earl of Aberdeen.** George Hamilton Gordon (1784–1860). The English statesman who predicted Catholic emancipation.

Gladstone, William Ewart (1809–1898).

Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea (1810–1861). Of whom Lord Tennyson says, "He was just the man to rule England."

Newcastle, Henry Pelham-Clinton. Fifth Duke of Newcastle (1811–1864).

Raglan, Lord, Fitzroy James Henry Somerset (1788–1855). Field-Marshal, who lost an arm at Waterloo.

Burgoyne, Sir John Fox, Bart. (1782–1871). An eminent engineer officer who distinguished himself during the Crimean War.

Dundas, The Right Honorable Henry (1742–1811). Distinguished in the Indian mutiny.

DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE

82 **Mr. Gladstone's Pamphlet.** Reference here is made to *Vaticanism: An Answer to Reproofs and Replies*, by the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone, M. P., author of *The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance.* (American Edition, 1875.) See John Morley's *Life of Gladstone.*

88 **Busenbaum's Medulla.** Herman Busenbaum (1600–1668) was a Jesuit theologian and famous as a teacher of philosophy at Cologne. His best work is the *Medulla Theologiae Moralis.* This book, because it seemed to make extravagant claims for ecclesiastical over civil authority, was burned in Paris and Toulouse by order of the Parliaments.

92 **Fr. Perrone** (1794–1876). He is regarded as one of the greatest Jesuit theologians of his time. Among his best works are *Praelectiones Theologicae* and *De Immaculato B. V. Mariae Conceptu.*

93 **Honoré Tournely** (1658–1729). A doctor of the Sorbonne. Author of *Cursus Theologicus dogmaticus et moralis.*

100 **Cardinal Turrecremata** (Titular, Church of St. Sixtus). John Torquemada (1388–1468). An illustrious Spanish theologian and the opponent of Wyclif and John Huss. He has often been confounded with that Torquemada, well known in connection with the Inquisition, of whom he was a relative.

PAGE

Cardinal Bellarmine (1542–1621). A learned and famous Jesuit. He was greatly admired in his time by men of all religious opinions. He was a mighty defender of the prerogative of the Holy See and his works are an arsenal against unbelievers. The authorship of the hymn "Pater superni luminis" is imputed to him.

Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore (1797–1863). Author of *Letters of Omicron to Omega*, and *Theologia Dogmatica* and *Theologia Moralis*.

102 **William Chillingworth** (1602–1644). A famous theologian of the Church of England. Author of *The Religion of Protestants, a Safe Way to Salvation.*

LITERATURE

106 **"Facit indignatio versus."** Indignation makes verses. Cf. Juvenal, *Sat.* I, 79.

"Poeta nascitur, non fit." Poets are born, not made.

Vision of Mirza. Eastern allegorical story by Joseph Addison, which appeared in the *Spectator* in 1711.

107 Κυδεϊ γαίων: Homer, *Iliad*, I, 405, 906. Exulting in his renown.

"Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased," etc. *Macbeth*, Act V, Sc. 2.

"'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother," etc. *Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. 2.

108 **"os magna sonaturum."** Horace, *Sat.* I, 4, 44. A mouth to utter great things.

"mens magna in corpore magno." Great mind in a great body. An adaptation of "mens sana in corpore sano."

109 **Livy.** Titus Livius, the most illustrious Roman historian, was born at Patavium, in 59 B.C. He wrote a history of Rome in one hundred and forty-two books of which only thirty-five have come down to us. He died in 17 A.D.

Tacitus, Caius Cornelius. An eminent Roman historian. The dates of his birth and death are unknown, although it is certain he was born about 60 A.D. and survived the Emperor Trajan, who died in 117 A.D.

Terentius, Publius, the comic poet, was born at Carthage, 185 B.C., and died in Greece, 159 B.C.

Seneca, M. Annaeus. Father of the philosopher and himself a rhetorician. Born in Spain. The time of his death is uncertain, but he probably lived until the close of the reign of Tiberius. His extant works are *Controversarium* and *Suasoriarum Liber*, neither of which is complete.

Plinius, C. Secundus. Frequently called Pliny the Elder (23 A.D. 79 A.D). He wrote a great deal during his life, but of all his works only his *Historia Naturalis*, published about 77, has come down to us. A vast variety of subjects is comprehended in this work, — geography, astronomy,

PAGE

mineralogy, meteorology, botany, all things in fact which are natural products find a place in Pliny's history. Its scientific merit is not great.

Quintilian. M. Fabius Quintilianus (35 A.D. – 95 A.D.) began his career as an advocate, in which capacity he gained an enviable reputation. He was more distinguished as a teacher, and his instructions were eagerly sought after among all his contemporaries. The reputation of Quintilian in modern times is based on his *Institutio Oratoria*, a complete system of rhetoric. The work is remarkable for its sound critical judgments, its purity of taste, and its intimacy with oratory.

Isocrates (436–338 B.C.). A celebrated Grecian orator. A weak voice and a poor presence made a political career impossible to him, but he was a master of rhetoric and wrote orations for others for which he received large sums. About twenty of his orations are extant.

Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709–1784). The founder of English lexicography and one of the most original and famous men of English literature. His style was very sonorous, inflated, and apparently studied, and often his written language much surpasses the thought. In 1744 Johnson published his *Life of William Savage;* in 1749, his best poem, *The Vanity of Human Wishes;* and in 1750 commenced the *Rambler*, a periodical in which the bulk of the composition was his own. Among his other works the *Dictionary* and *Rasselas* are prominent. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* has probably done as much to render his name imperishable as have the works of the Doctor himself.

110 **Michael Angelo** (1475–1564). He stands almost unrivalled in Christian art as a painter, sculptor, and architect. Among his greatest works are a kneeling angel at the grave of St. Dominic at Bologna, the statues of Bacchus and David at Florence, the Pietà in St. Peter's, and his great painting of The Last Judgment for the Sistine Chapel. He painted with his own hand the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. He would accept no remuneration for his work, which he regarded as service to the glory of God.

Raffaelle, or Raphael (1483–1520). Called by his countrymen *Divino*. He is placed by almost universal opinion at the head of painters. Among his best works are the Coronation of the Virgin in the Vatican, Sposalizio at Milan, the St. Catharine in the National Gallery, London, the Entombment in Rome, and the Transfiguration. Like Michael Angelo he devoted much of his life to the frescoes in the Vatican.

Apollo Belvedere. A celebrated statue of antiquity, which is generally considered as embodying the highest ideal of manly beauty; the date and artist are mere matters of conjecture.

Plato (429–347 B.C.). With Aristotle he represents the

PAGE

bulk of Grecian philosophical speculation. Many of his teachings, even in our own day, command the greatest respect of dialecticians. He is the head of the renowned school of philosophy called the Academicians.

Virgil (70–19 B.C.). Born near Mantua, and shares with Homer the honor of being the greatest epic poet of antiquity. The *Aeneid*, upon which his fame rests, has been translated hundreds of times into almost every language. The best English translations are those of William Morris and John Dryden.

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling," etc. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act V, Sc. 1.

111 **Demosthenes** (385–322 B.C.). The greatest orator of Greece, and indeed of the ancient world. A native of Athens. The personal character of Demosthenes is beyond reproach. He stands as a symbol of all that is just and honest in ancient politics. The most important of his speeches are his *De Corona* and his diatribes against Philip of Macedon.

Thucydides (471–401 B.C.). The great historian of the Peloponnesian War. The impartiality and fidelity of Thucydides in recording historical events, the masterly brevity of his style, and his unrivalled descriptive power, have won him a high place in literature.

Herodotus (484–424 B.C.). The oldest Greek historian; for that reason called the Father of History. His book records the struggles between the Greeks and the Persians. The best version in English is that of Rawlinson.

Joseph Addison (1672–1719). Born in Wiltshire, England. He is typically English in style and is patriotically known in England as "our Addison." In 1709, with Richard Steele, he began the *Tatler*, a periodical of literature and politics. In 1711 he and Steele first published the *Spectator*, a periodical in which appeared much of Addison's best work, especially the *De Coverley Papers*. Chief among Addison's writings are *The Campaign*, the tragedy of *Cato*, 1713, *A Letter to Lord Halifax*, 1699, and *The Usefulness of Ancient Medals*.

Edward Gibbon (1737–1794). The historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. His style is remarkable for its condensation and power.

113 **Beethoven, Ludwig von** (1770–1827). Born in Bonn, Germany, and considered by many students to be the world's greatest composer. His works include nine symphonies, ten overtures, chamber-music, piano-forte music, sonatas for various instruments, arias including "Ah perfido," music to Goethe's *Egmont*, and innumerable songs.

114 **Shakespeare** (1564–1616). The master of the poetic drama, and the chief literary glory of England

Pindar (522–442 B.C.). The great lyric poet of Greece, born

PAGE

near Thebes. Of the immense number of his works, consisting of hymns to the gods, poems, dithyrambs, convivial songs, and dirges, only fragments remain. Probably the best English edition is that of B. L. Gildersleeve.

St. Jerome. Born in the middle of the fourth century, of Christian parentage. In 379 he was ordained priest at Antioch. It was at his permanent retreat at Bethlehem that he completed the great literary labors of his life. From here he sent forth his denunciation of the heresies of Jovinian, Vigilantius, and the Pelagians. St. Jerome is universally regarded as the most learned and eloquent of the Latin Fathers.

Dante Alighieri (1265–1321). One of the greatest poets of all time and incomparably the greatest among the Italians. A Florentine. Besides his immortal work, the *Divina Commedia*, his *De Monarchia* (1310) and *Vita Nuova* (1300) are most important.

Cervantes (1547–1616). One of the most imaginative writers of Spain. Besides his *Don Quixote*, the best of his writings, he is the author of *Filene*, and *Galatea*, pastoral romances; the tragedy *Numancia*, *Novelas Exemplares* (Exemplary Tales), and a novel, *The Sorrows of Persiles and Sigismunda*.

Fra Angelico (1387–1455). Fra Giovanni Da Fiesole was one of the most eminent regenerators of Italian art and was also known by the title of "Il beato Angelico." He was a Dominican. His most famous pictures are the Birth of John the Baptist, at Florence, and the Coronation of the Virgin, in the Louvre.

Francia (1450–1518). Francesco Francia, a famous painter, remembered chiefly for his Madonnas and his intimate friendship with Raphael. He was the founder of a school, and was regarded as second only to Raphael in the brilliancy of his genius.

116 **Sophocles** (495–406 B.C.). The great master of Greek tragedy, born at Colonus. His private character was easy and contented, but not, as has been hastily asserted, profligate. He is given credit for the authorship of one hundred and thirty plays, seventeen of which have been deemed spurious. The best known of his works are *Antigone*, *Philoctetes*, *Œdipus Coloneus*, *Ajax*. Sophocles is justly accounted the most perfect technician of the Greek tragedians.

Euripides (480–406 B.C.). The youngest of the great trio of Greek tragedians. Only eighteen of his ninety-two plays have come down. The best of these are *Alcestis*, *Medea*, *Hippolytus*, *Hecuba*, *Ion*, *Andromache*, and *Iphigenia in Tauris*.

118 **copia verborum.** Fluency.

119 **nil molitur inepte.** Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 140. He does nothing idly.

PAGE

apte. To the point.

Quo fit, ut omnis, etc. Horace, *Sat.* II, 1, 33. As the life of each one lies open as if written on a votive tablet.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN RELATION TO CLASSIC LITERATURE

123 **John Milton** (1608–1674). Universally considered one of the great world poets; author of *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*.

Edward Gibbon (1737–1794). See note on p. 111.

124 **Father Jean Hardouin** (1646–1729). Entered the Society of Jesus in 1665, and in 1683 was appointed librarian in the College of Louis le Grand. He was extremely sceptical as to the authorship of the Greek and Roman classics and was much too free in the expression of his extravagant opinions.

Pliny (61 A.D. — ?). Author of *Letters*.

Cicero (106–43 B.C.).

Virgil's Georgics. Poems treating of agriculture, 36 B.C.

Horace (65–27 B.C.).

125 **Plato** (429–347 B.C.). See note on p. 110.

Aristotle (384–322 B.C.). The father of scholasticism who with Plato represents the bulk of speculation of the Greeks. The writings of Aristotle may be said to embrace the whole circle of knowledge of his time.

Burns, Robert (1759–1796). The Scotch lyric poet.

Bunyan, John (1628–1688). Author of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and *The Holy War*.

De Foe, Daniel (1661–1731). Author of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Moll Flanders*, *Journal of the Plague Year*.

Johnson, Dr. Samuel (1709–1784). See notes on pp. 26 and 109.

Goldsmith, Oliver (1728–1774). Author of *The Traveller*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, and *The Deserted Village*. Goldsmith was the most natural genius of his time. The standard *Life of Goldsmith* is by Forster (1854).

Cowper, William (1731–1800). A great poet and "innovator" in English literature; he destroyed the sentimentalists. His fame rests chiefly on *The Task* and *The Diverting History of John Gilpin*.

Law, William (1686–1761). See note on p. 6.

Fielding, Henry (1707–1754). One of the first great English novelists. Author of *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia*.

Scott, Sir Walter (1771–1832). The best of his poems is *The Lady of the Lake*. *Ivanhoe* is the best known of his novels.

Byron, Lord George Gordon (1788–1824). *Childe Harold* is the most popular of the poems of this eloquent poet.

126 **Hooker, Richard** (1554–1600). Author of *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and one of the most celebrated of English theologians.

PAGE

His writings are calm and judicious in the highest sense of the word.

Clarendon, Edward Hyde, Earl of (1608–1674). Author of the *History of the Rebellion.*

Hobbes, Thomas (1588–1679). Author of the *Leviathan.*

127 **Alexander Pope** (1688–1744). "The English Horace." Famous as a satirist and moralizer in verse. His *Rape of the Lock, Dunciad,* and the *Essay on Man* are his best efforts.

Swift, Jonathan (1667–1745). One of England's greatest satirists. Author of *Gulliver's Travels,* the *Tale of a Tub,* etc.

Hume, David (1711–1776). See note on p. 3.

Euclid (*c.* 300 B.C.). Author of the *Elements of Geometry,* and sometimes called the "Father of Mathematics."

129 **Voltaire, François Marie Arouet** (1694–1778). One of the most notorious of that band of writers whose crusade against established opinions prepared the way for the French Revolution.

Rousseau, Jean Jacques (1712–1778). Author of *Discours sur l'Origine et les Fondements de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes,* and *Les Confessions.*

Pascal, Blaise (1623–1662). One of the most distinguished philosophers and scholars of the seventeenth century and author of the famous *Lettres Provinciales.*

Descartes, Réné (1596–1650). Author of *Discours de la Méthode,* 1637, *Meditationes de Prima Philosophia,* 1641, *Principia Philosophiae,* 1644.

Rabelais, François (1495–1553). French humorist; clever but very coarse. The inventor of Gargantua and Pantagruel.

130 **recent critic.** Hallam.

La Fontaine, Jean de (1621–1695). Author of *Contes et Nouvelles en Vers,* 1665, *Fables Choisies mises en Vers,* 1668.

Montaigne, Michel Eyquem de (1533–1592). A distinguished French philosopher and essayist.

Ariosto (1474–1533). One of the greatest of the Italian poets and author of *Orlando Furioso,* a beautiful poem in forty-six cantos.

Pulci, Luigi (1432–1487). An Italian poet. Author of *Il Morgante Maggiore.*

Boccaccio, Giovanni (1313–1375). The celebrated author of the *Decameron,* and a *Genealogy of the Gods,* a comprehensive mythological work.

Bellarmine, Robert (1542–1621). See note on p. 100.

Petrarch, Francesco (1304–1374). The greatest Italian sonnet writer.

a Pope. Probably Celestine V, who was elected Pope in 1294 at the age of eighty and resigned five months later in favor of Boniface VIII.

PAGE

"Poscia ch' io v' ebbi alcun riconosciuto,
Vidi e conobbi l' ombra di colui
Che fece per viltà lo gran rifiuto."

"After I had recognized some amongst them, I saw and knew the shadow of him who from cowardice had made the great refusal."

De Monarchia. A prose work written in Latin, since removed from the Index.

131 **Macchiavel, Niccolo** (1469–1527). Author of *Il Principe* and numerous historical writings.

Giannone, Pietro (1676–1748). Author of the *Storia Civile del Regno di Napoli*, and a diatribe against the papacy, *Il Triragno.*

KNOWLEDGE AND RELIGIOUS DUTY

134 **Lord Shaftesbury** (1671–1713). Author of *Characteristics.* "The boldest of English philosophers." Voltaire.

136 **Edmund Burke** (1730–1797). Author of *Vindication of Natural Society, Thoughts on a Regicide*, etc.

137 **"Whiles rank corruption"** etc. *Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. 4.

St. Francis de Sales (1566–1622). A saint most attractive to the modern mind. His maxims are strong and gentle. "A judicious silence," he says, "is better than a word spoken without charity." He was canonized in 1665 by Alexander VII.

147 **Cardinal Pole** (1500-1558). Author of important treatises on the unity of the Church and the Reformation. A most interesting and consistent character of the Henry VIII period.

Basil the Great (331-379). One of the most eminent and eloquent of the Greek Fathers, whose influence was greatly felt in the promotion of monasticism, and to whom is ascribed the introduction of the three universal monastic vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty.

Julian (331–363), surnamed "the Apostate," on account of his renunciation of Christianity when he ascended the throne of Constantine.

MENTAL SUFFERINGS OF OUR LORD IN HIS PASSION

148 **And certain times of the year.** Passion Sunday is the Sunday preceding the Sunday before Easter (Palm Sunday). The most solemn part of Lent begins. The images in the churches are covered with violet, — the symbol of mourning; the shadow of the cross deepens, and the religious usage of the Church "requires that all shall tend ceremonially to reverence for the Passion." The week before Palm Sunday is "Passion Tide." The week after Palm Sunday is Holy Week.

PAGE

149 **As the solemn days proceed,** etc. As the sorrow of Lent grows darker, each stage in our Lord's passage to Calvary is marked in the liturgy of the Church. One sees this suggested by the pictures, which no village church is too poor to be without, called the "Stations of the Cross." The sorrowful mysteries of the rosary for these commemorations are five, beginning with the Agony in the Garden, followed by the Scourging at the Pillar, the Crowning with Thorns, the Carrying of the Cross, and the Crucifixion.

150 **I say, it was not the body that suffered, but the soul in the body.** This sermon, which is wonderfully exact and artistic in structure, is an analysis of sin and pain so acute that it impresses even those who "efface sin," or do not care to define it, as an important psychological contribution to literature. For all Christians it has the deepest and most lasting memory; but merely as a work of art, of imaginative insight, of intense feeling, and keen examination of the workings of the soul, it is unique. As to the structure in which the logic and the art are concealed, it has not been surpassed by Newman himself.

PURITY AND LOVE

167 **The two St. Johns.** St. John the Evangelist and St. John the Baptist, precursor of Our Lord.

without sin he was born. "For he shall be great before the Lord, and shall drink no wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb." St. Luke, i, 15.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153).

Jeremias. He was, during his whole life, which was little else than a continual martyrdom, "great before the Lord" according to the signification of his name. Sanctified from birth to be a prophet of God, his lamentations exhibit great tenderness and elegiac beauty of sentiment.

170 **St. Antony** (251–356). Called the founder of asceticism, and one of the especially venerated saints in the calendar.

St. Cecilia. A Roman martyr. The details of her life and the date of her death are uncertain. Since the Middle Ages she has been honored as the patroness of music.

St. Nicholas of Bari. Born in Lycia. The relics of St. Nicholas were taken to Bari from the East toward the close of the eleventh century.

St. Peter Celestine (*c.* 1221–1296). Pope. Was canonized by Clement V in 1313. He abdicated his authority as Pope in 1294. Benedict Cajetan was elected in his place. His was, indeed, "a great renunciation." Dante puts this Pope in his Hell for it; and Petrarch accused him of cowardice. He retired to the Monastery of the Holy Ghost.

St. Rose of Viterbo (*d.* 1261). She lived, according to the

PAGE

rules of the Third Order of St. Francis, in her father's house at Viterbo. She had a special gift for the conversion of sinners.

St. Catharine of Siena (1347–1380). An Italian saint on whose body the wounds of Christ were impressed.

THE RELIGION OF THE PHARISEE, THE RELIGION OF MANKIND

189 **Solon** (*c.* 638–559 B.C.). The most famous of all the ancient Greek law-givers.

ABELARD

200 **Peter Abelard** (1079–1142). A scholastic philosopher and theologian and one of the clearest and boldest thinkers of the twelfth century His life was marred by an unfortunate infatuation for Heloise which threatened for a time to check his afterwards useful career. Abelard's character may be summed up in a few words. He was one of the most brilliant and variously gifted men of all times, a sincere lover of truth and champion of freedom. His works consist of (1) *Sic et Non*, a collection of statements of the Fathers concerning the chief dogmas of religion, (2) Dialectic, (3) *On Genera and Species*, (4) Glosses to Porphyry's *Introduction*, (5) *Introduction to Theology*, (6) *Christian Theology*, (7) *Commentary on the Epistles to the Romans*, (8) *Abstract of Christian Theology*, (9) *Ethics or Know Thyself*, (10) *Dialogue between a Philosopher, a Jew, and a Christian*, (11) *On the Intellect*, (12) *On the Hexaemeron*. Abelard should be considered the real founder of the University of Paris.

Tertullian. Quintus Septimius Florens Tertullianus. Born in Carthage about 150. About 193, certainly before 197, he became a Christian, and was afterwards ordained to the priesthood. About 202 he became a Montanist and afterwards attacked the Catholic Church with the same bitterness with which he had formerly assailed heathenism. The time of his death is not known. The founder of the Montanistic sect to which Tertullian in the latter part of his life belonged was Montanus, a Phrygian, who became a Christian some time after the middle of the second century. Shortly after his conversion he believed that he had become a channel for divine revelation, and in conjunction with Priscilla and Maximilla, two ecstatics, he began to issue a series of prophecies. The movement was founded on the belief that the end of the world was near, and that the proximity of the last judgment required that the kingdom of God should be established on earth. The work of Christ was unfinished, and prophecy was as neces-

PAGE

sary in the new as in the old dispensation. Montanus and his followers declared that they did not wish to change in any way the doctrines of the Church, but to interpret them more fully.

The manner in which this kingdom of God which they preached was to be established was: (1) By the prohibition of second marriages, which they taught were sinful. (2) By the establishment of longer and stricter fasts, and the use of only the more simple kinds of food. (3) By prohibiting Christians from seeking safety by flight in time of persecution, and by enjoining the necessity of martyrdom. (4) By refusing to admit heretics, murderers, and fornicators to penance. (5) By prohibiting personal adornments and the practice of profane arts. (6) By compelling all Christian virgins, even those not consecrated, to wear veils. (7) By the observance of such conduct on the part of Christians as the second coming of Christ, which was at hand, would demand.

Montanism was not originally a doctrinal movement. It was a reaction in Christianity itself against the customs and practices imported into the Church by the converts from paganism. It was purely moral or ethical in character, and was intended to purify Christian life and morality.

Sabellius. A celebrated African heresiarch of the third century; was born probably at Ptolemais in the Pentapolis, where, at all events, his opinions were first promulgated. Nothing is known regarding his life — the first statements current on the subject being of a contradictory and untrustworthy character. It is generally known that he did not broach his heresy till shortly before his death, the date of which is also unknown. The doctrine of the Sabellians had two different forms, both of which denied the distinction of persons in God. The earlier form of this heresy dates from the first quarter of the third century. The testimony of Christians who accepted the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity against Sabellius may be traced to the middle of the third century. The second form of Sabellianism left no room for the Holy Ghost and, in effect, denied the Incarnation. In Bishop Whately's *Logic* there are touches of it. Newman in *Notes on St. Athanasius* lightly dwells on Sabellianism.

The Gnostics. Gnosticism, taken in its broadest sense, means that heresy which came into existence almost contemporaneously with Christianity, and which was mainly derived from an effort to amalgamate false pagan views with the truths of the Gospels. It was an attempt to establish an esoteric Christianity (gnosis) in opposition to the exoteric belief (faith) of the masses.

St. Irenaeus. Born about 140 A.D. in Asia Minor, where he was a disciple of Polycarp. Later he became Bishop of Lyons.

PAGE

He was a prolific writer. With the exception of a few fragments all his works are lost except two, *Adversus Haereses* (Against Heresies) and the newly recovered work *On the Apostolic Teaching*. The date of his death is not known. A late and uncertain tradition says he was martyred during the persecution of Septimius Severus.

St. Athanasius (296–373). Primate of Egypt.

St. Augustine Aurelius (354–430). Well called the greatest of the Latin Fathers; he owed his conversion to his mother, St. Monica. His *Confessions* is known everywhere, and regarded as a classic.

201 **Apollinaris.** About 375 the errors of Apollinaris excited great anxiety in the Church. Apollinaris was the son of a grammarian of Alexandria, respected, trusted, and admired. He was born in Laodicea, and in his youth he was befriended by St. Athanasius. He denied the human soul in Christ, claiming that its place was supplied by the *Logos*. Teachers in the great school of Antioch combated this theory and the doctrine was condemned by several synods, especially by the Council of Constantinople (381).

St. Cyril. One of the most important opponents of Nestorius at the Council of Ephesus. Theodoric of Antioch opposed Apollinaris so intemperately that his disciple, Nestorius, went so far as to shock the Catholic world by saying that "not God, but the temple in which was God, was born of the Virgin Mary."

202 **St. Anselm . . . Bec.** The schools of Tours, Rheims, Angers, Laon, those of the Benedictines of Cluny under Odo, and that of the Benedictines of Bec in Normandy were famous. Bec under Lanfranc (1005–1089) and St. Anselm (1033–1109) is the school alluded to in the text.

Charlemagne. Charles the Great, King of the Franks (742–814).

203 **Francis Bacon** (1561–1626). Sometimes called the inventor of the inductive method of reasoning, the reformer of logic, and the law-giver of the world of thought. He was none of these. His grasp of the inductive method was defective, his logic clumsy and impractical, his plan for registering all phenomena and selecting and generalizing from them, making the discovery of truth almost a mechanical process, was worthless. In short, it is not as a philosopher or as a man of science that Bacon has carved a name for himself, but as a man of letters. In this field Bacon is almost alone as a writer of English prose, which was by far the weightiest, the most lucid, effective, and pleasing of his day. Among his most popular books are the *Advancement of Learning*, the greatest of his English writings, *The Novum Organum*, and his *History of King Henry VII.*

Aristotle (384–322). See note on p. 125.

William of Champeaux. Died in 1121; was one of the

PAGE

most ardent champions of realism. He was a teacher and friend of Abelard, who took a sane and intermediate position between the Realism of Champeaux and the Nominalism of Roscellinus.

204 **Seven Arts.** The trivium, consisting of grammar, rhetoric, logic; the quadrivium, of arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy.

205 **John of Salisbury** (1120–1180). He attended the lectures of Abelard in France and remained there for several years studying scholastic logic, grammar, the classics, and theology. In 1176 he was appointed Bishop of Chartres. His greatest writings are: *Policraticus sive de Nugis Curalium et Vestigiis Philosophorum*, *Libri Octo*, a work of great erudition and caustic satire on the follies of courtiers, and *Metalogicus*, a defence of the studies of the schools against the studies of the ignorant.

Peter of Blois. A justly celebrated writer of the twelfth century, who first studied letters and philosophy at Paris and Tours, then went to Bologna, about 1160, to follow up lectures on law, and afterwards returned to Paris to take up theological studies. He died about 1198 in England, where he had become an important person.

206 **Anselm.** Not to be confounded with the saint of that name who was the most learned theologian of his time. Anselm of Laon was born about the middle of the eleventh century and had the advantage of the tutorship of his famous predecessor. In 1114 Abelard went to attack this old man on his own ground at Laon and in the midst of his scholars. Anselm at this time held the sceptre of theology, and the courage of Abelard needs no better illustration.

207 **Fulco of Neuilly.** A famous pulpit orator of the twelfth century, the foremost preacher of the fourth crusade.

Peter of Poitiers. Lived about the middle of the eleventh century and was famous as a preacher. Was educated in Paris.

Peter Lombard. One of the most famous of the schoolmen. He is often styled "magister sententiarum," as he arranged a collection of sentences from St. Augustine and other Fathers on points of Christian doctrine, with objections and replies also collected from authors of repute.

Arnold of Brescia. A bitter antagonist of the Church, who sought to destroy that body in the early part of the twelfth century. He was excommunicated and afterward executed at the coronation of Frederick I.

Ivo, Saint (*c.* 1040–1116). He was imprisoned for resisting, as Bishop of Chartres, the repudiation of Queen Bertha by King Philip I, and his marriage to Bertrada. His school at the Abbey of Saint Quentin was famous throughout Europe.

PAGE

Geoffrey of Auxerre. Born at Auxerre in the twelfth century. It is stated that he died about the year 1215. He was secretary to Saint Bernard of Clairvaux. He was greatly respected by Henry II of England. He wrote against Abelard, and was, therefore, held to be ungrateful.

208 **Desire of wine, etc.** From Milton's *Samson Agonistes*. The speech from the beginning to "Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream" is by the Chorus. Newman adds to it Samson's speech beginning, "But what availed this temperance not complete."

210 **"Heu, vitam perdidi, operose nihil agendo."** "Alas, I have lost life, laboriously doing nothing."

THE PEOPLES OF THE PLAINS

212 **Miserere.** Psalm 50, which in Latin begins with this word. The allusion is to the custom of reckoning time by the recitation of psalms.

St. Ignatius in his Exercises. The book here referred to is the *Exercitia Spiritualia*, written by St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus.

Turcomans and the Usbeks. Nomadic and predatory Tartar people in Central Asia.

218 **Czar Peter.** Peter the First and generally denominated Peter the Great of Russia. Under his rule Russia first began to take her place among nations (1672–1725).

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

221 **Catilinarians.** Speeches delivered against Lucius Sergius Catilina which are remarkable for their irony and vituperation. The first and finest of these orations was delivered by Cicero in the Roman Senate in 63 B.C. It was occasioned by the attempted assassination of the orator by Catiline and a party of conspirators, who sought Cicero's death as the first step toward a revolutionary upheaval in Rome. The attack on Cicero's house was repulsed, as the plot had been revealed to him by Fulvia, wife of one of the conspirators; and when a day or two afterward Catiline appeared in the Senate, Cicero attacked him in a speech known as the first Catilinarian, which begins "Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra." Catiline attempted a reply, but his words were drowned in a storm of hisses, and he was compelled to leave Rome on the same night, denounced as a patricide and traitor.

Philippics. A number of speeches delivered at different times and directed against Mark Anthony in particular. The name Philippic is given to them because of their near approach to the celebrated orations of Demosthenes.

Piso. The speech against Caius Calpurnius Piso was de-

PAGE

livered in the year 55 B.C. It is considered the most savage of all his orations. Piso, having been recalled from his government of Macedonia mainly through the instrumentality of Cicero, complained to the Senate of his treatment by the orator. This gave Cicero the opportunity of pouring on the head of the ex-consul the vials of his wrath. He calls Piso beast, butcher, gallows-bird, etc., and it has seemed strange to some writers that his undignified language was tolerated in the Senate.

Manilian Law. Cicero made this speech in 66 B.C., the year of his praetorship. While it purports to be of the deliberative order of oratory it is in fact rather demonstrative, consisting largely of a panegyric on the valor of Pompey. The object of the proposed law was to place Pompey in command against Mithridates in the third Mithridatic war.

Marcellus. M. Claudius Marcellus was defended by Cicero in the Senate for the great part he had played in the civil war as a member of Pompey's party. Cicero begged leniency for him from Caesar, and also took this opportunity to eulogize the conqueror. The speech was delivered in 46 B.C.

222 **Ligarius.** Like Marcellus, Ligarius had sided with Pompey in the civil war. He had been pardoned by Caesar but not permitted to return to Italy. Cicero's eloquence, however, effected a removal of the ban. The *Pro Ligario* was delivered in 46 B.C.

Archias. The *Pro Archia* was delivered in 62 B.C. in defence of the rights of his friend Archias as a Roman citizen. Archias had been accused of usurping the right of citizenship without legal authority. The charge had but little foundation, and although the fact is not definitely recorded it is morally certain that Cicero won his case

ninth Philippic. Delivered 43 B.C. It was made in support of a motion by the consul Pansa to give Sulpicius a public funeral and to erect a pedestrian statue before the rostra.

Caelius. This speech was most probably delivered in B.C. 56. It was a defence of Caelius on the charge of murder; he was acquitted.

Muraena. Delivered in 63 B.C. A defence of Lucius Muraena, consul-elect, against charges of corruption and bribery.

Caecilius. Delivered against Caecilius Niger, a creature of Verres, who attempted to become the prosecutor of Verres in accordance with the practice common in Rome called *praevaricatio*, that is, collusion with an adversary at a trial. Cicero, who wished to drag Verres to justice, had first to refute the right of Caecilius to act for the prosecution. He then delivered his famous *In Caecilium* and triumphantly vindicated his claim. B.C. 73.

PAGE

Hortensius. One of the most able lawyers at the Roman Bar, and one who was more nearly a rival of Cicero than any of the Roman orators.

223 **Cluentius.** Cicero defended him from a charge of murder in the year B.C. 66.

Pro Milone. Speech in defence of his friend and supporter Milo, who was on trial for the murder of Clodius, 52 B.C. The speech was but poorly delivered owing to the disturbances in the Senate caused by the supporters of Clodius and was probably entirely re-written by Cicero. Milo was condemned.

Verres. Caius Verres was impeached by the Sicilians on the charge of extortion in 70 B.C. Cicero conducted the prosecution and made the case so clear that Verres fled without a defence.

Agrarian law. Brought forward by the tribune Servilius Rullus. The object was to create ten commissioners with the power to dispose absolutely of the public lands of the state and out of the proceeds to purchase other lands in Italy. Although this law was a popular one, Cicero by the most skilful oratory succeeded in convincing the people that it was against their interests. The bill was rejected.

Rabirius. The Senator Rabirius was defended by Cicero on the charge of murder of Saturnius. In a former trial, when defended by Hortensius, he was convicted, but Cicero, in a trial before the people, succeeded in having the charges withdrawn.

Cato. In his speech against Muraena, charging him with bribing citizens to follow him about in the street singing his praises, and in this way influencing his election, Cicero first denies that citizens were bribed, then advises Cato that it is the only chance the poor have of showing their gratitude.

224 **Aulus Gabinius,** tribune B.C. 67–66.

225 **Sextius, Publius.** Defended by Cicero in B.C. 56 on a charge of rioting brought forward by Clodius

Gavius. A Roman citizen living at Syracuse, who, on incurring the wrath of Verres, was thrown into a miserable dungeon called Latoniae. From this place he contrived to escape, but was captured by the soldiers of Verres and crucified. Gavius sought to save himself by the oft-repeated cry, "Civis Romanus sum," but in vain. Cicero made use of this incident in his speech against Verres.

Sylla. He defended Sylla against the claims of persons whose property he had confiscated, and succeeded by his eloquence in persuading them to abandon it.

S. Valerius Flaccus. Successfully defended in charges of extortion in 60 B.C.

Plancus, Munatius. After a wonderful effort by Cicero, acquitted of illegal practices in obtaining an election.

PAGE

Vestal Fonteia. Sister of Fonteius whom Cicero defended in a criminal case in 76 B.C.

226 **Marcus, Junius Brutus.** Born 85 B.C Spent his early life in devotion to literary pursuits He sided with Pompey during the civil war, but after the defeat at Pharsalia made his submission to Caesar and was appointed Governor of Cisalpine Gaul. The influence of Cassius prevailed on him to join in the conspiracy which ended in the death of Caesar. Brutus was forced by the eloquence of Mark Anthony to leave Rome shortly after this crime. Defeated by Anthony and Octavianus at Philippi (42 B.C), he ended his life by falling on his sword

Calvus, Caius Licinius (82–46 B.C.). Newman, who admires the exuberance of Cicero, censures Calvus and the "new school" of orators who tried to imitate the Greek austerity of language.

Sallust, Caius Crispus. A Roman historian Born at Amiternum, 86 B C. His chief work is the *Bellum Catilinarium*, a description of the Catiline conspiracy. He is also the author of the *Jugurtha* commemorating the five years' war between the Romans and the King of Numidia.

Terence. See note on p. 109. Six comedies are extant bearing his name, which are probably all he produced, *Andria*, *Hecyra*, *Eunuchus*, *Phormio*, *Adelphi*, and *Heautontimoroumenos*.

227 **Livy.** See note on p. 109.

Tacitus, Caius Cornelius. See note on p. 109. His extant works are *Vita Agricolae*, *Historia*, *Annales*, commencing with the death of Augustus and ending with the death of Nero, *De Moribus et Populis Germaniae*, and *Dialogus De Oratoribus*, a work which cannot be attributed with certainty to Tacitus.

Brutus, Lucius Junius. Figures in the legendary of Rome as the hero who overturned the monarchical and established the republican form of government. Little more can be said on historical evidence with regard to Brutus than that there existed a person of that name who held high office in Rome.

229 **Carneades.** A Greek philosopher born in Africa about 213 B.C. He was conspicuous for his eloquence, and was sent to Rome 155 B.C. with Diogenes and Critolaus. In Rome he delivered two orations on justice, in the first of which he eulogized virtue and on the following day in a second speech proved that it did not exist.

Cato, Marcus Porcius. Surnamed the "Censor" and "Cato Major." Born at Tusculum in 234 B.C. He early distinguished himself as a pleader at the Roman Bar and was elected consul. He exhibited extraordinary military genius in Spain and was sent to Carthage as a legate. On

PAGE

his return to Rome he uttered the famous words "Carthago delenda est." Carthage must be destroyed. He denounced Greek literature and the language as injurious to national morals. His one literary work which has survived the ages is *De Re Rustica* (a treatise on agriculture), which appears much corrupted.

Laelius, Caius, surnamed "Sapiens" (186–115 B.C.). In early life he made a special study of philosophy under the tutorship of Diogenes, and afterwards studied law, taking a high rank among the orators of his time. Cicero placed his name at the head of an essay on friendship.

Carbo, Caius. A very great Roman orator. Cicero said that he had grace and elegance rather than brilliancy. He was murdered in 32 B. C.

Gracchi. Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus. Born about 168 B.C., and educated with great care by his excellent mother, Cornelia, daughter of Scipio Africanus. He was present at the capture of Carthage, and is said to have been the first Roman to scale the walls. Gracchus espoused the cause of the people, and was elected to many political offices through their fondness for him. He was killed in an election feud. Caius Sempronius Gracchus was nine years the junior of his brother, and was possessed of much greater natural powers. At his brother's death he was serving in Spain under Africanus. He returned to Rome, goaded by his brother's shade, and was elected tribune in 123 B.C. He too was killed in a street fight after some years of most valuable service to the cause of the people.

Antonius (83 B.C.–30 B.C.). Mark Anthony.

Crassus, Lucius Licinius (*b.* 140 B.C.). The best orator of his age, he was distinguished for his honesty and for his subtle wit, both of which qualities made him greatly beloved by the Romans. He died in 91 B C. in consequence of the excitement attending a heated debate in the Senate.

Cotta, Caius Aurelius (*b.* 124 B. C.). He was of the more severe school of Crassus, Greek rather than Roman. Another Cotta (Lucius Aurelius) flourished when Cicero was young. Cicero acknowledged his debt to the eloquence of this Cotta and to Hortensius.

Sulpicius, Rufus (*b.* 124 B. C.). Cicero says that he was the most dignified orator of his time. He was naturally of the forum and not of the stage. It is said that he could not write. He lives in the testimony of Cicero. That he was bribed by the popular party is a stain on his memory. The exact date of his murder is doubtful.

Hortensius, Quintus. He was born in 114 B. C., which made him eight years older than Cicero, who rivalled and admired him. In his nineteenth year his oratory excited enthusiasm. His energy in making a gesture caused the rupture of a blood vessel, and he died in 50 B.C.

PAGE

Callidius, Marcus (*d. c.* 43 B.C.). He was a logical and lucid orator, but he was not successful in exciting the feelings of his auditors. He is regarded by modern students as exact and subtle. Cicero admired his clearness.

231 **Giardini.** Felice Di Giardini (1716–1796). Born at Turin and celebrated as a composer and as a master of the violin. Among his most famous compositions are the operas *Love in a Village*, *Rosmina*, *Cleonice*, and the oratorio *Ruth*. Beside this he wrote many sonatas, arias, chamber-music and songs.

Rossini, Gioachino (1792–1868). One of the greatest composers of the nineteenth century for the Italian Lyrical Stage. His most famous compositions are the operas *Tancredi*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Semiramide*, *Otello*, and his *Stabat Mater*.

Corvinus Messala, Marcus Valerius (B. C. 59–A. D. 3). A scholar and an orator, as well as a statesman. His poems are very frivolous, — in direct contrast to his prose. He was a keen strategist in war. To him Cassius complained, before the battle of Pharsalia, that Rome would live or fall by a single stroke. His eloquence was persuasive, melodious, and artificial.

Cassius Severus, or Cassius Parmensis. Must not be confounded with Caius Cassius Longinus, the arch-conspirator against Caesar. Severus was also one of the assassins. He adhered to Pompey and supported Anthony until the defeat at Actium. He fled to Athens, but was arrested and executed by order of Augustus. He made some pretensions to poetry.

Maecenas, Caius Cilnius. A Roman statesman celebrated for his patronage of the fine arts. Born in the early part of the century before Christ. His great friendliness with Augustus helped to place in Caesar's hands the reins of government and Maecenas in turn was made administrator for all Italy.

Gallio. Pro-consul of Achaia in the time of St. Paul, 53 A.D. He was one of the last victims of the tyrant Nero.

ST. PHILIP AND SAVONAROLA

231 **St. Philip Neri** (1515–1595). Renowned as the founder of the Congregation of the Oratory. His character even in boyhood foreshadowed the career of piety and benevolence to which he was destined. Although he did not receive holy orders until 1551, he had already been for some years one of the most zealous workers among the poor and sick in Rome. In his early life, as well as in later years, he exhibited a marked influence on persons of vicious character and seems to have been highly respected among these as in every other circle of society. In union with

PAGE

his friends, Tarugi and Baronius (author of the gigantic *Church History*), in 1575 he founded the Congregation of the Oratory. The aim of this society, besides the personal sanctity of its members, was the care and instruction of the poor and uneducated, the moral uplifting of those in need of it, and the withdrawing of youths from dangerous amusements by the substitution of sacred musical entertainments, operas, and dramas called "oratorios." The personal character of St. Philip, the unselfish devotion of his life, his unaffected piety, his genuine love for the poor, and a certain quaint humor have made him one of the most loved of saints. He died at the age of eighty, in May, 1595. A comprehensive work on St. Philip is Father Faber's translation of Father Bacci's *St. Philip Neri*.

232 **his biographer.** Father Bacci, *Life of St. Philip Neri*, published at Rome in 1622.

Jerome Savonarola (1452–1498). In 1474 he entered the Dominican Order after an excellent home education both in the philosophy of the schools and the old Greek philosophy. His first appearance as a preacher, in which vocation he afterwards became eminent, was a signal failure; but later, when taking as his subject the sinfulness and apostasies of the times, his success was immediate and widespread. His life was one of religious and political reform in which he antagonized at some time or another nearly everybody connected with the Church and State. His one mission in life seemed to be the repression of vice, the prohibition of an immoral tendency which seemed to be widespread in Italy, and the fight against the Pagan Renaissance. On account of his exaggerated interpretations of the Apocalypse he was summoned to Rome to answer a charge of heresy, but whether the sentence of excommunication was ever passed upon him is a mooted question. In 1498, he with two others of his order, having been found guilty of heresy, misleading the people, and seditious practices, were executed by the secular power. An interesting discussion of Savonarola and his so-called excommunication is contained in *Was Savonarola really Excommunicated?* by J. L. O'Neill, O. P.

234 **small community.** The germ of his larger community and founded for the same purpose.

235 **St. Augustine.** First Archbishop of Canterbury. In 596 he was sent by Gregory the Great to England to convert that country to Christianity.

St. Patrick (396–469). Apostle of Ireland. In 431 he was sent by Pope Celestine to Ireland. He is said to have founded three hundred and sixty-five churches and to have baptized twelve hundred persons with his own hand.

PAGE

St. Boniface. The Apostle of Germany (680–755). Born in England. Sent to the Teutonic tribes by Pope Gregory II.
St. Francis Xavier (1506–1552). His conversions in Portugal, China, and Japan have made him especially venerated in these countries.

238 **Pope Alexander the Sixth.** This refers to Savonarola's conviction that he was right in his teaching, since, while Alexander was attempting to silence him, "it was not against the Pope that he stood forth, but he contended that he was following what would have been the Pope's instructions had he not been deceived."

239 **Thomas à Kempis** (1379–1471). See note on p. 6.
Tauler, John (1290–1361). A celebrated Dominican preacher, born at Strasburg, who is considered the most eloquent German of the Middle Ages.

243 **Sebastian, St.** A martyr who is said to have been shot to death with arrows in the persecution of Diocletian.
Laurence, St. Archdeacon of Rome during the Pontificate of Sixtus II, martyred during the persecution of Valerian in 258.

244 **Callista.** The book takes its name from a beautiful Greek girl, Callista, who possesses all the graces of the old pagan civilization. She sings, dances, and is, besides, a sculptor of unusual ability. Agellius, a Christian, falls in love with her. It is the hope of Jucundus, uncle of Agellius, that she will be able to bring Agellius back to the pagan ideals existing in the luxurious life, customs, and ceremonies then prevailing in Proconsular Africa. Callista desires to know more of the religion of the austere Christians. Agellius falls ill and is nursed by Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, who is in hiding. While there a plague of locusts devastates the land and the people rise up against the Christians. Callista goes to warn Agellius of his danger. He has left to meet his uncle, but in his hut Callista meets Cyprian, who gives her the Gospel of St. Luke. Through this she embraces Christianity. Later she is put to death by torture, refusing to abjure her faith. Her body is rescued by Agellius and given Christian burial, and she is canonized. Agellius becomes a bishop and is also martyred.

267 **Loss and Gain.** It is not essentially a novel of action. As Newman himself says, it is simply a description of the course of thought and state of mind, or rather one of those courses and states, which issue in conviction of its divine origin. The central figure of the novel is Charles Reding, the only son of an Anglican clergyman. At Oxford he falls in with a number of students who are seriously interested in the religious tendencies of the day. Although Newman has disowned any intention of reproducing real characters, the book is curiously like his own experiences at Oxford, and the group which Reding joins very similar to the

PAGE

coterie of which Newman himself was a member. At the outset Reding, in a comparatively untroubled state of mind, comes upon an old Catholic chapel which has just been restored. This arouses his curiosity. Gradually he is led into a state of perplexity, and by a process of argument with the many men he meets, and through experience, he finally arrives at that point at which he is convinced of the divine origin of the Roman Catholic Church and formally adopts that faith.

MY LADY NATURE AND HER DAUGHTERS

279 **While her holy thoughts still roam.** Newman writes: *Vide* 1 Pet. iii, 5, and cf. Gen. xxiv, 22, 23, 28 (Douay Version: 1609).

"For after this manner heretofore the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection to their husbands." 1 Pet. iii, 5.

"And after the camels had drunk, the man took golden earrings, weighing two sicles: and as many bracelets ten sicles weight. Gen. xxiv, 22.

"And he said to her: Whose daughter art thou? Tell me: is there any place in thy father's house to lodge? Gen. xxiv, 23.

. . . . . .

"Then the maid ran and told in her mother's house all that she had heard." Gen. xxiv, 28.

285 VALENTINE TO A LITTLE GIRL

If the lyrical quality in verse is the singing quality, Newman — like Tennyson — had it in perfection. How this little poem sings! The line

"Valentine is every one"

has been often, in the printer's phrase, "queried." The poet explains it in the context. First, there is the implied reference to the noble meaning of the name itself, and its place among the army of chivalrous martyrs, — such as St. Denys, St. George, St. Martin, St. Maurice, and Theodore, — all of the family of the highest lineage through their valiant devotion "in the quarrel of the Lord."

287 WAITING FOR THE MORNING

A prelude to the *Dream of Gerontius*, as Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott* is a prelude, or lighter experimental overture, to the idyll of *Elaine*. The quotation from Bede may be rendered, "Like a meadow in which souls suffer nothing, but wait, yet unfit for the Beatific Vision."

PAGE

HORA NOVISSIMA

The Last Hour, — see *Dream of Gerontius*, — "Novissima hora est: and I fain would sleep."

288 LUCIS CREATOR OPTIME

From the Roman Breviary.

"Lucis Creator optime,
Lucem dierum proferens,
Primordiis lucis novae
Mundi parans originem."

289 THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

Lead, Kindly Light was named, in *Verses for Various Occasions*, *The Pillar of the Cloud*. In the *Apologia*, Newman writes: "I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel, I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. . . . At last I got off on an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, *Lead, Kindly Light*, which have since become well known."

Sometimes a fourth stanza is printed with *Lead, Kindly Light*, but it was not written by Newman.

During this period of exile in the orange boat, Newman wrote several poems, as he says in the *Apologia*. They are easily recognized by the dates. The date of *Lead, Kindly Light* is, as will be noticed, "At Sea, June 16, 1833."

"Some persons," he once said, "have liked my *Lead, Kindly Light;* it is the voice of one in darkness, asking help from our Lord. But this [he had been ill, and Fathers Anthony Pollen and Lewis Bellasis had just played and sung for him Father Faber's *Eternal Years*, which he loved], but the *Eternal Years*, is quite different; this is one in full light, rejoicing in suffering with our Lord. This is what those who like *Lead, Kindly Light* must come to — they have to learn it."

290 TWO LYRICS FROM "THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS"

In Dr. Barry's *Newman*, the following passages are very admirable parts of an admirable and artistic biography: "'I am too old to write; I cannot hold the pen,' he [Newman] said, and his tremulous fingers laid it down forever.

"But for a long time every third thought had been his grave. In 1865, on the death of a dear friend, he had cast his musings into the form of a dramatic poem, but was

PAGE

not satisfied with it, and flung the manuscript aside. By good hap one saw it that had eyes, rescued its pages from the dark, and persuaded him to let others read it. The poem thus perilously nigh to destruction proved to be *The Dream of Gerontius*."

"The Dream," Dr. Barry further truly says, "is a rare poetic rendering into English verse of the high ritual which, from the death-bed to the Mass of Supplication, encompasses the faithful soul. It pierces, indeed, beyond the veil, but in strict accordance or analogy with what every Catholic holds to be there. Hence" — and here Dr. Barry states something of "The Dream" thought by many, but not before put into words — "we shall best interpret its meaning, if we liken it, not to Milton, whose supernatural worlds are his peculiar device founded upon heathen rather than Christian tradition; nor to Dante, who mingles history and landscape from his time and travels in the solemn sweet *Purgatorio* which remains his masterpiece; but to Calderon's *Autos Sacramentales*, at once an allegory and an act of faith."

The song of the Soul, beginning "Take me away, and in the lowest deep," is a finer and deeper poem than *Lead, Kindly Light*. Both in this lyric and in the song of the Angel is a music, — so delicately modulated, so exquisitely appropriate, — unexcelled in English poetry. The reason that these two solemn and beautiful songs have not become so popular as *Lead, Kindly Light* is probably because of their more mystical sentiment. Dante, speaking of those who, like Virgil, longed, without suffering and without hope, says: "We reached a meadow of fresh verdure: giugnemmo in prato di fresca verdura." The allusion in the speech of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, beginning,

> "I am thy father's spirit,
> Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,"

is to actual torment in Purgatory; in Dante the noble Pagans have no hope of the Beatific Vision; in *Waiting for the Morning*, the "waiting" is the suffering. It seems strange that in the churches where English hymns are permitted at funeral Masses, neither of these lyrics is usually sung. Perhaps they await a musical composer like Elgar. There are germs of other "nature" poems in many of Newman's early letters. He connected the sea with thoughts of spring. In a letter to his mother, March 30, 1827, he says: "Does the sea blossom? Are green leaves budding in its waters, and is the scent of spring in its waves? Do birds begin to sing under its shadow, and to build their nests in its branches? Ah, mighty sea! Thou art a tree whose spring never yet came, for thou art an evergreen."

PAGE
292 HOME

This is probably the best of Newman's sonnets He made it after a visit to the family of his friend, Frederick Rogers at Blackheath. In consequence, he wrote "the lines which stand first in the *Lyra Apostolica*, 'Wherever I roam.'"

NORTH CENTRAL COLLEGE
824.8N46SE
C001
SELECTIONS FROM THE PROSE AND POETRY OF
3 2611 00069427 9